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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own." *Montaigne*

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C u r r e n t • H i s t o r y

The Senate Overrules the President

The Senate's avowed conception of its duties, rights and general dignity, and the idea of those quantities entertained by President Roosevelt (and, apparently, also, by Secretary Hay), came together on February 11 with a crash which fairly startled the country. The immediate cause of the collision was the Senate's objection to the form of the arbitration treaties which had been "negotiated" by the State Department with Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and Switzerland. The full text of these treaties is not available at this time, as such documents are not made public until they have been formally ratified; but it is learned that they describe certain categories of contingencies, not including vital issues, nor involving the independence or the honor of the contracting nations, nor of third parties, which, when they become the causes of disputes, shall be submitted to arbitration. Furthermore, it is said that each treaty contains the following clause:

In each individual case the high contracting parties, before appealing to the permanent court of arbitration, shall conclude a special agreement defining clearly the matter in dispute.

The force of the term "special agreement," as here used, was the bone of the entire contention. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations (several of whom, it was said, had approved of the treaties when they were informally submitted to them by the President and Secretary Hay) changed the word "agreement" to "treaty," and it was the amendment authorizing this change that the Senate, in executive session, on February 11, debated at length, and evidently with not a little resentment. In the meantime (on the 10th) the President had sent to Senator Cul-

lom, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, a letter saying that he had heard of the proposed amendment, that he believed it meant "not a step forward but a step backward," since "if the word 'treaty' be substituted, the result is that every such agreement must be submitted to the Senate, and these general arbitration treaties would then cease to be such, and indeed in their amended form they amount to a specific pronouncement against the whole principle of a general arbitration treaty," and that, therefore, "It would not, in my judgment, be wise or expedient to try to secure the assent of the other contracting powers to the amended treaties, for even if such assent were secured we should still remain precisely where we were before save where the situation may be changed a little for the worse." Although the Senate clearly was a good deal offended when it learned that even while the debate was proceeding, the President had given this letter to the newspapers, the attitude of the body was already apparent. Such erstwhile staunch supporters of the administration as Senator Cullom and Senator Foraker, and even Senator Lodge, sharply attacked the President's position, and approved of the amendment. Party lines, in fact, seem utterly to have disappeared in the debate; the only prominent Republican who defended the President was Senator Platt, of Connecticut. A motion to adjourn was defeated by 45 to 13, and the vote on the amendment was carried by the overwhelming majority of 50 to 9. How completely party lines were obliterated is indicated by the following division, which shows the names of the Democrats in italics, and the Republicans in Roman:

Yeas—Allee, Allison, Ankeny, *Bacon, Bailey, Bard, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Burnham, Burrows, Carmack, Clark of Wyoming, Clay, Culbertson, Cullom, Daniel, Dick, Dillingham, Dryden, Foraker, Foster of Louisiana, Foster of Washington, Fulton, Gallinger, Gamble, Gorman, Hale, Hansbrough, Heyburn, Kean, Kittredge, Lattimer, Lodge, Long, McComus, McCreary, McLaurin, Money, Morgan, Newlands, Overman, Patterson, Perkins, Scott, Smoot, Spooner, Stone, Tallaferro and Teller.*

Nays—Dolliver, Fairbanks, Hopkins, McCum-
ber, Nelson, Platt of Connecticut, Stewart, War-
ren and Wetmore.

Thus, avowedly, the Senate stood squarely upon what it declared it believed to be its prerogatives and its duty, under the second clause of the second section of Article II of the Constitution, which provides that the President "shall have power *by and with the consent of the Senate*, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." In his letter to Senator Cullom, the President expressly admitted the right and the duty of the Senate "to reject or to amend in any way it sees fit any treaty laid before it," but, he continued, "if, in the judgment of the President, a given amendment nullifies a proposed treaty, it seems to me that it is no less clearly his duty to refrain from endeavoring to secure a ratification, by the other contracting Power or Powers, of the amended treaty." And he defends this position by the following reasoning:

Personally, it is not my opinion that this Government lacks the power to enter into general treaties of arbitration, but if I am in error, and if this Government has no power to enter into such general treaties, then it seems to me that it is better not to attempt to make them, rather than to make the attempt in such shape that they shall accomplish literally nothing whatever when made.

That is to say, it is the duty of the President "to refrain from endeavoring to secure the ratification of an amended treaty" provided he does not approve of the amendment; or, in other words, "the advice and consent of the Senate" in the matter of treaties should not disturb the spirit or form of a treaty as approved by the President. Against this doctrine, and what it naturally involves, even Senator Lodge, a most loyal Republican and a close personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, made an emphatic protest, insisting that the proposed amendment bespoke only a proper precaution which the Senate was expected to exercise, under the Constitution and with no regard for the personality of any particular President. Although the debate was had in executive session, the

spirit of the protests, as reported by apparently reliable correspondents, seems to be fairly reflected by Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney-General in President Garfield's Cabinet, who, speaking of the "exceptionally plain and imperative language" of the Constitution as to the treaty-making power, said:

It requires as a condition precedent to the making of any treaty (and every agreement between this country and any foreign Power should be called a treaty because the Constitution so calls it), that it shall be submitted to the Senate and that two-thirds of the Senators present concur in the wisdom of making it. Their concurrence makes it 'part of the supreme law of the land.' Is it conceivable that in view of such provisions, a President alone can make any action of his a part of the supreme law of the land? If so, our 'supreme law' would be subject to the caprice of every successor of President Roosevelt, and the wise men who framed the Constitution knew it would be unsafe to trust the lawmaking power to any one man.

And the New York Times, discussing the possibilities which might follow the exercise by the President alone of the power to make "general agreements" with foreign countries, says:

It might happen that the country would be first advised of a dispute when it got the news that an arbitration had been consented to by the President. It might thus happen that under the workings of this Executive "supreme law" an award would go against us, and damages would have to be paid—all without the antecedent knowledge, advice, or consent of the Senate.

Nevertheless, it seems certain at this writing that the President is determined to adhere to his position; this is indicated by a statement given out by Secretary Hay on February 13, which in substance, was as follows:

The President regards the matter of the general arbitration treaties as concluded by the action of the Senate on Saturday. He recognizes the right of the Senate to reject a treaty either by a direct vote in that sense or indirectly by changes which are incompatible with its spirit and purpose. He considers that with the Senate amendment the treaties not only cease to be a step forward in the cause of general arbitration, but are really a step backward, and therefore he is unable to present them in this altered form to the countries with which we have been in negotiation.

What Has Been Happening in Santo Domingo?

There seems to be no doubt that, in addition to the reasons given, the Senate's attitude toward the arbitration treaties was considerably influenced by the confused and contradictory reports

of the dealings which the administration had been having with Santo Domingo. Both veiled and open allusions to this subject were made during the debate, while the informal report of the Senate Judiciary Committee against the President's "constructive-recess" theory—a subject which the committee had been considering for a year—made on February 13, suggested the setting in of an aggressive campaign on the part of the Senate against "executive encroachment." The investigation of the "constructive recess" was brought about by the opposition to the nominations of Dr. Crum to be Collector at the Port of Charleston, S. C., and of Gen. Leonard Wood to be a Major General. These nominations, having failed of confirmation at the close of the special session of Congress, which ended at noon on December 6, 1903, were renewed by the President during the imaginary interval between the adjournment of the special session and the opening of the regular session, at the same hour.

As to Santo Domingo, it is not clear at the time of this writing just what is the attitude of the Administration toward that Government. Under an arbitral award, in behalf of the Santo Domingo Improvement Company, a New York concern which had a claim against the Dominican government that it had not been able to collect, the customs receipts at Puerto Plata, had been paid to an agent of the United States Government, John T. Abbott, since July 14, 1904. There had been no objection to the regularity of this arrangement, and very likely even the fact that it existed had been forgotten by most people. In the meantime, however, the State Department at Washington had been negotiating with the Dominican Government apparently for the purpose of establishing such a guardianship over that republic as would protect it from some of its European creditors whose importunateness, it was said, threatened to take the form of an invasion of the island. On January 23 the State Department published "a memorandum of a proposed agreement" with Santo Domingo which provided for a protectorate having this end in view, but the exact terms of the "agreement" or "protocol" were not published, nor was there any mention of a date on which it would become effective. Therefore, the country was somewhat surprised, to say the least, when, on February 3, the New York Sun published the full text of the protocol as printed in the

Gaceta Official for January 21, whereby it was shown not only that the document was virtually a treaty, negotiated by Commander Albert C. Dillingham and Thomas C. Dawson, on the part of the United States, and Juan Francisco Sanchez and Frederico Valazquez, on the part of Santo Domingo, and that it was to become effective on February 1, but that it did not provide for the ratification of its provisions by the United States Senate. Then followed a series of disclosures by which the situation became still further confused. It was announced that several war vessels would be sent to Santo Domingo and that a force of marines would be held in readiness to land to suppress any threatened insurrection against the existing Dominican Government. On February 11 Mr. Abbott, the agent before referred to, arrived in New York, having come direct from Puerto Plata, and announced that the receipts at that port had been more than sufficient to pay the monthly instalments on the award in favor of the improvement company, but that Puerto Plata and also Monte Christi were about to be turned over to the United States *under the protocol*. But at about the same time came the announcement from Washington that the protocol had been withdrawn, and a few days afterward Mr. Abbott published a statement to the effect that he had been misinformed about the intentions of our Government. He did not, however, so far as we are aware, correct his statement about the sufficiency of the Puerto Plata customs receipts for the purposes of the arbitral award; and the taking over of the custom house at Monte Christi was justified by the assertion that the Dominican Government had urged this step as a check on the impending revolution in the island. On February 15 the new protocol, or treaty, between the United States and Santo Domingo reached Washington, and it was announced that the instrument provided for the collection by this Government of the customs receipts, to be turned over to the Dominican Government; that this Government will respect the integrity of Santo Domingo, and that the protocol must be approved by the United States Senate and the Dominican Congress. In view of its attitude toward the arbitration treaties, it became evident that the Senate would scrutinize very closely not only this protocol, but the entire history of the Administration's Santo Domingo policy.

**A Start toward
Railroad Rate
Reforms**

By the middle of January it had become apparent that nothing definite in the way of tariff revision could be hoped for from the present session of Congress. Public interest in the subject had become considerably chilled by the coldness with which it was being treated at Washington, and the situation there was perhaps accurately reflected by the cynical remark attributed to Speaker Cannon, who, when he was questioned by Washington correspondents about the chances for tariff revision during the present session of Congress, replied: "Give us something new, boys. The Devil is dead!" The movement for the reform of railroad rate abuses has fared somewhat better, however, for on February 7 the House of Representatives passed a bill which, if it becomes a law, seems likely to have this effect. It is virtually certain that the bill cannot pass the Senate during the present session, but the debate of the measure in the House, and the incidental and quite general discussion of it by the press, have had the effect of creating public opinion in favor of such legislation which, probably, the Senate will hardly dare to ignore. The first bill having this reform as its avowed object was introduced in the House by Representative Hepburn in January. This measure was believed by many to be a cunningly devised scheme to foster the very system it was supposed to attack, and it was finally withdrawn. After considerable more discussion, a composite of two bills introduced separately by Representative Townsend and Representative Esch, came before the House as the Townsend-Esch bill, and this measure was passed by a vote of 326 to 17. This bill gives the Inter-State Commerce Commission power to fix rates when they cause complaint; adds two members to the Commission (making seven), fixes their salaries at \$10,000 a year and establishes a Court of Transportation, to be composed of five circuit court judges, no two of whom shall be from the same circuit. The President is to designate these judges for terms of two, three, four and five years respectively, from April 1, 1905, and is to appoint their successors for terms of five years each. The Court must have four regular sessions annually in Washington, and may hold special sessions at other times and places "when justice would thereby be promoted." "Exclusive, original jurisdiction" is given

this court for all cases brought under this bill or the Inter-State Commerce Act. Contumacious witnesses before the Inter-State Commerce Commission may be proceeded against in any court of original jurisdiction. The Court of Transportation, sitting as a court of equity, shall review protests against any decisions of the Commission, provided such proceedings are begun within sixty days of the finding of the Commission. The proceedings before the court are to be conducted by the Attorney-General, and a fine of \$5,000 a day is to be imposed for disregard of the Commission's rulings. There has been much criticism of the haste which the House showed in passing this bill, and it is probable that this criticism will be much emphasized once the measure comes up for debate in the Senate.

**Three More
States in
the Union**

The Senate on February 7 voted to admit to statehood Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State and New Mexico as another. This leaves Arizona as the only remaining Territory in the United States proper, and the admission of Arizona to full statehood privileges seems likely to be postponed only for a short time. The bill for the admission of these Territories was introduced in the House on April 4, 1904. Four days afterward it was reported favorably, and on April 19 it was debated three and a half hours, under a rule prohibiting any amendment, and then passed. In creditable contrast to this inadequate consideration of the important measure, was the careful debate of the bill during thirty-three days by the Senate, and with the practical obliteration of party lines. The bill was then referred to the regular senatorial conference, whose decision is final. As to the character of the new States, it is interesting to note that Indian Territory is more densely populated than Texas, while the density of Oklahoma's population is greater than that of Florida, California and several other States. Furthermore, Oklahoma has a lower percentage of illiteracy (5.9) than any of the North Atlantic States excepting New York.

**The "Wisconsin
Idea" in
the Senate**

The career in the United States Senate of Mr. La Follette, now Governor of Wisconsin, but elected to the Upper House of Congress last January,

is likely to be exceedingly interesting. What kind of politics and policies in general Governor La Follette stands for is pretty clearly understood throughout the country. During his two terms as Governor of his State he has been an energetic and successful opponent of corporations, particularly railway corporations, when their activities seemed to him prejudicial to the welfare of the people; and he consented to become a candidate for the Senate only after he was assured that the measures for which he has fought shall be enacted into laws. What is still more significant, he said to the Wisconsin Legislature when he was elected: "Your action in electing me United States Senator seems to come as a commission from you and the people of the State, through you, to carry a message in the broader field of national legislation. Your call invites me to participate in the work which is to deal immediately with the problems which President Roosevelt has courageously pressed upon Congress for solution." There is no mistaking the meaning of this utterance. At the time of this writing, it seems improbable that any legislation affecting the railroads will get formal consideration in the Senate during the present session of Congress, but it is pretty certain that at the next session, regular or special, some measure of this character will get to the Upper House; and it seems safe enough to predict that thereupon Mr. La Follette is likely to become a conspicuous and interesting figure. For it seems to be taken for granted that any railroad legislation not obviously innocuous for the railroads will be stoutly opposed in the Senate. Then, too, the position of Senator Spooner, Mr. La Follette's senior, will become interesting, and also, perhaps, a trifle anomalous. For Mr. Spooner's political position is the result of the support of a faction which, since last summer, has been openly opposed and decisively beaten all along the line by the La Follette faction; indeed, Mr. La Follette goes to the Senate as the result of the defeat of the Spooner "stalwart" candidate for that office. The result of this series of contests has been to put Mr. Spooner in the position of a defender of the railroad interests, and as such, the opponent of Mr. La Follette's policies. It will be interesting, therefore, to see what attitude toward railroad reforms Mr. Spooner may assume, since, unless a great change comes over the politics

of Wisconsin within the next few years, Mr. Spooner can hardly hope for re-election with the radical, that is, the La Follette, faction arrayed against him. Will he, therefore, try to propitiate that faction by co-operating with Mr. La Follette, or will he prefer to retire at the end of his present term—in 1909? In view of all these considerations, it will be a singularly significant spectacle when Senator Spooner presents the credentials of Senator-elect La Follette, and escorts him to the Vice-President's desk to be sworn in.

Another possibility of Mr. La Follette's senatorship which has been considered by many political observers, concerns the question of who may be the next Republican candidate for President. It may be regarded as an ill omen for the Wisconsin man that no Senator has succeeded directly to the presidency; but it is not difficult to imagine a political status three years or so hence which may put Mr. La Follette in a way to establish a new record in this respect. It is idle, of course, to predict with anything like definiteness what may come to pass three years in the future under such a government as ours is, but it is at least interesting to reflect that if President Roosevelt insists upon his program of reforms, the appearance of a strong "radical" wing of the Republican party would be a logical, if not an inevitable happening; and that at present, at least, Mr. La Follette would seem to be a logical leader of such a faction. If this should come about, it would certainly not be the first time that the Republicans had, as the yachtsmen say, "blanketed" the Democratic craft—in this instance with, perhaps, some such "radical" man at the helm as Governor Folk of Missouri.

The Decision [against the Beef Trust

The Supreme Court, by a unanimous vote on January 30, sustained the injunction against the beef trust granted in 1903 by Judge Grosscup at Chicago. The opinion of the Court was written by Mr. Justice Holmes.

It was held by Attorney-General Moody, in his argument before the Court, that the combination of packers, which has come to be known as the "beef trust," had agreed not to bid against one another in the live-stock markets of the various States; to cause the temporary increase of prices in order to in-

duce the shipping of cattle to stock-yards; to set prices for meat, thereby controlling shipments; to enforce uniform rates of credit, and to maintain a blacklist; to make common and unfair cartage charges, and to get from railroads less than the legal shipping rates, thereby restraining competition. The Court brushed aside the contention of the packers that none of these agreements was of itself unlawful, and that therefore the entire compact was lawful, by holding that although the several features of a plan taken separately might be lawful, the effect of the plan made the parts unlawful. Another important and significant principle enunciated concerns the theory that where competition is possible it should be insisted upon, a doctrine which has been strongly affirmed by certain opponents of trade combinations. This doctrine the Court disputes in the case of the beef trust by holding that "the defendants cannot be ordered to compete, but they properly can be forbidden to give directions or to make agreements not to compete"—a distinction of great importance and significance.

Although the spirit of this decision is generally commended by the press (and certainly is commendable), there is some criticism of and skepticism about the actual application so far as the restraint of trusts is concerned. For example, the Springfield Republican (Ind.) remarks that "it follows in a general way the decision of the court in the Addyston pipe trust case of some years ago, just as the judgment against the Northern securities company followed that against the trans-Missouri freight and joint traffic association cases." Continuing, the same paper says, in part:

Taken in connection with the opposite decision of the court in the sugar trust case, these various judgments thus define the scope of the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890: It applies to combinations of parallel and competing railroads, whether such combinations be duly incorporated or not; it applies also to unincorporated alliances, conspiracies and concerted actions among various corporations, firms or individuals, engaged in manufacturing or trade, making for a restriction of output, uniform prices and monopoly practices generally; but it does not apply to combinations of manufacturing concerns, no matter how far extended, when they are incorporated. It can obviously make no difference to the public whether the same acts of equal effectiveness, in monopolistic restraint of trade, are performed through an incorporated or an unincorporated combination; and as the law was intended to protect the public against such acts, it should be applied wherever such acts are

manifest, regardless of the precise methods pursued, or it should be repealed or made more amenable to a trust organization of industry.

Speaking of the effect of previous injunctions, the Pittsburg Despatch says:

In at least five out of these six leading cases the result has been that the enjoined combination simply altered its form—though in at least one of them it is alleged that not even that was done—and went on with the illegal purpose of combination especially enjoined. Injunctions, like statutes, are not likely to amount to very much unless it is manifest that he who ignores them will suffer. The fact that no combination magnate has undergone the slightest inconvenience for ignoring or evading the mandates of equity indicates what is still needed to make the enforcement of the anti-trust law a genuine reform.

A more optimistic view of the decision is that potentially, at least, it may appear to the trusts concerned as a sort of sword of Damocles, of which they may find it convenient not to be entirely oblivious. And for this or any other beneficial result, a large share of the credit would belong to President Roosevelt.

Complexion of the New French Ministry

The resignation of Premier Combes and the retirement of his Ministry, an event which had been expected since the development of the opposition to the army espionage system, came about on January 15. The retiring Ministry was made up as follows:

Premier and Minister of the Interior, M. Combes; Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé; Agriculture, M. Mougeot; Finance, M. Rouvier; Colonies, M. Doumergue; Commerce, M. Trouillot; War, M. Berteaux; Marine, M. Pelletan; Public Works, M. Maruéjouls; Justice, M. Vallé; Instruction, M. Chaumié; Posts, M. Berard. The new Ministry is thus composed: Premier and Minister of Finance, M. Rouvier; Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé; Interior, M. Étienne; War, M. Berteaux; Marine, M. Thomson; Justice, M. Chaumié; Instruction and Public Worship, M. Bienvenu-Martin; Commerce, M. Dubief; Colonies, M. Clémentel; Agriculture, M. Ruau; Public Works, M. Armand Gauthier. It will be noticed that in addition to M. Rouvier, who advances from the portfolio of Finance to the premiership, three members of the retiring Ministry are returned in the new body. M. Delcassé, of the Foreign Affairs Department, and M. Berteaux, of the War Department, retain their portfolios, and M. Chaumié

changes from the Department of Instruction to that of Justice. The other seven members have never been ministers before, but the retention of the four named is regarded as a concession to the popularity of M. Combes' general policy.

M. Maurice Rouvier, the new Premier, began his political career in 1871 at Versailles, and with Gambetta. He soon became known as an authority on economic and financial questions, and he has always maintained the principles of the old National Assembly. In 1887 he was Premier, and displayed his firmness by removing the spectacular General Boulanger from the Ministry of War. At present he is regarded by the Extreme Left as a Conservative and a defender of the ideas which are repudiated by the Radicals; but his willingness to conciliate this element is indicated by his appointment of MM. Dubief and Berteaux and other Radicals to important portfolios in his Cabinet. Indeed, the general make-up of the new Ministry promises well for the Radicals. There are two members of the Union Républicaine in the Senate, M. Rouvier and M. Chaumié; one member of the Gauche Démocratique in the Senate, M. Gauthier; three members of the Union Démocratique in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Delcassé, M. Étienne, and M. Thomson; two members of the Radical Left, M. Ruau and M. Clémentel; three members of the Radical Socialist groups, M. Berteaux, M. Dubief, and M. Bienvenu-Martin. This makes six Radicals and Radical Socialists and five Republicans on the Left. Furthermore, it is significant that the Cabinet contains none of the dissident members of the Combes majority (known as the *Bloc*), nor a single Progressist Republican—the two factions whose united action was mainly responsible for upsetting the Combes Ministry. Therefore, it seems clear that the new Ministry must carry out the essential principles of the old one, although, doubtless there will be some modification of M. Combes' rather angular and abrupt methods of procedure.

The retirement of the Combes' Ministry was due, primarily, to the indignation aroused by the disclosures concerning the system of espionage of army officers, and it would seem that much of this indignation was righteous, for the system had apparently been carried to outrageous extremes. There was opposition, too, from those who considered the Premier's attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church too radical, or who opposed it al-

together; and from the champions of the income-tax measure, toward which, it was contended, the Ministry had shown itself lukewarm. But the strongest protest was against the spying on army officers. In defending this system M. Combes declared that his opponents were the same men who had tried to shield Esterhazy and Henry during the Dreyfus trouble. The vote that followed this debate sustained the Ministry by 289 to 279, and probably M. Combes could have held out against his opposition for months; but the margin was so narrow that he was moved to resign. In the new Cabinet, according to the outlook at present, the bill for working men's pensions is likely to receive immediate attention, and the income-tax measure will follow. The separation of the Church and the State probably will not get serious attention until these measures are disposed of, although it seems unlikely now that M. Combes' position on this important question will be materially departed from.

History and Significance of Fall River Strike

The strike of the 30,000 cotton mill operatives at Fall River began on July 25, as the result of a cut in their wages of 12½ per cent., following a reduction of 10 per cent. made last November—and which had been accepted—was brought to an end on January 20, when committees representing the strikers and the mill-owners agreed to submit the real crux of the situation—that is, the necessity for a continuance of the reduced wages—to the decision of Governor Douglas. By this agreement the operatives consented to return to work at once under the 12½-per-cent. reduction, with the understanding that they should be re-employed as rapidly as possible, with no discrimination because of any part taken in the strike; and, furthermore, upon the condition, as worded by Governor Douglas, that

After resumption of work I will take up and investigate the matter of margin and submit to you my conclusion as to what average margin shall prevail on which the manufacturers shall pay a dividend of 5 per cent. on wages earned from the present time to April 1, 1905. It is agreed by both parties that the margin fixed by me shall in no way prejudice future wage schedules.

The "average margin" here referred to means the margin between the cost of cotton to the mill-owners and the selling price of the finished cloth. Both sides claim victory under these terms, but the "victory" of either side is of vastly less significance than

is the triumph of the principle of voluntary arbitration—a very real victory which will stand as a lasting and noble monument to the tact, good sense and humanity of Governor Douglas; and the recognition of the justice of the sliding-scale system for the settlement of wage disputes. Some of the available statistics and facts of this, the most serious strike in the textile industries of this country, will serve to emphasize the import of the recognition of these two principles at Fall River. For six months, seventy-two mills, representing \$21,660,000 capital, had been idle, or virtually so; this involved the disappearance from the market of 7,000,000 pieces of cotton cloth, a loss in operatives' wages of about \$5,375,000 and in employers' earnings of about \$858,000; the exodus of about 20,000 of Fall River's population, very great damage to the city's commercial activities, and untold physical suffering by the operatives and their families. About the middle of November public relief for the suffering strikers was virtually discontinued, throwing the burden of such assistance entirely upon the labor organizations, and at the session of the American Federation of Labor in San Francisco on November 19, a delegate from Fall River affirmed that at that time 1,400 women and children in the mill-town were subsisting on one meal a day, consisting of soup and two slices of bread. Whereupon the Federation voted \$75,000 for the immediate relief of the strikers, with more if it was needed. This action had much to do with prolonging the strike, since the mills had been opened about the middle of that month, and the danger of defection, due to actual distress, was already considerable.

The most illuminating discussion of this great strike and its causes that we have seen, was contributed by Mr. Hayes Robbins to the Springfield Weekly Republican of December 23. Mr. Robbins points out the fact—a lasting credit to the operatives—that up to that time there had not been a "single serious outburst of violence, hardly an hour of disorder," and we believe this condition continued throughout the strike. Furthermore, unionist and non-unionist stood shoulder to shoulder for the common cause, and the five textile unions in Fall River have spent more than \$10,000 in supporting eight relief stations expressly for non-union operatives and their families. Neither group fighting alone could prevent the wage cut; and the 20,000 to 24,000 non-union workers have steadily backed up a strike of fewer than 6,000 unionists on the pitiful encour-

agement of the "grocery checks" handed out from these relief stations.

The causes of the great strike, according to the same observer, by no means began and ended with the two reductions in wages. These reductions combined brought the weaving price down to 17.3 cents per "cut" of about fifty yards, whereas six years ago a rate of 16 cents was accepted without resistance. In 1899 this rate was advanced to 18 cents, and in 1902 it had reached the highest figure for thirty years—21.78 cents. Mr. Robbins goes on to explain that the Northrop loom, used throughout the South, is operated by one weaver for every eighteen or twenty machines. In Fall River the standard for many years had been one operative for eight looms, "but a contrivance has now been added which stops the loom the instant a thread breaks, and so gives the operative time to make repairs before the defect is woven into the fabric. By reason of this the number of looms per weaver has been raised to 12; in some cases to 14 by the further expedient of using larger bobbins." As to the attitude of the operatives, we are told:

The union leaders insist that they are not opposed to improved machinery, even if it should throw some of the operatives out of work. Oddly enough, the objection to any radical re-equipment comes this time from the other side. But the weavers declared that they ought to share in the gain from improvements, at least ought not to lose by them; that under this particular device, . . . the lost time more than offsets all the gain from running more machines; that even at the old rate per "cut" their weekly earnings are less by a dollar or more than under the eight-loom system. On the other hand, the mill owners were positive that if the weavers would accept the improvements in good faith, and adapt themselves to the changed method of operation the earnings would be fully as good as before and the exertion no greater. . . . Here was the issue. Merely to state it shows the difficulty of deciding where the truth lies, without intimate knowledge of the operators' possible as well as actual experience under these innovations.

Yet even this dispute might not have caused the strike, we are assured, but for the action of two or three mills.

Here the weavers were changed from 8 to 10 looms without being given the benefit of any labor-saving appliances whatever. This not only exasperated them,—they pointed to it as a sign of what would be done all over the city if it could be made to work in a few cases. There never was any real danger of that: representative mill owners themselves freely condemn and disavow any such policy. But the damage could not be easily repaired. The weavers have by far the largest and most influential union in Fall River, number some 3000 members; and having most at stake,

they naturally took the lead. Their will prevailed.

As to competition from the South Mr. Robins has these significant things to say of the attitude of the persons concerned in Fall River:

It is singularly difficult as yet to impress either mill owners or operatives, as a whole, with the necessity of radical modernizing of equipment and methods in the face of this persistent and increasing southern competition; with the dismal facts, for example, that 11 and 12 hours, and all-night work whenever required, are the regular order in that section; that 25 per cent. of the mill operatives are children under 16 (in New England less than 7 per cent.); that average wages of southern mill hands, all classes together, are only \$179 yearly (in New England \$341). They do not seem to appreciate that the South is going to resist, tooth and nail, every effort to change any of these conditions, and that there are practically no labor unions down there to contest the issue with the mill corporations. They have yet to give full weight to the fact that "Yankee shrewdness" puts Yankee capital into strictly modern equipment, improved looms and all, in southern mills, only because it is found a profitable investment as compared with the older practice. And, in looking to the future, Fall River mill managers have yet to count with the fact, and plan for it, that the American market demand, however dull just now, year by year expands in the direction of "better quality," not poorer; that practically all of the nearly \$50,000,000 worth of cotton goods now imported annually consists of fine grades and fabrics of a kind that American mills apparently have not to any great extent tried to furnish. These facts are the background of the Fall River fight for industrial survival. They will outlast the strike.

That the final confirmation
A "Square Deal" by the Senate of the ap-
for Dr. Crum pointment of Dr. William

D. Crum to be collector of the port at Charleston, S. C., will hardly serve to mollify the hard feeling toward President Roosevelt of a certain very outspoken element in the South, is sufficiently apparent to northerners who see much of the southern press. It should be remembered that it was President McKinley who first appointed Dr. Crum to the Federal service. President Roosevelt appointed him collector of the port at Charleston more than two years ago during a congressional recess. He began his duties at once, but the Senate, upon reassembling, failed to confirm the nomination solely because he was a negro. The mental and moral fitness of Dr. Crum for the position was generally admitted, and the question which the President had to decide was whether he should withdraw the nomina-

tion solely because of the appointee's color. This he refused to do, and quite properly; for, although as a general principle the people to be served should be consulted on the question of who their servants shall be, in this particular instance to have removed the man appointed in good faith and for good reasons solely because of his color would have been a high-handed outrage. A grotesque phase of that curious institution known as "senatorial courtesy" deterred the Senate from confirming the nomination, the point being that certain Senators, notably Senator Tillman, objected to Dr. Crum, for no other reason than that he is a colored man. But even "senatorial courtesy" as invoked by the just and broad-minded Senator Tillman, finally yielded, and on January 6 the nomination of Dr. Crum was confirmed.

In our January issue we reproduced some characteristic expressions from southern papers on the general subject of the President's attitude toward the race problem, but it may be well in this connection to quote from the same sources further comment on the Crum appointment. The Atlanta Journal, for example, a month before the appointment was confirmed, took occasion to say:

One can hardly believe the President is sincere when he says that it is a great sorrow that the South misunderstands him, when within a week, he repeats one of his chief offenses against southern sentiment. We can scarcely credit him with sincerity, when he expresses the desire to know the southern people in their homes, and at once follows the declaration with an additional insult to every white man in the South. We scarcely believe that the attitude of southern people toward Mr. Roosevelt is a matter of real sorrow to him, when every act of his is intended to humiliate those who seek to uphold the integrity and the honor of the Caucasian race in the South.

And the usually very temperate Atlanta Constitution says:

So far as President Roosevelt is concerned, there is but one question on which his attitude particularly concerns the South. We refer to the irritating question of negro appointees to federal office in the South. It is the negro office-holder question, aggravated, whether by undue agitation or not, by the Crum appointment and the Minnie Cox incident, that has placed the south in the attitude of looking askance at President Roosevelt on the occasion of his assuming an official term that is distinctly and peculiarly his own.

The Charlotte Observer, one of the sanest papers in the South in the discussion of the race question, remarks that "there have

been negro collectors at other southern ports," and that Dr. Crum "is doubtless as capable as any of them about whom little, if anything, has been said." Continuing, the same paper says:

We do not favor the idea of putting a negro into office, no matter how well fitted he may be to perform the duties thereof, and we are willing to admit, if need be, that this opposition is solely because of his race, but we are glad this Crum business is to be brought to a close. This feeling is not, however, in any degree based on the idea that there is anything to be said in favor of his appointment, but because the fight against him was not worth the effort exerted. Senator Tillman and others who led this opposition might have realized this long ago, as they have apparently finally done. The fact that Crum is a negro should have kept him out of the office of collector of the port of Charleston, but when it failed there was no need to raise a great hue and cry over it.

However indefensible any other course might have been, President Roosevelt clearly deserves the strongest commendation for his conduct of this case. When Senator Tillman and his associates somewhat melodramatically asserted, "We have sworn never again to submit to the rule of the African, and such an appointment as that of Dr. Crum forces us to protest against this insult to white blood," the President met them with the equally positive declaration: "I cannot consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color." And to his everlasting credit, he stuck to that declaration, and enforced a "square deal."

**The Business
Philanthropy of
Mr. Phipps**

A noteworthy instance of practical philanthropy is the plan of Mr. Henry Phipps to invest a million dollars in model tenements which are to be built in the crowded districts of New York City. The scheme not only proposes to furnish clean and attractive homes, with pleasing surroundings—so far as these can be controlled—but provides that all the net revenue shall go into a fund to be used in the erection of additional tenements which shall be similarly managed. There is plenty of proof that investments of this kind, intelligently managed, are "safe"; to go no further, there are the Mills hotels here in New York City for examples. The immediate moral returns are obvious enough to any observer who has compared a well-managed model tenement

and its occupants, with the frightful structures and their half-bestialized denizens, so common in the slum districts of any large city. Furthermore, the influence of such improvements is bound to be wide-spread and marked. Not only do they make cleanliness and the self-respect that goes with it possible for persons whose limited means keep them imprisoned in filthy surroundings, however much they may despise them, but they set an example which is bound to influence people who are not offended by foul environments, simply because they have never known any other kind. And although one or two model tenements in a very large and very crowded district—like the notorious Tenth Ward of Manhattan Borough, New York, for example—may at first seem to be having little effect upon the general neighborhood, a group of them are sure to make their influence felt in the shape of a demand for improved conditions which even the most heartless and short-sighted speculative owner of the old-style tenements will be forced to heed. For it is known now that, in proportion to the character of the accommodations and the rental charged, the return from these villainous tenements is often extortionate. It is hardly possible, therefore, to calculate, or even enumerate, the beneficial effects of the kind of philanthropy which Mr. Phipps' scheme represents. As the Boston Evening Transcript says: "It is this kind of philanthropy that produces the best results. It does not rob its beneficiaries of their self-respect, but it does give those of small means an opportunity to live respectably and comfortably at a price that they can afford. So far as possible business philanthropy is the kind to be preferred."

**The Subway
a Blessing
in the Blizzard**

The savage blizzard that smote New York City on the night of January 24, and raged throughout the following day, together with the severely cold weather that followed, brought home most forcibly to the people of the metropolis the very great superiority of the subway over all other means of intramural transit. Probably it is no exaggeration to say that thousands of persons got to their places of business and home again during the storm, who, but for the subway, would have been actually storm-bound at home, or at the best would have been subjected to great de-

lays, and not a little severe suffering. By the middle of the afternoon of the 25th, most of the surface lines in Manhattan and Brooklyn were virtually paralyzed. The trains on the elevated roads continued to run, but here there was much delay because of the great increase of travel caused by the paralysis of the trolley lines, while the trains were impeded by the mere force of the storm, and by the necessity for reducing speed in order to guard against accidents. With all this going on above ground, the subway trains were being operated with only the slight delays made inevitable by the very heavy extra traffic. During the morning and evening "rush hours" the trains were crowded, of course; but even so, once in the subway, and out of the blizzard's blast, traveling was done with much more comfort and expedition than could have been expected even on the elevated lines. To get comfortably from the City Hall to Harlem in twenty minutes or so, and in *such weather*, was a new experience for dwellers upon Manhattan Island, and many were the blessings showered upon the heads of Mr. Parsons and Mr. McDonald, and the Rapid Transit Commissioners. Brooklyn, with its alleged "rapid transit" system, which is likely to be atrociously inadequate even under favorable circumstances, suffered severely; and hundreds of the inhabitants of the other boroughs were either literally snowed in or got to their destinations only after much actual hardship. Under normal conditions the transit facilities of Manhattan are much superior to those of the other boroughs of New York City, but in stormy or very cold weather this contrast is made the more marked by the subway. All this is coming to be more and more clearly appreciated by the people of New York, and it will be strange if other large cities, like Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Louis, do not profit by the experience.

**The Making
of History in
Russia**

Incomplete and actually misleading as is our present information concerning the political, social and economic discontent in Russia, it is obvious that the effect of the influences at work will be the making of important history in that unhappy land, and that, very likely, within a comparatively short time. Precisely where or when these currents of discontent or actual revolution may appear in effective volume

it is impossible to predict, since we cannot intelligently gage their magnitude or estimate their momentum. But that inevitably, and perhaps speedily, they will hem in and render helpless the outwardly powerful, but inwardly corrupt and impotent autocratic structure against which they are beating, is a conclusion which can hardly be resisted by any intelligent observer. The principal events through which the presence of these influences has been expressed, are known to the civilized world, and need only be briefly summarized here. While the Czar was attending the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva at St. Petersburg, on November 19, part of a charge of grape-shot, fired from one of the saluting cannon on an embankment about four hundred yards away, passed through the chapel in which the services were being held. One of the guards was killed by a shot, and several of the missiles must have passed within a few feet of the monarch himself. Officially, the incident was described as an accident due to somebody's carelessness in having left in the cannon a charge of canister shot intended to be used in dispersing rioters. This explanation, however, was discounted by the evidences that the number of shot was much less than are contained in a regular canister charge, and by the fact—which hardly could be accepted as a coincidence—that the muzzle of the gun had been depressed, and the piece trained directly on the chapel in which the ceremonies were to be held. These and other incidental facts outweighed the official "explanation" insisted upon: the world at large believed that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Czar.

Meantime, and particularly during the week in which this event occurred, the ranks of the striking workmen from the shipyards and other industrial establishments were being steadily augmented, and parades and mass meetings of this element were becoming increasingly frequent and spirited, though there was little disorder of a dangerous character. Yet something like definiteness and organization had been given to the demonstrations by the activities of an unbeneficed priest, Father Gapon (probably a contraction of "Agaphon"). In this priest (whose identity with the Father Gapon, or Gapon, who visited this country is at best very doubtful) the workmen seemed to have the utmost confidence, and it was he, apparently, who drew up their petition of grievances to be presented

to the Czar. This document, which declared that the workmen were suffering intolerable oppression and hardships, demanded a represented government and that the war should be brought to an end, and besought the Czar to meet the petitioners in front of the Winter Palace on the following day, was presented on Saturday, January 21, to Prince Mirsky, who was requested to communicate it to the Czar. When the great crowd of thousands of workmen, and many women and children as well, proceeded, on Sunday afternoon, toward the palace, they were met at the Neva gate by the soldiery and ordered not to advance. Led, however, by Father Gapon, who was clad in his resplendent church vestments, and who bore the sacred icon, while his supporters carried other religious insignia, the unarmed and harmless crowd moved forward again. Then it was that the troops fired—first, it is reported, with blank cartridges, and afterward, with several rounds of ball cartridges; Cossacks with flashing sabers charged into the defenseless crowd, and what will go down in history as the "St. Petersburg Massacre" was a sanguinary and shocking reality. In other parts of the city, also, the troops fired upon the assembled workmen with fatal results. Exactly how many persons all told were killed or wounded may never be known. "Official" reports put the number of killed at seventy-six, and the wounded at 233, but apparently reliable estimates were that the dead and injured numbered about five hundred. It was charged that the massacre was premeditated, that its purpose was to terrorize the workmen and to disabuse them of the idea that Russian soldiers would not kill Russian citizens. Its actual effects were

much more far reaching, for that night in the streets of St. Petersburg was heard the cry, never heard before, of "Down with the Czar! down with monarchy!" A few days of rigid military rule suppressed overt expressions, but with the murder of the peaceable and defenseless petitioners a great change had come over the people. Their reverence and love for the Czar, their "Little Father," their childlike belief that he would listen to their grievances and right their wrongs, had given place to hatred of their sovereign and passionate demands for the overthrow of the brutal *régime* of which he is the representative. Other uprisings in the form of strikes, and accompanied by further conflicts between the soldiers and the strikers, with the result that many more lives were sacrificed, occurred within the next few days at Moscow, Lodz and Warsaw, and are still recurring. Everywhere, of course, the workmen are scattered by the armed and disciplined soldiery; but meager as our information is, it includes unmistakable evidences that irresistible forces are at work; that once these forces are organized and can express themselves clearly, the Russian autocracy is doomed. That the weak and vacillating Nicholas, who is, perhaps, to be pitied rather than despised, may at last have got some idea of the real situation from some of his clearer headed councilors, seems likely enough. Already we are hearing well-defined rumors that Russia is willing to consider proposals for bringing the war to an end, and it will be impossible not to see in such an attitude, once it is admitted, a recognition of the seriousness of the internal problems which the nation sees it is about to face.

Professor Rhodes' Notable History

Of the United States, 1864-66

IT has often been said, particularly with regard to histories, that every generation must write its own books. Nevertheless, occasionally a work appears that, because of its transcendent excellence, seems to defy supersession. Parkman's matchless history of new France is such a work; Moses Coit Tyler's history of American literature during the colonial period and the

Revolution is another; and still another, it is safe to say, is James Ford Rhodes' "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," the fifth volume of which has recently appeared. This volume* deals, in some

*HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE COMPROMISE OF 1850. VOL. V. By James Ford Rhodes. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1904. \$2.50 net.

660 pages, with a period of only two years, 1864-66, but those two years were among the most important in all of our history, and demand of their historian the highest qualities of his craft. These highest qualities Mr. Rhodes unquestionably has, and in the present volume he is seen at his best. His prodigious industry, his detachment, his eminently judicial temper, his conscientious fair-mindedness, his independence of view, and his rare skill in presentation are everywhere apparent, and as one reads his great work one becomes more and more convinced that the author must, in most respects, be placed in the very foremost rank among American historians. In one respect—in his skillful use of certain classes of material, particularly of newspaper material, of speeches in and out of Congress, and of journals and correspondence—he must be ranked as *the* foremost; no man has ever before so accurately gauged public opinion or taken it so fully into account in dealing with any period of our history. After reading this volume, one cannot fail to agree with Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, who, in a magazine article written some four years ago on "The American School of Historians," said of Rhodes "above all [is] his ability to discover the ruling motives of people in a time of passionate stress;" one is also reminded of a passage in Mr. Rhodes' inaugural address, in 1899, as president of the American Historical Association: "Natural abilities being presupposed, the qualities necessary for a historian are diligence, accuracy, love of truth, impartiality, the thorough digestion of his materials by careful selection and long meditating, and the compression of his narrative into the smallest compass consistent with the life of his story." Each one of these descriptive terms can with perfect justice be applied to Mr. Rhodes' own work; and no one could better be cited to prove that he did not in his address set an impractical standard for writers of history. As regards the present volume, perhaps his impartiality and fair-mindedness deserve to be especially emphasized, for no period has been harder for historians to write about without betraying a sectional bias, a *parti pris*. Nor is this to be wondered at, for from this period date some of the questions which vex politics and arouse strong feeling between the North and the South to the present day. A volume, by such a competent historian, which deals with General Sher-

man's "march to the sea" and his march through the Carolinas, with Grant's final campaign against Lee, with the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and the collapse of the Confederacy, with the assassination of President Lincoln and the accession of President Johnson, and with the beginnings of reconstruction must needs be of great interest to every one who takes any interest at all in American history. On the whole, however, the two most important chapters in the volume are those which deal with the social, commercial, and industrial history of the North and the South during the war; to them alone some 287 pages are devoted. They are in every way admirable. Admirable, also, is the briefer chapter concerning the treatment of prisoners in the North and the South during the war. Nothing could better serve as the test of a writer's sanity and fair-mindedness, for, as Mr. Rhodes says, "No subject is so difficult of discussion between Southern and Northern men as that suggested by the word 'Andersonville.' Military strategy and tactics in all the battles are discussed in a calm spirit; the merits and faults of Confederate and Union generals are impartially weighed; political and social questions are taken up as if they were a century rather than a little more than a generation old; even the emancipation of the negro is examined with candor by Southern writers, and the devastation of territory though still often arousing indignation can be talked or written about without loss of temper. For arriving at the truth about the prisoners of war the materials are ample and the time has come when this subject should be considered with an even mind." After narrating the sufferings of prisoners on both sides—and a harrowing story it is—the author arrives at the following conclusion: "All things considered, the statistics show no reason why the North should reproach the South. If we add to one side of the account the refusal to exchange the prisoners and the greater resources, and to the other the distress of the Confederacy, the balance struck will not be far from even. Certain it is that no deliberate intention existed either in Richmond or Washington to inflict suffering on captives more than inevitably accompanied their confinement. Rather than to charge either section with inhumanity, it were truer to lay the burden on war, recalling in sympathy with their import the words of Sophocles:

"From wars unnumbered evils flow,
The unexpected source of every human woe."

It would be impossible in a brief review to give any idea by extracts of the contents of the volume, but attention should be called particularly to the author's estimates and characterizations of public men, for, perhaps, nothing can reveal more clearly his characteristics as a historian. Probably all readers will agree with what he says of Lincoln.

After speaking of the President's plan (in 1865) to compensate the slave States for their slaves, the author says: "The proposition shows the generous spirit in which Lincoln, had he lived, would have met the question of reconstruction. Is there in history another instance of such magnanimity to a beaten foe? An infinite pity moves this great heart that deigns not to exult, but sinks all pride of success in an effort to enter into the feelings of those who have lost. If we reflect on Lincoln during the Civil War and follow the development of his mind and character to the height reached on this Sunday evening when he pleaded with his cabinet for mercy to the enemy, we know that we are contemplating the pure charity and the real wisdom. . . . The more profound the study of the last days of the Confederacy, the firmer will be the conviction that the best of management was required of the North to assure the end of the war in the spring of 1865. In one respect fortune had signally aided the Union. Distributing in the last two years the favors of military skill with an equal hand, she had given the United States a great ruler. Manifestly superior as had been the advantages of Davis in family, breeding, training and experience, he fell far below Lincoln as a compeller of men. We have seen Lincoln in times of adversity and gloom and have marvelled at his self-effacement, and we have seen him listening to words of advice, warning and even reproof such as are rarely spoken to men wielding immense power; and throughout he has preserved his native dignity and emerged from nearly every trial a stronger and more admirable man. Davis, on the other hand, could not repress his egoism in a time of distress. . . . One loves to linger over the last days of Lincoln. He had nothing but mercy and kindness for his bygone enemies. 'Do not allow Jefferson Davis to escape the law; he must be hanged,' was said to him. 'Judge not, that ye be not

judged,' came the reply. . . . Poet, preacher, and orator have said all that can be said of Lincoln. It were too much to claim for him a world glory alongside of those men of titanic intellects who have bestrode the Old World, and whose deeds have amazed the New. It is enough that he is dear to Americans and enshrined next to Washington in their hearts. What a tribute to the worth of the man is the love and respect of the two sections of the country that strove against each other in a long and cruel war! Men marvel at Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon; their intimates and their subjects feared them. No one stood in awe of Lincoln; we respect, admire and love him. The others were puffed up with pride until they thought themselves demigods; he received suggestions and counsel that any other powerful ruler would have spurned. Personal aggrandizement ruled the giants; abnegation of self him who was moulded from the clay of 'the unexhausted West.' A historian, who for sixteen years has studied Lincoln's character and actions, who has reflected upon his speeches, his public and private letters, who has tried to know him as those did who saw him daily, feels in recording his death a poignant regret that he should have been taken away when his people still needed him and when his wisdom would have had full scope. His truthfulness, honesty, and self-abnegation make better men of the students of his words and deeds and we all experience a moral uplifting in the contemplation of his character. The uncouthness and oddity of the man have gone with him to the grave; his speeches, state papers, letters, records, of his conversation and some of his stories remain. We see the best, but the man we see is not untrue to life. Indeed, the roughness of his manners was an incident so trivial that we forget it naturally without making an effort to ignore it. We can see into the very soul of Lincoln and know him as he knew himself. Let everything be told about him and we shall never respect him less but shall always love him more. Lincoln's love of country hardly left room for love of self. Other rulers of great power have remorselessly crushed those who stood in their way. He said 'I am not in favor of crushing anybody out.' It is sometimes thought that virtue in a man of action cannot coexist with great ability, and it is undeniable that much contemporary opinion of Lincoln ran: well-

meaning but weak, honest but without force. When his death came men recognized all the more his goodness, but then, too, they said he had been wise: a judgment which a later generation has confirmed. 'The new pilot,' as Emerson said, 'was hurried to the helm in a tornado'; but after he had taken his bearings what a skilful pilot he made!"

Those who are interested in "history as it might have been" never tire of speculating upon what would have been the course of reconstruction had Lincoln lived, and the author's opinion on this point will be read with especial interest. "Reconstruction of the Union," he says, "was the urgent and difficult business that followed naturally upon the end of the war. For its successful accomplishment the plan must satisfy the sentiment of the great Union party at the North and must be accepted by the South; and to bridge the chasm between the two a wise constructor and moderator was needed. No man was so well fitted for the work as Lincoln would have been had he lived. Understanding as he had done both peoples and possessing in an eminent degree the necessary qualities of charity and firmness, he had a hold on his party which would have enabled him generally to lead whither he would go; and while the abundance of his mercy could not have been generally emulated by a people who had just finished a bitter civil war he could have led them part way, and when they held back resolutely, he would have given up some of his cherished ideas, not because they were not right, but because they were inexpedient. Touching the assembling of the old Virginia legislature he had said to Secretary Welles, 'I cannot go forward with everybody opposed to me,' and that a similar feeling would have swayed him in his future policy cannot be doubted by any one who has carefully considered his acts as President. He would not have quarrelled with Congress; he would not have appealed from Congress to the country. His influence on both would have been enormous; but when he had exerted that influence by his wonderful power of persuasion and had failed either fully to convince the people or to bring round leading senators and representatives to his own opinion, he would have sought an agreement in mutual concessions, starting from ground common to them both and showing his confidence in their patriotism

and honest intention. Magnanimity to the South would not have excluded tolerance to his own party, nor would self-confidence born of the successful termination of the war have gone into arrogance or a lack of respect for the opinions of those who did not see with his own eyes. We may feel sure therefore that eventually he and his party would have been at one. Lincoln understood the South and knew the negro. The negroes had a sublime faith in their liberator and would have submitted themselves implicitly to his guidance. The Southern people were beginning to have a respect for his character and would have soon recognized that he was their friend. Hardly a doubt can exist that he would have rendered acceptable to them the conditions which the North deemed it necessary to impose. Under Lincoln reconstruction would have been a model of statecraft which would have added to his great fame."

It is a different picture which we have of Jefferson Davis, but a picture unquestionably drawn with equal accuracy. "Despondency and discontent," the author says, in speaking of the South early in 1865, "are the words that best express the state of the public mind. President Davis was discontented with his Congress, and Congress was equally discontented with him. . . . Far below Lee in the estimation of the public was Jefferson Davis, yet next to Lee he was the strongest individual influence in this time of distress. The power which he exercised by virtue of his office and the opposition to him lacking a head made it difficult to discern what was public opinion. All yearned for peace and everybody would have been willing to give the North liberal conditions if it would grant independence to the Confederacy; and that was the view of Jefferson Davis. . . . 'Davis,' according to a friendly biographer, 'did not fully comprehend the widespread demoralization of the South.' His hopefulness gave him strength and courage in spite of illness and constant debility. He was inflexible, but not tactful, and he could not brook a slight to his personal or official dignity. . . . Two men, Lee and Davis, acting together, could have led Congress and the country. Lee's caution, his dislike to assume the responsibility and his sense of the duty of a military subordinate to his political superior prevented him probably from urging his President to negotiate a peace, but if the memories of

private conversations may be believed he had lost all hope of success. But it was Jefferson Davis who in this matter imposed his will on all of his subordinates, and it was he more than anybody else who stood in the way of an attempt to secure favorable terms for the South in a reconstruction of the Union. Acquainted with all the facts I have set forth and many more of the same tenor, he said in the message to his Congress on March 13, 'There remains for us no choice but to continue the contest to a final issue.' In this dogged resolution, this repugnance to own up that he was beaten, there was more of selfishness than of regard for the best interests of his people. He said to Blair that he was like Lucius Junius Brutus—that Brutus

"That would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king."

He declared that the Constitution 'did not allow him to treat for his own suicide;' and, ruled by arrogance, he was quarrelling with his Congress when they separated for the last time. . . . If Davis, Lee, and Congress could have made up their minds to sue for peace, the contemporaneous occurrences at Washington reveal the magnanimous spirit in which they would have been met by Abraham Lincoln. . . . Lincoln was a man of much greater ability and higher character than Davis, yet Davis was a worthy foeman. He had trials similar to those of his Northern compeer. As Lincoln had to contend with Governor Seymour so had Davis with Governor Brown and Vance. . . . Davis lacked the tact and magnanimity of Lincoln. . . . Lincoln did not fail in his controversy with Seymour. The Southern President was a born controversialist, and while he felt keenly the danger of a conflict with one of the States he could not do otherwise than accept the challenge of Vance and Brown and do his best to put them in the wrong. Hence those long letters of his and Seddon's, which are remarkable essays in controversy to have been written by men who had upon them the burden of a State. . . . Davis naturally gave his attention to the War Department, of which the Secretary was said to be merely his chief clerk. If the frequently superfluous controversial letters of the Confederate President and Secretary of War be excepted, a study of the papers of Davis, Seddon, and Judge Campbell will

give one a high idea of their executive talents; indeed, any government might be proud of the ability shown in these documents. A certain class of facts, if considered alone, can make us wonder how it was possible to subjugate the Confederates. It could not have been accomplished without great political capacity at the head of the Northern government and a sturdy support of Lincoln by the Northern people. Davis suffered constantly from ill health, which was so persistent and so noised abroad that men were always conjecturing how the government would have been carried on in the event of his death. A confidential friend asked Stephens what course he should pursue and the Vice-President went so far as to outline a policy. In December, 1864, it was thought that Davis was suffering from a disease of the brain and would surely die. His form was spare, his face emaciated, and he looked older than his years. The cares of the Confederacy weighed heavily upon him. But he had a sweet domestic life, and had the devotion of a woman of brains and fine character. Those who like similitudes will recall that Lincoln and Davis each lost a beloved son during the war—'Willie,' at the age of twelve, from disease; 'Joseph,' a little romping boy, died as the result of a fall from a portico to the brick pavement below. But if Davis had won he would have been a hard master to the vanquished. 'Does any man imagine,' he asked in October, 1864, 'that we can conquer the Yankees by retreating before them, or do you not all know that the only way to make spaniels civil is to whip them?' The moral height of Lincoln's second inaugural was beyond his reach."

In his previous volumes Mr. Rhodes has spoken in the highest terms of the character and the ability of Lee. With reference to Lee's influence in the South he now says: "It is significant that all men, no matter how they might differ in other respects, turned with one accord to Lee as their saviour if indeed salvation was to be had. His personal influence is illustrated by a circumstance occurring at this time [early in 1865]. Heavy rains had destroyed a part of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, which was the main source of supply for his army, so that food could not be transported over it for a number of days. He had but two days' supplies. On a suggestion from the War Department Lee made a personal appeal to

the farmers, millers and other citizens to give him food, and although it was probable that nothing could have been impressed in that section, these men willingly brought in supplies sufficient to carry the army through that strait."

About few men of the Civil War period have more conflicting opinions been expressed than about Stanton. With regard to him the author says: "The Stanton of tradition is a stern man, standing at a high desk, busy and careworn, grumbling, fuming and swearing, approached by every subordinate with fear, by every officer except the highest with anxiety, by the delinquent with trepidation. The Stanton of the Official Records is a patient, tactful man, who, bearing a burden of administration disposes of business promptly, who takes into account many conditions and adapts himself to circumstances, keeping always in view the great result to be achieved. It is a man who does not obtrude himself. No one accustomed to affairs can go through the correspondence of the summer of 1864 without arriving at a high opinion of the executive ability of Stanton. He is patient and considerate with those to whom patience and consideration are due, but when he believes himself in the right he is unyielding and resolute. He was wise in his conduct of affairs, but it is a wonder that on top of the trials of three years he and Lincoln were not crushed by the disappointments and cares which were their lot from May to September, 1864." It must be admitted even by Stanton's staunchest admirers that his treatment of General Sherman, after the famous Sherman-Johnston agreement of April 18, 1865, was far from commendable, to say the least. After speaking of Stanton's famous and discreditable letter written for publication, to General Dix at New York, Mr. Rhodes says: "Stanton was for the moment successful in accomplishing what he had set out for; he had stirred the hearts of the people to mutiny and rage. But could there have been a triumph more ignoble? A patriotic and useful general who, after Lincoln and Grant had been the most effective instrument in bringing the war to an end, had with the best of intentions committed an error. Instead of parading it before the public, the Secretary of War should have kept it secret from the press, . . . or at all events should not have magnified the mistake by misrepresentation and defamation. . . . The real reason for his action

was inherent in his character. Since the President's assassination and the threats against his own life he had been in a state of excitement which was intensified by his lack of physical courage. Accustomed to act impulsively on insufficient knowledge, he lost his head when he read the agreement which Sherman had made with Johnston. It was so contrary to what he believed ought to be done that in his vehement rage he regarded the general as a public enemy whom it was his duty to expose to the public that others might not be led astray, and in carrying out his design he became a clever prosecuting attorney whose aim was to convict the accused rather than to let the whole truth appear. . . . It has been an ungracious task to present Stanton in so unfavorable a light, for an assessment of his character balancing the good against the ill shows that he deserved well of his country. For her he sacrificed health and physical strength and wore out his brain. . . . He was a great war minister and brought to his task an indomitable spirit, overpowering energy, inflexible honesty and hatred of all sorts of corruption. . . . He was an efficient aid to Lincoln and the two wrought in harmony, but he needed for the best results the wise dominance of the man who, with discerning patriotism, had called him to office."

One sentence will be sufficient to show the author's estimate of President Johnson. "Of all men in public life," he says, "it is difficult to conceive of one so ill-fitted for this delicate work [of reconstruction] as was Andrew Johnson."

These extracts can give only an inadequate idea at best of Mr. Rhodes' volume. Just such a work as he is writing has been badly needed—a work which would deal with delicate questions fully and frankly, without bias or sectional prejudice, and would enable the present and later generations to understand the Civil War and reconstruction periods as they were. Such a book will go a long way toward neutralizing the effect of the intemperate and partizan writings which still come only too frequently from the press, and by enabling the North and the South more fully to understand one another, will contribute much toward the removal of what sectional bitterness remains. The appearance of such a book is a sign that the time for crimination and recrimination has passed.

Charles C. Whinery,

Books on Vital Issues

Diseases of Society

THE corporate body social is just as liable to diseases, to say the least, as the individual body physical. It is therefore possible to speak of organic and functional abnormalities in social life in terms of similar abnormalities in individual life. This is the characteristic of Dr. G. Frank Lydston's "Diseases of Society,"* which bears the suggestive subtitle of "The Vice and Crime Problem." He opens his work with a chapter on "Social Pathology," in which he says:

There is, then, a pathology of the social body, comprising most of the evils from which society suffers. Crime, prostitution, pauperism, insanity in its sociological relations, anarchy, political corruption, and adverse economic and industrial conditions and their causes, congeners, and results will be discussed in this volume as the most important phases of social disease. The fact that social diseases are often due to actual physical disease in offenders against society in itself justifies the use of the term, social pathology.

This work, then, is not a treatise on sociology, criminology, criminal anthropology, penology, nor yet upon that latest omnibus to which some assign all moral or psychic aberrations, degeneracy,—but is intended to comprehend all of these subjects, in so far as they bear upon social disease in its various divagations.

Having thus stated his object, Dr. Lydston proceeds to deal with "The Principles of Evolution in their Relations to Criminal Sociology and Anthropology, and to Social Diseases in General"; and follows with the Etiology of Social Diseases, the Relations of Neuroses to such Diseases, and the Chemistry of Them, the last term including the influences of alcohol, narcotics, and autointoxication. The next step brings us to anarchy in its relation to crime; and by "anarchy" Dr. Lydston does not mean merely that anti-social form of antagonism to government which is popularly so-called, but also the deeds of violence perpetrated under the cloak of order and social revenge, the tyranny of governments, the corruptions of State and municipal administration, the unjust relations between capital and labor, and the venality and partiality seen in the

procedure of the courts of law. Sexual vice forms a large division of the work, and is studied in all its bearings.

Genius and degeneracy are treated of in a chapter of curious import, the tone of which may be gathered from the following statement:

The relation of genius to degeneracy has been of late years the subject of considerable controversy. Believing, as I do, in the correctness of the view that genius is abnormal, and both a product and a cause of degeneracy, and, further, that it is correlated with other phenomena of degeneracy that are generally recognized as social diseases, its discussion is in place in this volume.

The impression has prevailed among the laity and the more narrow of the scientific opponents of the genius-degeneracy theory that it was primarily intended to discount and discredit genius. This idea is fallacious; the liberal scientific tendency is rather to discount the failings of genius and explain them on logical grounds.

In the two succeeding chapters the physical and psychic characteristics of the criminal are considered in the light of that criminal anthropology which may be said to date from the appearance, in 1876, of Cesare Lombroso's "L'Uomo Delinquente." The subject is illustrated with a number of portraits of criminals, and is treated very fairly in accordance with the modifications supported by criminal sociology.

Lastly, Dr. Lydston ventures upon the therapeutics of social disease and, possibly, this chapter will be the one in which students of criminology will be most interested. While the author recommends the amelioration of the environment of the less-favored classes, and the lessening of the possibility of disease through more perfect hygiene, he most certainly puts on one side the individual freedom of the members of the community, and subordinates them to the welfare of the body corporate. He advocates, in no uncertain terms, the control of marriage, and declares himself in favor of the sterilization of degenerates, whether vicious and criminal, or not. For criminals of that class

*DISEASES OF SOCIETY. (*The Vice and Crime Problem.*) By G. Frank Lydston, M.D. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$3.00.

which supplies so many victims to lynching he recommends unmitigated mutilation, and even goes so far as to hint at euthanasia for incurables and the hopelessly insane. Strange to say, however, he deprecates the death penalty for murder, holding that "the murderer rarely belongs to the criminal class"—an opinion which those who pay only a slight amount of attention to the records of cases will most decidedly call in question. For all law-breakers he suggests an indeterminate sentence, thus turning punishment into chastisement, reserving for total seclusion those who show no capability for living in accordance with law, while those who are amenable to the discipline of society may have an opportunity of again taking their place in it. This is a striking point, for there are few greater anomalies than some of the legal penalties attached to certain crimes.

The book is undoubtedly an able one, written evidently with no desire to advocate the tenets of any particular school of criminologists, but taking the best of the two great divisions of criminal sociologists and criminal anthropologists. The author's desire is manifestly to serve the best interests of mankind, but his very earnestness sometimes leads him to ignore that balance which the reformer, above all others, should maintain. At times, too, he falls into inconsistency and injustice to coworkers in the same field. Thus he says, "Vice and crime are coeval with the human race." And again: "It is fair to say that the human being is an animal primarily possessing instinctive tendencies to vice and crime, but who is subjected under civilized conditions to certain inhibitory influences that have accumulated through the ages, and which prevent the average man from becoming vicious or criminal." And yet, almost in the same breath, he says: "Were there no society and no family, vice and crime could not exist. . . . Crime and immorality entered the human scheme in general, only when communal interests developed. As soon as social selfishness began to dominate individual selfishness, crime and immorality became possible."

The former of these statements cannot be true, for "vice" and "crime" are terms relative to a standard which we have no reason for supposing had been set up in the world of organic life before the aggregation of the human species into communities, even if it may not be relegated to a much later date. The latter statement lays the onus of vice and crime upon the evolution of the species, and we may therefore reasonably hope that when the principles have achieved their purpose the evolved entity will be delivered from them. Like some other products of evolution, they will disappear. Many organs and functions have been utilized in evolving the human frame. Vice and crime may possibly have analogous functions in the evolution of altruism from instinctive selfishness.

Again, Dr. Lydston says: "The moralist and lawmaker have had their innings and have failed, on the whole, and hope for the future would seem to hinge upon the dominance of medical science in criminology." Is this a fair statement? Has Christianity, with its Sermon on the Mount, no records of the improvement of the human race, hard as has been, nay, is now, its fight against the tyrannous luxury and individual selfishness of the world, which likes not its simplicity and its altruism? Did the Howards, the Frys, the Gurneys of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries live in vain? Has that law, indeed, to the power of which, when purely administered, even Dr. Lydston pays tribute, done nothing to stay the torrent of vice and crime? "Tribute to whom tribute is due" is a good motto, and while reformers will not forget to give medical science its just meed of praise, they will also enlist in their cause the equally efficacious powers of morality and law.

But we do not wish to cast an imputation of haste, vehemence or injustice upon Dr. Lydston's book. It is intensely valuable; it is an important contribution to the literature of criminology; and we heartily commend it to students of sociology, to reformers and philanthropists.

Robert Blight.

Newspaper Verse

Serious and Otherwise

Czar! Louis XVII! Adsit Omen.. Pall Mall Gazette

Peace on his lying lips, and on his hands
Blood, smiled and cowered the tyrant, seeing
afar

His bondslaves perish and acclaim their Czar.
Now, sheltered scarce by Murder's loyal bands,
Clothed on with slaughter, naked else he stands—
He flies and stands not now, the blood red star
That marks the face of midnight as a scar.
Tyranny trembles on the brow it brands,
And shudders toward the pit where deathless
death

Leaves no life more for liars and slayers to live.
Fly, coward, and cower while there is time to fly.
Cherish awhile thy terror-shortened breath.
Not as thy grandsire died, if Justice give
Judgment, but slain by judgment thou shalt die.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Inheritance..... Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

There lived a man who raised his hand and said,
"I will be great!"
And through a long, long life he bravely knocked
At Fame's closed gate.

A son he left who, like his sire, strove
High place to win;
Worn out, he died, and, dying, left no trace
That he had been.

He also left a son, who, without care
Or planning how,
Bore the fair letters of a deathless fame
Upon his brow.

"Behold a genius, filled with fire divine!"
The people cried,
Not knowing that to make him what he was
Two men had died.

Isabelle Ecclestone Mackay.

A Spartan..... Nashville Daily News

Unmoved, he sees the years go by,
The seasons flash and fade;
Old comrades pass, old memories die,
Himself still unafraid.

He knows the irony of Death
Is but a jest of Fate;
And his the task, with even breath,
To steadfast watch and wait.

Power and spoil, he needs them not,
Ambition's voice, nor Fame's;
He knows the sands of centuries blot
Lost records of great names.

For him the bitterest winds that blow
Shall only make him strong;

He finds in rain and hail and snow
The solace of a song.

The iron tone of bells may toll
Dirges or wedding chime;
He bides in peace, with stoic soul,
Himself the peer of Time.

Content, what'er shall cross his ways;
Happy, if fortune send
Out from the wrecks of nights and days
One woman, and a friend.

Ernest McGaffey.

A Dream of Bright Meadows.. Atlanta Constitution

For all the weary winter—the hills so white
with snow,
We'll reach the summer meadows, where the
daisies love to grow;
The whisperin' of the lilies where streams in
music flow,
An' the skies lean down to tell the world "Good
mornin'!"

For all the land so lonesome, the wailin' wind
an' sleet,
We'll reach the gracious gardens where Love's
rosy memories meet,
An' Love shall time our footsteps while our
souls are singin' sweet,
Where the skies lean down to tell the world
"Good mornin'!"

Frank L. Stanton.

Why I Live on a Hill.. Lewiston Evening Journal

The mists lie in the valley,
Clear air upon the hill;
And first within the valley
The frosts of winter chill.

The gloom lies in the valley
But the sunlight of God's love
Shineth bright upon the hill-crest,
The blue sky arched above.

The brook, down from the hilltop,
Dances merrily along,
But loiters through the valley
With never a sound of song.

Lo! Down in the valley
Man lingers near the clod.
'Twas up upon the hilltop
That Moses talked with God.

Thro' the "Valley of the Shadow"
We all at last must glide,
But we'll stand upon the hilltop
When we reach the other side.

Blanche Harrington-Sampson.

Enchanted Ground Kansas City Star Man's Deserts Washington Evening Star

In all these lands there is no restful place,
No spot secure from sorrow may be found;
Care lends a shadow to the dearest face,
And many a heart conceals a mortal wound.
But far away I know a fairer ground,
A forest where 'tis summer all the year;
Amid its leafy mazes horns resound—
There Jacques stands musing by the dying deer,
And Touchstone fleets the time with jest and merry fleer.

There smiling Rosalind, in April charm,
Torments Orlando with her mirthful mood.
How innocent are all and free from harm!
What gracious spirits in this solitude!
But I must hie me to another wood,
Outside of Athens, and it be not gone—
But no, it stands as stately as it stood,
What time Titania flouted Oberon,
And the bewildered lovers slept its sward upon.
What soft enchantment wraps my soul away?
The magic juice hath sure been spilt on me.
Behold the sunken ships within the bay!
Prospero weaves his web of glamourie—
Imprisoned Ariel struggles to be free—
Miranda with her Prince talks heart to heart.
This is the isle where I have longed to be,
Most subtly tinted by the Master's art—
Here let me rest, nor ever from these shores depart.
Flora Macdonald Shearer.

The Priestess Winter Springfield Republican

Far down unending aisles of snow,
'Mid lofty pillars marble white,
In silence doth the winter go—
A priestess under Nature's rite.

'Neath changing dome, now blue, now gray,
By wondrous carving wrought in ice,
She passeth on her solemn way—
To render yearly sacrifice.

The decretory service o'er,
She lingers at the altars wide,
Then, weeping, seeks the cloister door—
A fuller sacrament denied.

J. C. Crowell.

The Rainy Day Atlanta Constitution

De rainy day—Des rain away,
But he make de green grass come ter hay;
"An' dar ain't no use ter growl," he say,
"Fer he make de green grass come ter hay:—
So de rainy day,
He rain away."

De rainy day don't ease my pain,
Kaze de li'l' boy's out dar—in de rain,
An' de Chris'mus come—but de white folks see
Dat de li'l' boy don't come ter me!
Oh, de rainy day—
He rain away!

You reckon de Lawd up dar will know
'Bout de li'l' boy in de col'—col' snow?
An' how, w'en de Chris'mus come once mo'
He knock at my heart—so ol' en po'?
Oh, de rainy day,
It rain away!
Frank L. Stanton.

Snow an' rain, an' rain an' snow—
Blizzard startin' in to blow—
Summer roses soon are past;
Skies of blue are overcast.
This ol' world, it 'pears to me
Is 'bout as harsh as it kin be.
But, although it twists your nerves,
Guess it's good as folks deserves.

Didn't 'preciate the hours
Sweet with song an' fair with flowers;
Didn't heed 'em as we ought,
Simply went ahead an' fought.
When we do so, 'tain't no shame
If the weather does the same.
So whatever way it swerves
Guess folks gets what folks deserves.

Poor Fellow Philadelphia Public Ledger

Cheap things are found at bargain sales,
But, oh, the cheapest one
Is just the man who stands and waits
Until his wife is done.

A Fine Distinction... New Orleans Times-Democrat

'Twas twins! The doctor laughed "ha! ha!"
And the father laughed "he! he!"
A difference in the laughs you'll note;
Now wherefore should it be?

"Ha! ha!" is the proper thing to laugh
At thought of the bill and its joys;
"He! he!" is the laugh pronominal
When it's twins and the twins are boys!

Tribute to Aerial Navigation... Baltimore American

Fizzle, fizzle, airship car;
What a false alarm you are!
Up above the world so high
Sailing toward the by-and-by.

When your trial trip is done
And the lying has begun,
Then your work's cut out for you—
'Splaining why you didn't flew.

S. W. Gillilan.

Oriental Cynicism New York Sun

Bluebeard, that man of actions dark,
Whene'er he took a spouse's life
Would make this cynical remark:
"Variety's the spice of wife!"

You Bet Cleveland Leader

A bird and a bottle are fine,
And I don't sneer at lobsters and wine;
But in winter—my sakes!
It's the buckwheat cakes
And the maple sirup for mine!

His Reasons.....Baltimore American

Some kids had a father named Twickenham,
Who, asked why he always was lickenham,
Explained: "They're so slow
That I didn't quite know
But that a good lickin' might quickenham."

S. W. Gillilan.

Woes of Writers.....Houston Chronicle

"Paradise Lost" was sold, you know,
For fifty guineas flat,
And Shakespeare let "Lucretia" go
For even less than that.
For thirty pounds was "Comus" bought,
For ten "Horatius" sold,
And Byron's great "Don Juan" brought
But forty pounds in gold.

But fifteen plunks did hapless Poe
For his great "Raven" get,
While "Thanatopsis" brought in dough
But sixty dollars net.

The writer's life is stale and flat,
Well may the poet curse—
Why, I won't get much more than that
For this here chunk of verse!

Will S. Adkin.

Two Favorite Menus.....Detroit Tribune

For a gentleman:
Steak and onions,
Taters fried,
Beans and biscuits
On the side;
Corn cakes and a
Mammoth pot
Full of Java
Steaming hot.

For a lady:
Sour pickles,
Chocolate creams,
Lady fingers,
(Perfect dreams!)
Wafers with some
Tea that's red,
And a pretty
Table spread.

Arbitration and the Hague Court*

There is probably no man in America today better equipped to write on international arbitration than John W. Foster. To a distinguished and useful career as representative of this country in Mexico, Spain and Russia, as a special plenipotentiary to negotiate reciprocity treaties, as diplomatic adviser to the Emperor of China and finally as Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet, he has added a noteworthy reputation as an international lawyer in arbitration cases. This peculiar fitness of Mr. Foster received recognition last summer at the tenth annual meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration when a resolution was adopted asking him to prepare an essay on the acceptability and efficacy of the Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration in its bearing upon the settlement of international disputes and the prevention of war among the nations. It was in response to this resolution that his very useful and interesting discussion entitled "Arbitration and the Hague Court" was written.

Here, in brief space, he clearly outlines the influences and tendencies toward a more general acceptance of the principle of inter-

national arbitration in the years preceding the calling of the Hague Conference by the Russian Czar, passes to the work of the conference itself, explaining its action in several important particulars, and finally discusses the working of the convention and its possible modifications and substitutes. The book is pervaded by a spirit of optimism natural in one who, in the period of his own diplomatic career, has seen the principles of international arbitration advanced from the realms of Utopian dreams to the position of a powerful working reality. From the days of the Amphictyonic Council in ancient Greece to the meeting of the Geneva Tribunal to settle the differences between England and the United States, there were few examples of the application that found expression as far back as the days of Thucydides, who declared that "it is wicked to proceed against him as a wrongdoer who is ready to refer the question to an arbitrator." International arbitration, properly speaking, might almost be said to date from the Geneva arbitration, which John Morley has characterized as "the most notable victory in the nineteenth century of the noble art of preventive diplomacy."

Touching briefly on the events leading up to the calling of the Hague Conference and the general European movement for dis-

*ARBITRATION AND THE HAGUE COURT. By John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.

armament, Mr. Foster turns to the work of the conference, which he discusses briefly, but adequately. The convention once agreed upon, and the conference adjourned, it remained to be seen how the powers would accept the work of their representatives, and whether the convention was a practical means to the end sought. As Mr. Foster points out, there is no question but that at the time of adjournment there was a widespread belief that the conference had accomplished very little toward the prevention of war. For, says Mr. Foster, "it had failed to agree upon either the restriction or the diminution of the vast armaments which were oppressing the nations and threatening the peace of the world. The arbitration convention, which left it purely optional with the nations to observe its provisions, did not impress the general public as of much practical value; and there was a skeptical feeling that no powerful nation would ever invoke the services of the Permanent Court to save it from armed conflict with another state." This skepticism, however natural, proved unfounded. The speedy acceptance of the convention by the United States Senate and its proclamation by the President were followed by similar acts of acceptance by all the signatory powers. It then remained to be seen what nations would come forward and submit to the court controversies which had proved insoluble by the usual diplomatic methods.

"It is a matter of pride," says Mr. Foster, "that the two greatest republics of America should be the first to invoke the services of the Hague Court. The Pious Fund claim was one which had vexed the governments of the United States and Mexico for nearly half a century, and had baffled the efforts of well-disposed diplomacy. Having faith in the efficacy of the court, and obedient to the spirit of the arbitration convention of which they were signatory parties, they entered into an agreement to submit the claim to that court. The case was heard under satisfactory conditions, a decision rendered which has been accepted by both parties, and that source of difference between the neighboring republics has been forever removed."

There were still skeptics who asserted that while the convention might satisfactorily adjust mere money claims, such as the Pious Fund claims, it would be another matter entirely when nations on the brink of war were summoned to yield their pretensions to

the new international tribunal. The doubters had not long to wait for a disproof of their assertions. Germany, Great Britain and Italy had already reached the stage of actual warfare against Venezuela when the latter appealed to the Hague Court, though not a party to the convention. The powers, disregarding the appeal, joined in asking President Roosevelt to act as arbitrator. Flattering though such a request was to him, the President saw at once unusual opportunity offered of furthering the cause of peace, and in declining the offer, pointed out the Hague Court as the proper arbiter for such disputes. The powers acquiesced, and the court was endowed with new life and importance. "In that act," says Mr. Foster, "President Roosevelt rendered a greater service to the cause of peace and international arbitration than any other man of his generation."

"The decision of the tribunal," continues the author, "conceding preferential treatment to the allied powers who sought to enforce by war, their claims against Venezuela, has been severely criticised, but the general results are recognized as of great value. Mr. McVeagh, of the American counsel, while questioning the soundness of the decision, has said, 'There can, however, be no manner of doubt that the arbitrators acted according to the best light they had, nor can there be any doubt that the presence for the first time of so many great nations at the bar of the tribunal outweighs in usefulness any adverse results of the decision itself.'

"The importance of the Venezuela case at The Hague can scarcely be exaggerated. The thirteen nations there represented, embracing a population of more than four hundred and fifty millions, the most enlightened as well as the most powerful of the world in military establishment, are a striking object lesson of the wisdom and efficacy of arbitration."

After touching upon two more recent cases submitted to the court, the controversy of several European nations with Japan over a question of internal taxation in the latter country, and the recent North Sea episode, Mr. Foster reverts again to "the only dark cloud which obscures the otherwise brilliant prospect"—the Russian-Japanese War. He comments on the fact that "although France and England, two of the most influential powers in the creation of the Hague Court, were connected with the belligerents by more than friendly ties, yet neither of these,

nor any other of the powers so deeply interested in the peace of the Orient, discharged their duty under Article 27 of the convention and reminded them that the Hague Court was open for the settlement of their controversy." Discouraging though this fact is, the author looks at it philosophically as only emphasizing the fact that there are some questions of policy and high politics which, in the present temper of the nations, cannot be adjusted by peaceful means. And he finds a grain of satisfaction in the thought that if this terrible conflict shall bring the nations of the world to a better realization of the uselessness of war, the frightful loss of life and property will not be entirely without benefit.

Mr. Foster next notes briefly some suggested modifications of the court in the light of the arbitrations already heard by it. Among these, to note them briefly, are provisions looking toward a settlement of the conditions on which states not originally parties to the convention may give their adherence to it; more definite rules in regard to the selection of judges; provisions for the compensation of judges and the lightening of expenses of litigation, and some agreement as to the language or languages to be employed in the proceedings and records.

From this consideration of the Hague Court, Mr. Foster passes to a discussion of the settlement of international disputes by means of special and joint commissions. The special international tribunals resemble in their method and organization the Hague Court. To joint commissions, composed of an equal number of citizens of the interested states, the author, gives more extended consideration. He begins with a recognition of the fact that there are a large number of questions, especially of a practical character, which are likely to remain outside of the pale of arbitration. Such questions, which the interested parties are not willing to hazard by the award of foreign judges, may often, the author thinks, be settled by a mixed commission, just as the Alaskan boundary dispute was settled. "The finding of a body of jurists who look dispassionately and judicially at the question," he holds, "may

so elucidate the law and the facts as to enable the disputing governments to reach a basis of settlement which had not been possible through diplomacy."

In summing up his conclusions as to the actual value of the existing Hague Court, or of such arbitration treaties as that between France and England, Mr. Foster finds ample grounds for a most roseate optimism. He recognizes the Hague Convention as by no means perfect, but as a long step toward perfection. The action of President Roosevelt in calling a second world's peace conference in response to a request of the Interparliamentary Union is a hopeful augury of some good to come in the near future.

"Notwithstanding the fierce conflict which is raging in the Far East," concludes Mr. Foster, "there is a cheerful outlook for international arbitration. Neither should the august imitator of the Hague Conference be too severely censured for inconsistency. Unconditional arbitration was not contemplated by him, and many a humane ruler before his day has been unwillingly involved in hostilities. Instances of avoidance of war are increasing in our time. The normal condition of the world now is peace, and for that the rulers of the nations constantly strive. We know too sadly, by the daily intelligence from the East, that universal peace has not yet come, but we may fondly hope that the era of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon has passed never to return; that the ambition of rulers and the rivalry of nations may henceforth lie in the paths of education, industry and commerce; and that the Hague Court will long stand as a beacon light in the tempestuous sea of international politics, and its influence and efficacy grow with the advancing years."

An appendix contains several illuminating documents of interest and value to students of international arbitration, including the texts of the Hague Convention, the Anglo-French agreement of 1903, the Netherlands-Denmark Treaty of 1904, extracts from the Spanish-Mexican Treaty of 1902 and the resolution of the Interparliamentary Union of 1904.

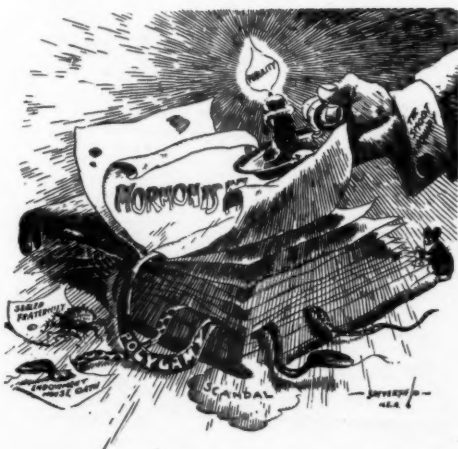
Walter T. Arndt.

Cartoons upon Current Events



THIS GROUNDHOG SEES A SHADOW

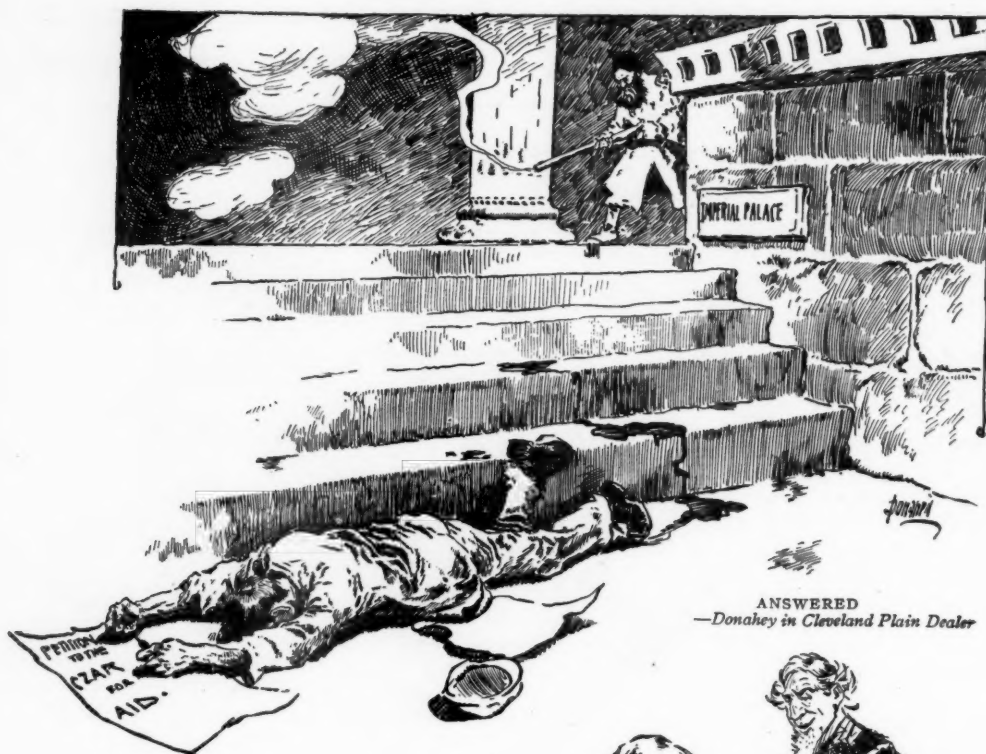
—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer



ABOUT TIME THIS BOOK WAS OPENED AND AIRED
—Satterfield in Cleveland Press



THE WHISTLING BUOY
—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle



ANSWERED
—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

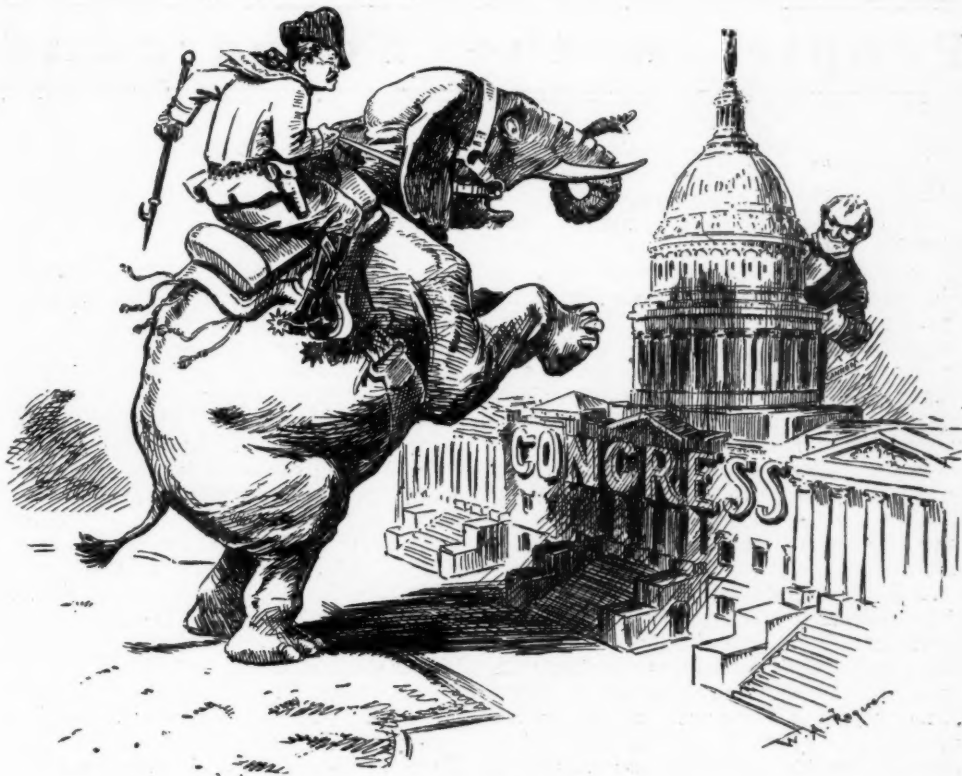


THAT RUSSIAN CROWN
—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer



"WELL, ANDY, THAT'S THE BEST THING YOU
EVER DID!"

—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade

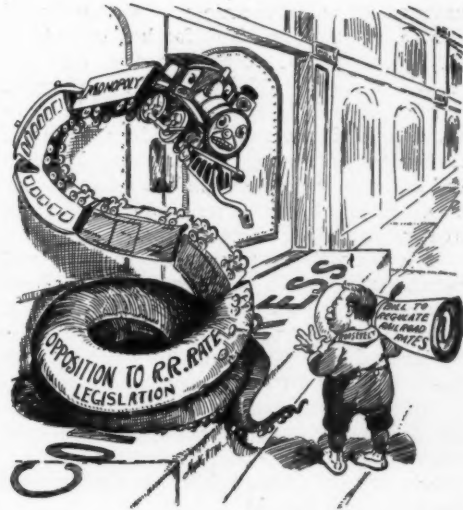


UP AGAINST IT

—W. A. Rogers in *New York Herald*



KEEPING CONGRESS AT IT
—Naughton in *Minneapolis Tribune*



TRYING TO BLOCK HIS WAY
—Naughton in *Minneapolis Tribune*

People in the Foreground

**Mrs. Fiske and
the Manhattan
Company**

At a recent notable performance of a Shakespearean comedy there was an old-time actor, a man who has probably appeared in more of the bard's plays than any other actor now alive. A friend approached him and asked what he thought of the production. "Very nice, very," he murmured, but his eyes were filmed in a way that showed only too clearly that he was still living in the past. So the friend ventured, "How does it compare with those you used to see?"

The old man's eyes lightened quickly. "It is very nice, very nice, but"—his eyes grew dreamy again—"but the old actors had a way of filling the stage, and it is that I miss—filling the stage."

Modern acting does not "fill the stage" in the sense that that of the old school did. The few relicts of this type of acting, the mouth-filling and robustious, make us glad that it has gone. Of course, there are signal examples of men of genius in the past, and even in the present, who achieved wonders with it; but the rank and file must have been somewhat tedious and tiresome. It is hardly just that the exception should be chosen by way of comparison with the present. For it was inevitable that the character of acting should change as the drama drew farther away from the romantic and perhaps poetic, and approached nearer to daily life. The plays of Dumas *fils* and those who followed him, culminating in Ibsen and the modern drama of such men as Pinero, Sudermann, Hervieu and Echeveray, to mention but a few chosen from different countries, demanded new treatment and different approach.

It is thus that the modern realistic and naturalistic acting has come to the fore. This aims rather at truth than at picture. What it lacks in poetic sweep it more than retrieves in convincingness. It may not exalt, but it impresses deeply and leaves its impress indelibly upon the mind. The process of change is even yet going on and can be observed in the so-called emotional acting, which, in most cases, exhibits the grafting of the new upon the old.

The most conspicuous example of the mod-

ern methods in America is undoubtedly Mrs. Fiske. In her you may see almost the acme of the naturalistic acting. Her art is subtle, decisive and sure. Every step is marked by keen insight and keen intelligence. It is the minimum of the theatric and the maximum of the dramatic. As a result, Mrs. Fiske appeals rather to the intellect than to the emotions. Of all the actresses upon our stage, she probably relies least upon personality and externals. It is the essential truth of a character that she aims at. In this fact lies the reason why Mrs. Fiske so often strikes the note of real greatness. It is not "showy" acting, but to those who think, it is far more telling and meaning than the sensational, almost gymnastic efforts which the *matinée* girl applauds, and which usually succeed in taking the unimaginative off their feet. Reserve force and the power to suggest as well as to express are characteristics in which Mrs. Fiske excels.

It is impossible not to see the influence of Mrs. Fiske upon her companions. Take, for example, the present Manhattan Company. There are other dramatic organizations of distinguished merit, others with perhaps as potent names as this one contains. Yet the Manhattan Company stands practically alone of its kind in the country. The individual acting of such artists as Mr. John Mason, Mr. George Arliss, Mr. Charles Cartwright and Mr. William Mack would naturally be prominent in whatever surroundings it appeared. But behind all this there is a uniformity, a splendid concordance and adjustment which make of these men not so many actors trying to win individual praise, but rather component parts of one integral whole. Each of these has, as a matter of fact, received full meed of encomium; but the company as a whole has won the greatest praise.

The attempt on the part of Mr. Fiske to form a "permanent" company of high standard was commented upon in these columns last summer. The results have been more gratifying even than were then anticipated. It is pleasant to record that the success of this endeavor has been no less popular than artistic. "Leah Kleschna" is proving one of the great popular successes of the year. It



MR. GEORGE ARLISS
MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

MR. JOHN MASON
MR. W. B. MACK

is to be hoped that this will insure the continuance of the present company, and also encourage other managers to revive the old stock companies.

Henry Phipps

The attention of the public has recently been attracted to the personality and career of Mr. Henry Phipps, who, by his princely gift of one million dollars for the erection of model tenements in New York has won the right to enrol his name on the list of great philanthropists. Some economic aspects of the noble gift are touched upon in this number in the department of "Current History." The following sketch of Mr. Phipps' life is reprinted from a recent number of the "Technical World":

"Henry Phipps was born in Philadelphia in 1839. His father—a shoemaker—was a man of energy and some ambition. His mother was a woman of considerable education. From one he got an aspiring disposition; from the other a taste for reading. That was all; but that was enough.

"Formal education he had little. Fate or destiny sent the family to live in Pittsburg. But even before that move young Henry had gone to work as an office boy in a Philadelphia store. He found a job of the same kind in his new home. He swept out a jewelry store, and performed similar duties in the book store of John D. Eagan. But there must have been some sort of magnetism about him, for he was inevitably attracted by iron. He saw small prospects in his present employment; and, in a fit of desperate determination, he one day borrowed a silver quarter from his older brother, and with that money paid for a 'want ad' in the columns of a Pittsburg paper. Dilworth & Bidwell, dealers in steel spikes and gunpowder, wanted a 'cub.' They answered Henry Phipps's 'ad,' and he got a job with them.

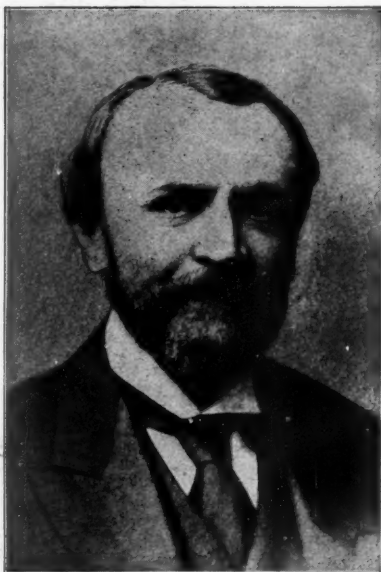
"Right then and there his career began. He did his work well. He did more. He studied at night; and presently, when the firm needed an assistant bookkeeper, he was ready to fill the place. All the time, he was

saving his money. Meanwhile he made the acquaintance of Kloman & Company, the blacksmiths, who had not business enough to hire a regular bookkeeper, but were glad to get the 'after-working-hours' service of young Phipps. Kloman & Co. soon found they could use a little more capital. Henry Phipps had a little capital waiting for investment. He put it into the firm, and became a silent partner. All the while he was working for Dilworth & Bidwell. That he did this work well, and did not allow his interest in the firm of Kloman & Co. to take too much of his attention, is sufficiently proved by the fact that, when the former firm split up, Bid-

well, one of its partners, was glad to take Henry Phipps into business with him under the title of Bidwell & Phipps.

"Presently the Kloman enterprise grew to such an extent that it demanded all of Phipps's attention. Thomas Carnegie, elder brother of the great iron-master, came upon the scene at about this time; and he and Phipps joined forces in the building of a small iron mill. They made it pay well from the start. Then appeared Andrew Carnegie, already well started on the way to a big fortune as the result of successful speculation in sleeping-car stock and oil well property. He bought or came into possession of a larger iron mill. This mill was losing

money. It bade fair to absorb the Carnegie fortune. But the wisdom of the canny Scotchman came to his assistance. Phipps and Thomas Carnegie knew how to run an iron mill. They had had successful experience. To them went Andrew Carnegie with a proposition. They three would form a company. He would put in his mill, and hold forty per cent. of the stock. Phipps and Thomas Carnegie would put in such capital as they possessed and their experience, and hold the remaining stock. The deal was made; also the vast fortune of Andrew Carnegie—potentially, at least.



Courtesy of the Technical World

HENRY PHIPPS

"Phipps ran the finances of the new concern; Thomas Carnegie, the mill proper. And the mill began to pay well. Then Phipps, never satisfied till he knew all about a subject in which he was interested, fussed around the furnaces until he discovered a new process of making pig iron which cut the necessary expense down by a large percentage. That process was kept secret for a long while, and it fairly poured big profits into the coffers of Carnegie, Phipps & Company.

"There isn't any use in going further with this story. If the lesson isn't plain by this time, it never will be.

"When the billion dollar 'Steel Trust' was formed, Henry Phipps had—next to Andrew Carnegie—the largest interest in it. He had, it is certain, more money than any human being can possibly know what to do with. To-day the little, short, slender, 'ponybuilt' errand-boy of the late fifties, lives in a Scotch castle and in a Fifth Avenue palace, retired from active business. In personal manners he is gentle and retiring. He has given great conservatories to the town where he made his wealth, and in other ways has shown the philanthropic spirit.

"There seems to be no good reason why any young man may not follow his example—up to the full limit of his abilities and his opportunities."

Miss May
Sinclair

We are glad to be able to print a portrait of Miss May Sinclair, the author of "Divine Fire," a book which is conceded generally to be among the first of the season's notable novels. The title of the book is drawn from the conversation of one



MAY SINCLAIR.

of the characters, Horace Jewdine, who remarked at a certain interesting juncture, "the burnt critic dreads the divine fire." It is a good title. "The Divine Fire" was begun in 1897, but was not finished until the winter of 1904. Not that the book was seven years in the making. In the meantime Miss Sinclair was writing short stories and one shortish

novel, "Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson," published by Messrs. Blackwood in 1898. The latter story, although noteworthy, hardly gave indication of the strength shown in "The Divine Fire."

Whether or not to know a country one must live in many parts of it, it is certainly true that Miss Sinclair's work gives evidence of a familiarity with almost every phase of English life, and as a matter of fact she has lived about England surprisingly. She was born in Cheshire, near Liverpool. She has lived in Essex, in Gloucestershire, in Hull, in Cornwall, in Denbighshire, and in Devonshire. Harmouth in "The Di-

vine Fire" is Sidmouth, South Devon. Since 1897 she has lived in or near London.

"Much like everybody else," Miss Sinclair attempted verse before prose, imitating any model that came to hand, from Milton to "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." She even tried modern dramas in blank verse, which suggested that novels had better be written instead.

Miss Sinclair works hard most of the year and spends the rest of it cycling, as much as possible, in the country. She likes most things that can be done actively and in the open air.

An extended notice of "Divine Fire" is printed elsewhere in this number.





Courtesy of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

PHILIP IV OF SPAIN.

The Disputed Portrait by Velasquez, 1599-1660, recently acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The Disputed Boston Velasquez

ON the opposite page we print a production of the portrait of Philip IV recently acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It was bought for the museum in Madrid by Dr. Denman Ross under the conviction that it was a genuine work by Velasquez in the early style of the great painter. Shortly after its arrival in Boston its authenticity was put in question by various critics through the public press, and columns of learned disquisition have been printed to prove that it is, or it isn't, a genuine Velasquez. The museum authorities quite naturally stand by their claim as to its genuineness, and in this position they are sustained by a jury of experts which includes the names of painters and art experts of unquestioned authority. The painters for the most part have lived in Spain and studied and copied—as what painter has not?—the works of Velasquez in the Prado Museum in Madrid. The Boston Transcript says:

The written statements submitted by the above-named witnesses are very interesting reading, and it is, on some accounts, a pity that they cannot just now be given to the public. The emphasis with which most of the men express their views is very picturesque and graphic. Some of them wrote out their opinions themselves, but others talked, and talked freely, in the presence of the picture, and their words were taken down by a stenographer, with that mechanical impartiality and literalness which records even expletives, slang and colloquial phrases. The members of the committee must have smiled more than once at the forcible language employed by two or three of the painters.

To sum up, it may be said that the view taken by the Museum of Fine Arts is that the picture is unquestionably genuine. The opinions of the experts named above are regarded as authoritative, and the strong point is that the verdict is virtually unanimous. While the American people, including those who have to do with the management of museums, have the greatest degree of respect in the world for the judgments of European experts, it is evident that, with respect to this particular picture, the Continental critics and specialists have been caught napping, and the Museum of Fine Arts is the richer by a fine early example of Velasquez.

On the other hand, this comfortable assurance of the museum's directors and the jury of artists is rudely disturbed by other experts who are as firmly convinced that their associates have, to quote the Boston Herald, "dilated with the wrong emotion."

Among these adverse critics the one who has challenged most boldly is a Mrs. Neena Hamilton Pringsheim, Ph.D. (Heidelberg), the wife of a Harvard instructor, who has voiced her opinions in a pamphlet entitled "A Critical Investigation of the So-called Velasquez of the Boston Museum." Of her criticism the Boston Herald makes the following summary:

Dr. Neena Pringsheim does not believe that the so-called Boston Velasquez is a genuine Velasquez—a judgment in which she is supported by Prof. Carl Justi, author of the monumental work, "Diego Velasquez and His Century." On the contrary, she regards the Boston Velasquez as a composite picture—that is, a picture made by a copyist through combining two separate parts of real Velasquez portraits in a single figure and joining them together rather badly in the middle. Prof. Justi dismisses the painting—then known under the name of the Villahermosa Velasquez—in a single short footnote as "an old school copy," and takes no further notice of it; while Sir Walter Armstrong, the second great authority on the subject, affirms, "No great original painter, certainly none who painted with the freedom of Velasquez, ever did or could repeat himself in that fashion."

Now, God forbid that The Boston Herald should "ex cathedra"—the Latin word for "on the score of the press"—attempt to settle vexed critical questions of the authenticity of works of art. But Dr. Pringsheim has called in the help of an authority very difficult to argue out of countenance, namely, the photograph. Through the kindness of the house of Braun & Co. she has been able to place on exhibition at Doll & Richards' photographs of the two portraits she asserts were used by the copyist who made the Boston picture, and thus to furnish—in the very injuries sustained by one of these portraits—ocular demonstration of the use of them in the manufacture of the Boston composite picture. If sustained in this assertion, it is a rare bit of flashlight detective work she has achieved.

The limits of an editorial article do not admit of following in detail the full course of Dr. Pringsheim's argument, which discusses every question of Velasquez's brushwork, dealing with details, coloring, drawing and atmosphere. Her pamphlet will be found at Doll & Richards' and at the principal book stores. Its chief interest will consist in enabling great numbers of intelligent men and women to study this question for themselves. Not that Dr. Pringsheim does not think highly of the so-called Boston Velasquez. "It is inspiring in its simplicity and reserve, a dignified work in itself, and, as such, an ornament to any collection." But, so she at least is sure, it is not a Velasquez. The master himself is not there! Is he? or Is he not? It is a rare chance for Boston to show its mettle in critical acumen and insight.

A New North American Bear

OF very great interest to the general public, as well as to naturalists, is the announcement made by William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, that a new species of bear, pure white in color, but undoubtedly distinct from the polar bear, has recently been found in British Columbia. Mr. Hornaday, to whom much of the credit for this remarkable discovery is due, describes the new animal, and the circumstances of its identification, in the "Ninth Annual Report of the New York Zoological Society," and this very interesting contribution to the literature of natural history has been published separately in pamphlet form. Not the least striking aspect of the discovery is the suggestion which it furnishes that this continent still offers opportunities for important original research in zoology. "Indeed," says Mr. Hornaday, "it may truthfully be said that in northern British Columbia, Alaska, and Yukon Territory, zoological explorations have only fairly begun."

The new bruin has been given the popular name, "Inland White Bear." The existence of the animal was first suspected by Mr. Hornaday in November, 1900, when he discovered, among a lot of skins of North American bears to be found in Victoria, British Columbia, a strange specimen that at once attracted his attention. "The skin," says Mr. Hornaday, "was of a creamy-white color, and very small," and the dealer "reported that it had come to him from the Nass river country, and that he had previously received four or five similar skins from the same locality." But, as a naturalist, Mr. Hornaday's curiosity was aroused by the fact that, "although this skin was of small size, and had been worn by an animal no larger than a grizzly cub one year old, its well worn teeth indicated a fully adult animal."

"Believing," continues Mr. Hornaday, "that the specimen might really represent a new ursine form, it was purchased and held for corroborative evidence. In view of the multiplicity of new species and sub-species of North American bears that have been brought out during the past ten years, it is

not desirable to add to the grand total without the best of reasons for doing so. Four years have elapsed without the appearance of a zoological collector in the region drained by the Nass and Skeena rivers, and further evidence regarding the white bear of British Columbia was slow in coming. At last, however, the efforts of Mr. Francis Kermode, Curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria, have been crowned with success, in the form of three skins in a good state of preservation. They represent two localities about forty miles apart. The four specimens now in hand are supplemented by the statements of reliable persons regarding other white bear skins which have been handled or seen by them, and were known to have come from the same region.

"Following the route that a polar bear would naturally be obliged to travel from its most southern haunt in Bering Sea to the Nass river, the distance is about 2,300 miles. But the teeth of these specimens show unmistakably that they are not polar bears. There is not the slightest probability that albinism is rampant among any of the known species of bears of North America; and it is safe to assume that these specimens do not owe their color to a continuous series of freaks of nature. There is no escape from the conclusion that a hitherto unknown species of white bear, of very small size, inhabits the west-central portion of British Columbia, and that it is represented by the four specimens now in hand. In recognition of his successful efforts in securing three of these specimens, the new species is named in honor of Mr. Francis Kermode" (*Ursus Kermodei*).

From the general dimensions of other bears whose weights are known, Mr. Hornaday judges that the type specimen of this new species was about twenty-seven inches high at the shoulder and weighed about 200 pounds. Therefore it is a smaller animal than the adult common black bear (*Ursus americanus*).

Mr. Kermode is told by a trustworthy trader and storekeeper at Port Essington, at the mouth of the Skeena River, that he gets some white bear skins every year, and

that they come "only from the district south of the Skeena River, and have been taken as far south as Rivers Inlet. The most of them, however, have come from

form has so long remained unnoticed are that no scientific collector has visited its locality, and the skins that have been taken have drifted into the fur trade, and quickly



SKINS OF INLAND WHITE BEAR AND CUB (*URSUS KERMODEI*)

From the Ninth Annual Report of the New York Zoological Society

Kitimat Arm, which is just north of Gribble Island, about Lat. 54°."

"Apparently," says Mr. Hornaday, "the only reasons why this interesting ursine

disappeared. No doubt they have been universally regarded, outside of British Columbia, as skins of young polar bears."

G. G.

The Black Barque

IN approaching such a book as "The Black Barque"* it is absolutely necessary to keep clearly in mind the various kinds and classes of novels. Here is a tale of the sea, of brawling men, of piratical slave-traders, a tale in which the incidents—fights they are mostly—are fundamental and all-important. If you go to this book with your mind searching for the subtle meaning, you will surely come upon a desert:

A Gloucester fisherman derided a torpedo-boat in words like these:

"Pretty poor deck for hauling nets."

A Maine farmer scoffed at a racing automobile:

"May go like sixty on a road, but you couldn't do much plowing with her."

A veteran of many battles gazed disgustedly at a trap-shooting contest:

"Who couldn't hit a clay pigeon with a lot of fine shot and nobody shooting back?"

"The Black Barque" can only be derided by such standards. Compare its adventure to Scott—but who would think of doing this, any more than comparing it to Thackeray and Dickens? Yet, nowadays, every book is ticketed with some fancied forerunner. It seems as if the reviewer's first thought in criticism was comparison. Even the publishers rarely resist this tempting parallel, whereof we get every year a farmer's story "whose quaint humor far surpasses that of David Harum," a detective "cleverer and more astute than Sherlock Holmes"; and so on through every one of the classes.

Compare a novel to some loved book of the same class and you are, in general, fair enough, though the author would writhe, unless he be a hack. But this principle neglects the fundamental characteristic of a story—the author's personality. A novel, after all, is an expression of a soul. It may be difficult to see this soul at times, and when seen it may not be a soul you love to gaze upon, but whatever a man writes, if he be an artist, he reveals his personality. "The Black Barque," where it is read care-

fully, will be praised or cast aside, and the reasons will be the standard of measure. Most generally to-day this book will be moored beside "The Sea Wolf." Is this fair? Is it not measuring a torpedo-boat by a fishing smack; an automobile by a plow; trap-shooting by real battle? Not that either book can be likened to the precise articles named herein, but do they not fall as far apart upon analysis?

At first glance the almost incomprehensible roughness and brutality of the life in both will make a comparison seem just. And the books have other qualities in common, including some of their faults, yet two men could hardly have aimed for more widely different ends. With Hains the story is paramount, with London the story is a means. Merely this fact stands—Mr. Hains, master of the straight sea story, has chosen the rough years following our naval triumphs of 1812, when every sailor had been a pirate, a privateersman, or a man-o'-war's man, and about the cruise of a pirate slave-ship with a shanghaied crew he has built a picture that teems with the sea life of the time. Nobody who knows anything of this life will go to the book for an idyll of the sea, nor for the romantic lore of eighteenth century piracy. Mr. Hains had a story to tell—no moral to draw, and no souls to save. It is doubtful if the really astonishing pictures of the slave-trade and ship life on "the middle course," as these cruises were called, were penned with the definite intention of giving color, and they are the more striking and valuable in their splendid detail because they are thus incidental to the main thread of the story.

Mr. London had a story to tell, not so vastly different in setting, but as different in intent and expression as one man's individuality is from another's. You must go to both as you must go to all real books, as the expression of a man's personality. Nor must you imagine that because both of these men have pictured the brutal side of the sea in their present work, that there lurks in their souls any of this unfeeling brutality which they paint so well.

But enough of these comparisons. "The

*THE BLACK BARQUE: A TALE OF THE PIRATE SLAVE SHIP GENTLE HAND ON HER LAST AFRICAN CRUISE. By T. Jenkins Hains, L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Black Barque" is a story, a rattling tale of the sea, as rough as a storm-lashed shoal, as brutal as the sea itself, yet with a splendid swing, a range of rough characters, and adventures on every page.

One Heywood, landing in Havre, after a varied experience dating back to service in the frigate Essex, on which he had fought, tells the tale:

"I was only a boy in years, but the service—and other matters hardly worth mentioning here—had hardened my nature and developed the disagreeable side of my character."

Of this last statement you have no doubt as you read; for a more aggressively pugnacious and impudently and offensively overbearing man has not been sketched of late in fiction. You know at once that you cannot love this hero, however great his accomplishments; for his egoism is scarcely relieved by humor or good-natured bragging. Yet so skilfully is this man handled by Mr. Hains that you find yourself passing over his bad points, sympathizing with his triumphs, and sorry for his setbacks.

And this book deals with that one cruise from Havre to Bermuda and thence to the African coast, for a load of slaves who are packed in by the hundreds in the hold and between decks. Yet there is no evidence of monotony in this trip. Indeed, it would be hard to find a page that does not begin, develop or close some rattling brawl, desperate escape or pitched battle.

Mr. Hains allows himself only a trifle more than two pages of preamble before trouble looms up—and very characteristic of the hero the trouble is. Heywood, having just arrived in Havre, is getting ready to unload the vessel with a very scant crew left after the dock-jumpers had cleared. Here he has this little tiff with his captain, whose son, third mate on the ship, has brought his *fiancée* aboard instead of falling to work.

"As an American man-o'-war's man, it was my duty to invite the captain ashore to prove to him by the force of my hands that I was the best-natured young fellow afloat. As I was a powerful lad, and had served two years under him, he had the good judgment to explain to me that my argument would prove illogical, and that if I dared lift a hand against him, he would blow a hole through me as big as a hawse pipe. To lend emphasis to his statement, he produced a huge horse pistol, and sticking

it under my nose so that I might look carefully down the bore and see what he had loaded it with, he bade me get hence.

"I was not so very much afraid of the weapon, so I gazed carefully into it, while I pronounced some flattering comments about his birth, and the nationality of his mother. Then, lest I might really appear quarrelsome to the few knaves who were enjoying the spectacle, I spat into the muzzle as though it were the receptacle for that purpose, and, turning my back upon him, sauntered ashore. . . ."

You feel at once that you are not going to care for this swaggering bully. Yet Mr. Hains has made no artistic blunder in painting him thus; for what other type could go through days of hard hitting and punishment and come out caring for the sea, loving it even, as only a human being with breadth of soul could love it? You never regret Heywood's triumphs when they come.

Heywood's character is very well drawn. Henry, who assisted in the enterprise, a ferret-faced little fellow, with hands of wonderful power, such as to make even these strong men wince in pain when he caught hold of them, is unpleasant but clear. He gained that wonderful grip as chief garroter of Havana in the days when this pleasant method of execution was performed by hand. Indeed, Mr. Hains is the authority for the statement that when Henry left Havana they had to fix up a machine, for there was nobody powerful enough to accomplish this trick. But the best character of all is Captain Howard, bald-headed, ambling, with a glassy eye and a high cackling laugh which had no mirth, a vocabulary with unlimited range, and an inventive cruelty that is astonishing. This old pirate captain is never daunted. He fights, when he has to, with never a display of fear, and he dies fighting and cackling. There are dozens of others, too, who never lack individuality.

Why, then, if this is all a jumble of fighting and blood is it different from the "penny bleeds" of the English or our own "dime novels"? In action it is not, unless it be that there is never too great strain of imagination in the incident, and too little realism in the accomplishment. But it is not the incident that marks a story—it is the undercurrent.

And here is Mr. Hains' stronghold. The

sea may mean very different things to different men, but Mr. Hains knows it so thoroughly and loves it so dearly that he does not miss the true note even in the rush of events which this book contains.

It crops out in the quiet moments and in



"THE STIFF BREEZE . . . BORE US STEADILY ON"

the crises, and over it all is thrown that fluent dialect of shipboard which, though you may not know half it means, leaves the impression of a perfect mastery of the subject and is good reading, too. Kipling's jargon we have all admired, though who could translate it literally? Heywood writes like this, after a very unpleasant week:

"I sat for hours rubbing the muzzles of the guns with whale-oil and dust, and, as I did so, I watched the flaking foam of the side wash spread away with its musical hiss and tinkle. Deep down in the blue below a piece of weed now and then flashed past, looking like an eel or snake as the sunlight wavered upon it. It was a warm, lazy day. . . . The wind hummed and droned under the foot of the great mainsail, sounding restful and pleasant with the easy roll of the vessel."

The picture of the African coast, too, with the vile trading stations and the crowded holds of negroes is powerfully done. Here is questionable realism. It does not take the imagination long to grasp the facts from the barest outlines, but Hains gives us more than this. True, it is a picture that is necessary to the theme, but it is made too horribly real for our noses and eyes.

There were only three hundred blacks stowed away when a rival trader, who had been made a prisoner, leads a mutiny. The fight on deck is splendidly done. "Crazy" Martin, "Long" Shannon, Captain Howard, and the rest, struggling in the dark, find that the blacks are loose. This first fight is done with splendid power. but when these savages, attacking with the mutineers, are added, Mr. Hains is at his best. There seems to be no incident too complex and no excitement too great for his pen. In such situations the graphic simplicity of his style, its speed and its power are remarkable. The sea and fighting are indeed his strongholds. When it becomes necessary for him in the development of his story to

write of land and women they seem to suck the vitality out of his style. Probably he felt the love interest necessary to relieve the somber (or are they red) hues of his background, but considered separately they lead to one decision—the woman was too much for him.

Martin M. Foss.

Princess Radziwill's "My Recollections"

ONE of the latest contributions to the books of autobiographical gossip is the "Recollections" of the Princess Catherine Radziwill, who, it may be remembered, was sentenced in Cape Colony to a two years' imprisonment for forgery, in connection with notes purporting to have been indorsed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. If these recollections be true, hers has been a varied career, her experience ranging from palaces to a prison, from the companionship of royalty to that of felons.

The Princess Radziwill, born Catherine Rzewuska, belongs to an old and illustrious Polish family, a great-aunt having been the wife of King Stanislas Leczinski, whose daughter married Louis XV. One of her father's sisters was the celebrated Madame Hanska, who afterward, married Balzac and whose correspondence with the great novelist has been recently published. "She has gone down to posterity as the woman whom Balzac loved, whilst she deserved to have been known as the one being to whom he was indebted for the development of his marvellous genius, and also as his collaborator in many of his works. For instance, the novel called '*Modeste Mignon*' is almost entirely written by her pen, and certainly some of her illustrious husband's best books have had something or other added to them by her hand." This is a claim easily made, but proved with difficulty, and in this case we have only the Princess Radziwill's word for it. Madame Balzac lived until 1882; she was in Paris during the days of the Commune, and happened to be alone in her house when a party of insurgents burst in. "The leader of the band entered the room in which she sat, with his cap on his head, and began addressing her as 'Citoyenne.' Madame de Balzac without showing the least discomposure, pointing with her finger to the head-dress of her interlocutor, 'Take off your hat,' she said, 'I am not used to people talking to me with their heads covered; and call me Madame, I am too old to be addressed as Citoyenne.' The man was so surprised that he

hastened to obey her, and after many excuses left the house with his companions."

Another aunt was Madame Lacroix, who had married a Frenchman, and whose house in Paris was a rendezvous for literary and political personages. "My aunt had met Alexander I. of Russia, had conversed with the great Napoleon, could remember the marriage of Marie Louise and the birth of the King of Rome, had been present at the Opera the night that the Duke of Berri was assassinated, later on had watched Louis Philippe escape from the Tuileries, and had witnessed the entry of the Empress Eugénie at Notre Dame, on the day which saw the Imperial Crown of France put upon her head. She had been in correspondence with Mazzini, had entertained Madame de Castiglione, and reckoned among her friends the Princess Lieven as well as the Duke of Morny."

In 1873, at the early age of fifteen and a half, the author was married to Prince Radziwill, of the Prussian branch of that family, and for the next thirteen years Berlin was her home. Her husband's grandfather, Prince Anthony Radziwill, had married Princess Louise of Prussia, who "had been the intimate friend of the unfortunate Queen of the same name, whom she had accompanied during her flight at Memel. Her son, my father-in-law, had been born three days before the little Prince who was destined in the course of events to wear the Imperial Crown of a united Germany; they were brought up together, and nothing in after life ever disturbed their friendship, which was further increased by the passionate love which Prince William of Prussia, as he was called at that time, conceived for the beautiful Elisa Radziwill, my father-in-law's sister. . . . It is asserted that my aunt died of a broken heart, after King Frederick William III. refused his consent to her marriage with his second son. . . . In reality things were very different. The only victim in this romance was Prince William, who was passionately fond of his cousin, whilst she was more sensible to the material advantages of a union with him, than to the deep affection she had inspired him with, . . . and at the time of her death, which was due to pulmo-

*MY RECOLLECTIONS. By Princess Catherine Radziwill. James Pott & Co., New York. \$3.50.

nary consumption, she was actually engaged to an Austrian nobleman, which proves that it did not take her very long to heal her broken heart. The Prince, however, always remained true and faithful to the love of his youth, and Elisa Radziwiłł's portrait adorned the writing table of the old Emperor up to his death."

Connected as the Radziwiłłs thus were with the reigning family, the Princess Cath-

greater results than even Frederick the Great, with all his genius, had performed. . . . Whenever the interests of his beloved country required it, he was always ready to forget his personal feelings, . . . and though always ready to forget himself never allowed others not to remember that he was their sovereign." She also says that "the old Kaiser was at heart a furious autocrat, and did not brook contradiction even to the



THE PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ

erine saw much of them and has a good deal to relate of interest concerning the personality of the old Emperor, the Empress Augusta, the Crown Prince and his wife, and of Prince Bismarck. Of William I she always speaks with affection and says: "He was certainly one of the remarkable monarchs of the century, and with abilities which did not rank above the average, he contrived, only through his sense of duty, to achieve far

smallest extent," and credits him with that common sense which is "nearly akin to genius."

Soon after the author's marriage she was taken by her mother-in-law to be presented to the Empress Augusta, whom she thus describes: "At the time of which I write about, the Empress Augusta had reached the mature age of sixty-one years, and certainly gave one the impression of being older than

that, perhaps on account of the very juvenile manner in which she was dressed. A gown of pale cream, very elaborately trimmed, slightly open at the neck, where it displayed a magnificent pearl necklace, seemed to my inexperienced eyes to be rather out of place at that early hour of the day. She wore a wig, composed of innumerable curls, the color of which would have been sufficient to cast doubts as to its genuineness. It was surmounted by an erection of lace and pink ribbons, which must have had pretensions to be called a cap, but which did not bear much resemblance to the article. That strange get-up did not produce a favorable impression, but certainly nothing could be kinder than the welcome I received, and I felt it was most ungrateful on my part not to be more thankful; but the Empress, as is well known, was not a sympathetic person, and the extreme affectation, which was her chief characteristic, did her an immense amount of harm."

Of the Crown Prince and Princess the author was extremely fond, resenting Bismarck's attitude toward them. The behavior of the Prince during the trying time of his regency, as well as under the many slights which were offered him at the instigation of the Chancellor, won the respect of many while the sorrows which saddened the last days of the royal pair awakened the sympathy of the world. It is no small tribute to a monarch to say of him that he was "born with a critical turn of mind, and a most generous disposition, he was by nature the sort of man who would embrace any new idea, if he thought it could be conducive to his neighbor's good."

Her own relations with Bismarck were always pleasant, but she had a fair estimate of the personality of that remarkable man. In speaking of the "Kulturkampf," or religious struggle then going on between the Government and the Roman Catholic party, the author says: "It was then that he developed that tyrannical disposition with which he will be associated in the minds of posterity, and which was artificially fed in him by friends and foes alike. . . . The faults which in some cases made him unbearable, were caused largely by the solitude in which he had elected to live. Surrounded by flatterers, he grew impatient of criticisms, and far too much convinced of the infallibility of his own judgments. . . . He was vindictive to a degree which bordered on ferocity;

his conduct towards Count Arnim was altogether unpardonable, for as is well known . . . politics had very little to do with it. The prosecution was instituted simply because the Prince was determined to gratify his revenge. . . ."

The break between Bismarck and William II the Princess Radziwiłł considered inevitable. "William II. was not the kind of monarch to submit to being kept in bondage, and Bismarck was not one to brook resistance in any shape or form. These two temperaments had to clash sooner or later, and yet no one expected that the close friends of 1888 would in such a short time become irreconcilable enemies, and the world had a right to expect that the great genius to whom Germany owed its unity would take his banishment with more dignity than he did." She relates an anecdote in connection with the Chancellor's fall that seems almost incredible. "When Bismarck saw that he was doomed, he turned towards his victim of bygone years, and asked the Empress Frederick to plead for him with her son. The Empress . . . to the letter of her old enemy . . . simply replied 'that he had so well destroyed any influence she might have had over her son, that she could not, with any hope of success, interfere in the matter of his going or staying.'"

Having left Russia before she was sixteen, the author has not so much to say of events there as of those happening in Berlin, but she never forgot her native land, and Russian affairs always interested her extremely. The Turco-Russian War of 1877 stirred the Russian people throughout the country, and the grief felt at the terrible slaughter at Plevna was mixed with admiration for the bravery of Osman Pacha. "When the old warrior, wounded and disabled, at last gave up his sword, the Grand Duke Nicholas went out to meet him, and, after greeting him with all the respect due to him, offered him the seat on the right in his carriage. Slowly they drove together down the lines of the Turkish prisoners, who received them in grave silence, but when they reached the Russian camps an immense acclamation burst out from the ranks. It was the victors saluting their enemy. Over the pale face of the Turkish hero, a faint and sad smile flitted for a moment; he gravely greeted, in his turn, the troops whom he had so often defeated, before he found himself overwhelmed by their number and by circumstances."

Of the present Czar the author has but a poor opinion, and she speaks of the unpopularity of the Czarina, comparing her most unfavorably with the Czar's mother, who is much beloved by the people. It was she who hastened to the hospitals after the awful calamity which happened at her son's coronation, while the imperial family attended a ball at the French Embassy without paying any attention to the fearful catastrophe by which, only a few hours before, about five thousand people had lost their lives. "An Englishman, who was present at that entertainment—over which a deep gloom presided, in spite of its splendor—remarked to me that the first care of Queen Victoria, after the going down of the *Victoria*, had been to countermand the Court ball which was announced for that very night—and, he added 'the event did not take place in England.'"

When the Congress of Berlin was in session the Princess Radziwill met Lord Beaconsfield and, prejudiced against him as she was, she soon succumbed to his charm of manner. "A more fascinating personage than the late Lord Beaconsfield has never existed. . . . He had in him that great charm which only people possessed with great confidence in themselves can attain to. . . . His conversation was a never-ending source of delight to his listeners. . . . He had studied princes as well as women, and was aware that they can swallow an unlimited amount of flattery, if distributed with the necessary tact."

The last chapter in the book is devoted to an "appreciation" of Cecil Rhodes, and her estimate of him seems a wonderfully keen and just one. She gives no account of her acquaintance with Mr. Rhodes or the incidents which led to its termination, and this is much to be regretted, as it would have redeemed the book from the commonplace-ness, which is its chief defect. In forming a judgment of Cecil Rhodes' character one is apt to measure it entirely by European standards. The author says: "His marvellous gifts did not prevent him from feeling the demoralizing effects of the South-African climate, and of South-African life. . . . The true appreciation of right and wrong vanished in him; he was never trained in that

rude school of adversity and disappointment, which alone brings out all that is best in human nature." "His one great defect was want of sympathy, and the extreme callousness he sometimes displayed, which more often than not was only pure affectation. . . .

One day some tourists were visiting Groote Schuur, where they had been entertained by Mr. Rhodes; he took them himself over the house and grounds, and at last showed them one of Lobengula's sons, whom he employed as a workman on his estate. This led to a talk about the Matabele rebellion, and the visitor asked Mr. Rhodes in what year it had taken place. The Colossus thought for a moment, then calling to him the young native: 'Look here,' he said, 'what year did I kill your father?'" "In the vast solitudes over which shines the Southern Cross, no one questions the way in which a man scores his successes; all that is required of him is to succeed. Cecil Rhodes knew this better than any one else. . . . He liked above everything to rule—his love of power was immense." "There is no place in our old world for the display of the talent which will make Cecil Rhodes' name immortal in South Africa." "The bane of Mr. Rhodes' life has been that he never knew who were his real friends, and that instead of listening to those who loved him well enough to tell him the truth, even at the risk of wounding him, he allowed himself to be influenced by a set of individuals who, in order to reap certain advantages from their apparent intimacy with him, were prepared to stand any amount of rudeness, incivility, or even tyranny on his part."

These extracts are sufficient to show that the writer's judgment of the great Imperialist was a correct one, and it is in her estimate of people that the merit of her book lies. She has a way of putting before the reader in a few words the salient points of a character, but beyond this the book has little merit other than the readable qualities common to most books of contemporary autobiography. There is little in the book that argues an intimacy with the people written of; most of it might have been compiled from the newspapers of the day.

Mary K. Ford.

The Woman's Book Club

In Woman's Kingdom

THE old Teutonic tribes looked to their "wise women" to advise them, and the wise woman figures in many of the old folk-tales and legends. The same need she filled then exists now, and probably will always continue to exist, for, though the world grows in knowledge, wisdom is still conspicuous by its absence. The American woman knows a great deal, is tremendously and strenuously educated and progressive, and has taken everything to be her province, from economics to esoteric Buddhism. Yet with it all, wisdom lingers. The essentials of life are often missed by her for lack of it. She needs the counsel of the wise woman—one who to knowledge has added experience, and to experience hope, and to hope calmness of spirit and unselfish habits of thought. That is why a book like Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster's "Little Kingdom of Home"* is a good book to start housekeeping with, even though the young housekeeper already possesses a college diploma.

A great deal of its wisdom, like most wisdom, is homely and not at first impressive, perhaps. For example:

"Our children are in process of imperceptible but swift change from one day to another. The amazing progress made by an infant in the first two years of life, when he learns to walk, to talk, to use feet and hands, to be polite, to do as he is told, is the most extraordinary achievement ever seen among men. At no future stage is so much compressed into so short a time. Whether or no mothers appreciate it, these baby days, when the trend is given for all the coming life, are of unsurpassed opportunity and importance. Impressions, when made, are enduring. Good manners, good temper, a good conscience, the courtliness of the gentleman, the serenity of the lady, are all in the germ stage, while the little one is reaching up from babyland to the busy years beyond."

Some readers will see little in this. But those who know the unnumbered young

mothers who leave their babies complacently in the hands of ignorant servants or refuse to train them because "they are too young to understand" will wish that this paragraph were framed and hung up in every nursery, for the advantage of both family and neighborhood. It would certainly have prevented a recent lawsuit between two educated and cultivated families, living in a handsome apartment-house in New York, where the occupants of the apartments on the first floor sued the young couple just above them for running the baby-carriage to and fro for hours each evening over their heads. The defendants pleaded, literally, "the baby act." They said the baby refused to go to sleep unless he was wheeled around in the perambulator till he dropped off. It was proved, to support their side, that otherwise the child screamed so hard and long that everyone in the house was disturbed. The parents had a five years' lease. The only question, therefore, was which was more of a nuisance—the wheeling or the screaming; and, on the whole, the perambulator seemed the lesser evil. The possibility of controlling the baby did not seem to be considered. Can anyone wonder, however, that landlords, who must deal with the un wisdom of such parents, refuse to allow children in their apartments?

There is golden wisdom in this: "Long before the first year has passed away, the infant may learn that the meaning of the mother's gentle 'No' is an inflexible one. Some sort of punishment may be necessary as a rivet to attention, but this punishment need never be harsh. It is the absolute certainty of a penalty, and not its severity, that acts as a deterrent to disobedience on the part of a little culprit. How truly and quaintly the instinct of the child to recognize real mastery shows in the story of 'the little Scottish lad who was very ill and very fractious, and when the doctor left a nauseous but remedial draft, fought against it so stubbornly that his mother sat down and wept."

"'Dinna greet, mither, dinna greet,' piped up a little thin voice from the pillow.

*THE LITTLE KINGDOM OF HOME. By Margaret E. Sangster. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. \$1.50.

'Feyther'll be hame sune, and he'll gar me take it.'"

Men and women are more intractable than children, and the two chapters on "Bricks without Straw" and "The Earnings of Married Women" touch some causes of internal dissension in the little kingdom of home. "The woman does not live who enjoys asking her husband for money, and rendering him an account of the way in which she spends what he gives her, whether he pour it generously into her lap, or dole it grudgingly from his pocket, openly wondering why her purse is so often empty, and openly discussing her economy or lack of the same. There is no reason why, in the family firm, the husband should claim and maintain the sole right to disburse the family income, while the wife is a tolerated pensioner on his bounty. Only those who have studied the subject, and observed its application in many homes from that of the millionaire to the poorest day laborer, know how necessary is a reform in this one particular. Mistaken home finance wrecks home happiness.

"Women may live in palaces, wear rich raiment, and fare sumptuously, yet seldom save any ready money, or the least liberty to spend or give away or invest a dollar of their own. In reality the women most favorably situated for their own ease and contentment are the wives of day laborers, mechanics, and factory operatives, to whom the week's wages are regularly brought, minus the small sum the man keeps for his own purposes. The custom of this class is based on a larger justice than the other custom which makes the husband the undisputed lord of the exchequer. A wife is a partner, not a paid hireling."

As to wage-earning by married women (which, it will be remembered, President Roosevelt disapproved in his last message), Mrs. Sangster has this to say:

"It is an open question whether or not home completeness is best conserved by the entrance of the wife upon regular wage-earning. If it does not take her from home, it necessarily absorbs so much of her time and thought that she is unfitted to give her first attention and her freshest energy to the legitimate requirements of the home. Her argument that she may earn her own and her children's wardrobe by pleasant work which she likes, thus relieving her husband of a certain strain, is a specious one often

presented, and at first sight has much to commend it to favor.

"The wife's plea that she prefers to be relieved of unwelcome domestic drudgery, and that she can afford to pay other women to do certain parts of her housework is very attractive. . . . The answer to every line of special pleading is that usually a simpler way of living would be better, so that the wife and mother might give freely of her own personality to those nearest and dearest to her. . . . A weary wife meeting her husband on the train, with a host of business interests, not unlike his own, the absorption of the office in her bearing, and the dust of travel on her skirts, cannot be to him the comforter, the refuge, the rest, that his home-staying, home-keeping wife is. . . . This, also, may be urged that it is not invariably a good thing for a husband to feel that he can in any way depend upon the exertions of his wife to supplement the income which should be the support of the home."

Relations-in-law have a chapter to themselves, and so have guests, while domestic service claims two, as befits its present undesirable prominence. "Home and Charity" and "Home and the Flag" are treated of in suggestive fashion. Second marriage is not forgotten, nor the stepmother's problem, nor the "Place of the Spinster," and this last throws some light upon the desire of even apparently well-to-do women to support themselves nowadays.

"The seamy side of a spinster's position, in too many homes," says Mrs. Sangster, "is that she is never grown up in the eyes of her family. A woman not naturally aggressive, or disposed to self-assertion, is kept under tutelage and authority long after she has reached years that should give her independence. She may be a daughter at home, with no money except as she asks for it or it is given her by her parents. I have known women nearly forty who had no more liberty than they had at fourteen. . . . Such a woman, under her father's roof, should have one of three things: wages for her services, an allowance to cover her necessary expenses, or *carte blanche* to do as she pleases with her father's money, unchecked and un-reproved. Neither as a rich nor a poor man's child should she be kept in the position of a penniless dependent."

Even the broken home is considered, the wayward child and the prodigal son. But

these are rightly treated as exceptions, and the whole tone of the book is as hopeful and sunny as it is wise. It is a book that, like

all those of its author, will have a wide circle of readers, and the wider the better for American homes.
Priscilla Leonard.

Out of Work

THERE can be no doubt that the labor question in all its forms is the present sociological problem, and any book which throws light upon the subject is of value. "Out of Work,"* by Frances A. Kellor, is a record of the result of the personal investigation by the author and eight others of the various intelligence offices and employment bureaus in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. "In the summer of 1902 this investigation was planned as a special piece of research work in connection with the New York Summer School of Philanthropy, but was extended to the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. . . . This comprehensive investigation was instigated and supported by members of the Woman's Municipal League of New York, and to their interest and co-operation is due its successful completion."

The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with intelligence offices, those which provide domestic servants, and the second with labor bureaus, including professional agencies, and those offices which deal mainly with men, such as miners, cattle hands, lumbermen, etc. Each chapter is preceded by a few lines stating where and how the material for it was gathered, and the whole makes interesting, though somewhat discouraging reading.

In view of the fact that the question of good domestic service is one which stares most women in the face, the first part of the book is the most interesting, and the state of things existing in some of the New York intelligence offices is one to start a reformer out at once, provided with a crying evil to remedy.

The only way in which the investigators could obtain any reliable knowledge of the state of affairs was by visiting the offices in the rôle of employers and employees, mingling with the latter in the waiting-room, and learning much from them bearing on the question so dear to women's clubs: "Why does the American woman object to domestic service?" The investigators had twinges of conscience as to the deception necessary

to their work, but they considered that the end justified the means, for there was really no other way of obtaining the necessary facts.

In many offices the treatment of the employees is positively brutal. "One of the most fashionable offices in New York makes its employees stand all day—'The room holds more'—one girl said. Little thought or money is expended to make the employees' rooms either comfortable or healthful, and yet the girls wait all day, while at best the employers wait a few minutes or an hour. . . . In one Swedish office, run by two young men, one guarded the door of the employees' room, and by promises and threats and actual force, made it impossible for them to get out without paying a fee." The poorer class of intelligence offices is often located among the most unsavory surroundings, in tenement houses, in rooms close to saloons, and, in some cases, there is no office at all, properly speaking. "the proprietor taking the employer out with him until he can pick up a girl, or she is left to entertain the children while he scours the neighboring tenements for help."

As most of the offices get a fee every time a servant is placed, it follows that they have no interest in helping employers to find suitable ones; the oftener a change is made the better. "One girl said she had been placed ten times in one year, netting the office twenty dollars in fees, for it received a percentage of the wage each time, and a neat sum for lodging until placed again. . . . The charging of fees has caused more legislation, and has been subject to more abuse than any other feature. . . . Employees, as a rule, get but little attention unless they pay, and in many offices are not even permitted to wait, the attendants saying: 'This place is crowded'; 'All who ain't paid can get out'; 'This is no day hotel.' When we refused to pay we sometimes left our addresses. The next day we received a post-card saying that a position was open. We would go, only to find that it had 'just been filled,' and that it would have been ours if our fee had been paid. We often paid the fee, and then frequently received

*OUT OF WORK. By Frances A. Kellor. G P Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25. J1

no cards." In St. Louis it was proved that two offices had "done" the unemployed out of six thousand dollars in one year. "One of the most fashionable offices in New York takes fees, and at the end of the week tells the girls it is their own fault that they have no positions, for they are too homely, and it refuses to refund the money, saying: 'We cannot help the fad of employers in wanting good-looking waitresses.'"

The author says: "Our impression is that in intelligence offices there are less system and business method than in almost any other business," and to this lack of system she attributes the failure of those offices who do make great efforts to suit their patrons. One of their great faults is their failure to obtain references as to the would-be employers. "In the hurry of business they take little thought of where the girl goes, and many are utterly indifferent, even when their suspicions are aroused, as when saloons, men's club-houses, etc., are specified. In only three instances, when asking for girls for a men's club-house, were we met by questions. . . . In one instance we gave an order for six chambermaids for a men's club-house on Long Island. Aside from the wages and amount and kind of work, no other particulars were given. An assistant later was in the same place, and was asked to take one of these places, and was assured that 'we know the place well, and it is all right.'" It is not only the employers whose references are not looked into; the agencies are terribly remiss as regards the employees. On one occasion the investigators, when looking for a place, "started out with references that were purposely bad, stating clearly our incompetency or immorality. In some places they changed the text, in others they gave us new ones, or we were sent to people who were 'not too particular.' Sometimes the attendant simply said: 'She is all right, we have seen her reference.' So they had, but the employer would often have been surprised at the contents. . . . One proprietor turned a girl out because she would not let her take her references in to show for another girl who had none."

The chapter on "Immorality and Vice" is melancholy reading. "The surroundings, the business methods, and the frauds pale into insignificance beside the conscious, deliberate immorality of many offices, and the traps which they set for their unwary and

helpless victims. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago about seventy-five per cent. are not averse to sending women as employees to questionable places; and from forty to sixty per cent. send them as inmates, obtaining their consent when possible." Only passing mention can be made of the most crying evil of all evils connected with this subject, the seizure, almost by force, of the unfortunate immigrant girls at the very moment of their arrival in this country, and their practical enslavement until their ruin, moral and physical, is accomplished. An evil which the office might control somewhat, consists in "sending girls into private homes where the conditions are notoriously bad. . . . When an office receives half a dozen reports of such a home from different girls, whom it has known as honest and reliable, what does it do? Not refuse to send a girl—but some one else who will 'meet the requirements.'" The dangers of answering advertisements are considered less than those run in an intelligence office, as many papers carefully supervise their advertisements. In certain papers "it is always a risk to answer or make a request for a housekeeper. . . . Household workers' advertisements are less dangerous than are those for office positions. An assistant answered thirty of the latter in a prominent New York paper, and twenty were not only doubtful, but open proposals."

But not all the trouble is due to the office. Many of the employers are most unreasonable in their demands, and in some cases are not above a lie. "A lady in New York ordered two maids. They were sent up, and later she telephoned, asking to have her fee refunded saying they did not suit. The clerk went up to see if others could not be sent, and one of the maids opened the door for her!" They misrepresent work and conditions in their homes, trusting to luck to keep the girls when they once get them to the house. A girl is assured of a good home only to find that "the only sleeping quarters provided are such as an ironing board placed over the bath tub; a bed made up for two on the dining-room table . . . a mattress on wash-tubs in the basement; rooms heated only from the hall, or so crowded that a girl has no privacy, and cannot control her few small belongings."

Miss Kellor has no remedy to propose for

the dearth of good domestic servants, beyond a suggestion that improved conditions will attract girls. "We inserted in one of the leading papers an advertisement for a chambermaid . . . wages good, but nothing was said about privileges or references. We received just five indefinite illiterate replies. Then we inserted a similar advertisement, but added, 'no other work, evenings free, state experience, and enclose references,' and we received fifty-four replies." That so many training-schools have been failures the author lays to the fact that "none of these schemes was based upon what the employee wished to study or enjoy, but upon what the employers wanted or thought best," and she also says, in speaking of the Woman's Domestic Guild of New York and Chicago, that "as educational centres for

the study and solution of the problem, they are not even to be considered," the chief reason being that they are conducted by employers with the view of bettering the service in their homes, and with little or no consideration for the employee.

Miss Kellor touches upon professional agencies, and devotes a chapter to those entirely for men, but it is what she has to say about intelligence offices which is most interesting to women, because it so vitally concerns the comfort of the home. She suggests, as steps toward a remedying of the various abuses, investigation, co-operation, a complaint and inspection bureau, and the adoption of a higher standard which will drive out the hopelessly disreputable offices while it improves the rest.

Mary K. Ford.

Literary Notes and Gossip

Rev. William Elliot Griffis, at one time Professor of Physics in the Imperial University of Tokio, a member of the Asiatic Societies of Japan and Corea, and a well-known author, having written widely and authoritatively of Japanese history and conditions, likes Okakura-Kakuzo's "The Awakening of Japan" so well that he has read it four times. "'The Awakening of Japan,'" he writes the publishers, "in real, interpretative value, outweighs a score of the books written on Japan during this prolific year of 1904. Naturally it will take a long time for Occidental men, especially of the average sort, to appreciate the depths and reserve forces of Japanese civilization; but Mr. Okakura's interpretation is mighty to help in the desired work."

Victor Hugo is the subject of a recent interesting discovery in the literary world. Mr. Henry Wellington Wack, while in Guernsey collecting material for an article on the exiled French poet, chanced upon a budget of letters written to Hugo by Juliette Drouet. As students of Victor Hugo know, his relation with Madame Drouet made the romance of Hugo's life. Mr. Wack, realizing the importance of his find, has written a book including the letters and giving a sketch of Victor Hugo's life at

Guernsey, with many anecdotes and extracts from his correspondence illustrative of his personality. This book will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, probably with the title "The Romance of Victor Hugo. With Letters from Juliette Drouet." Hugo's own letters to Juliette were published in France some time ago. Her love-letters in reply, or, perhaps, rather the letters which inspired Victor Hugo's correspondence, are now for the first time made public. They throw an interesting light on one of the most remarkable attachments in literary history. The significance of Mr. Wack's discovery is recognized in France, and M. François Coppée has written an introduction to the book. No student of French literature, scholarly or amateur, can afford to miss this attractive volume.

The name Irwin has become rather prominent the last few years, and has been particularly identified with humorous literature. But there is more than one W. Irwin. There are two, both hailing from San Francisco, and both at the present moment resident in New York. They are relatives; in fact, no further distant than brothers. Will Irwin is responsible for a large share of the humor in "The Picaroons" and "The Reign of Queen Isyl," which he wrote in

collaboration with Gelett Burgess. Wallace Irwin's genius has taken a lyric turn. He made his bow before the public with a series of sonnets, "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," and is responsible for "The Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyam, Jr.," "The Nautical Lays of a Landsman," etc.

Lovers of the best literature will be gratified to learn that a complete edition of the essays of Sir Leslie Stephen is now in preparation. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have this work in train, and they announce that the series entitled "Hours in a Library" is now in readiness in four handsome octavo volumes to be sold as a set.

This will be followed by "Free Thinking and Plain Speaking," and succeeding volumes uniform in appearance will be issued during the coming year. Sir Leslie Stephen occupies a unique position as the one Englishman in recent times to be knighted solely for his services to English literature. To his keen critical insight and charming personality he adds a pure and graceful literary style. In this last rare quality he has no successor.

Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite" is now published in translation in eight different countries. The English editions—both New York and London—have reached a sale of considerably over 100,000 copies, and the present demand for it is much greater than during the first two or three years of its publication.

To show the manner in which the general reader sometimes grasps the essence of a title with which he is yet unfamiliar, though not always its exact form, the Crowells, the publishers of "In Tune with the Infinite," received a call a few days ago from a customer for a copy of their "Getting Square with the Creator," indicating a possible pugilistic conception of the book and quite in distinction from the call the London publishers

received some time ago from the English lady asking that she be sent a copy of their late work, "The Tune of the Infants."

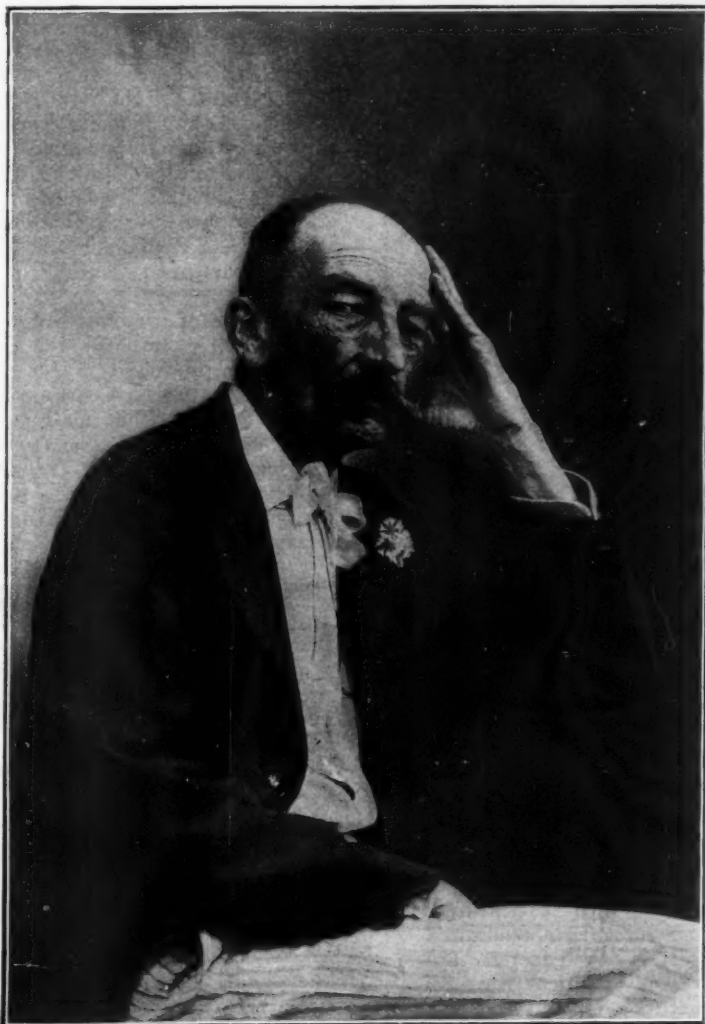
Hall Caine maintains that moments of the greatest inspiration come in great solitudes. He was alone half-way up a bleak and rugged mountain in Iceland when the thought came to him to end his latest novel, "The Prodigal Son," by having Oscar die in an avalanche instead of being killed by his brother Magnus, as he had originally intended. He then and there resolved to make the change. D. Appleton & Co., his publishers, say that the book is having a remarkable sale.

England is learning something from the United States in subways and journalism. A large edition of Edwin L. Shuman's "Practical Journalism" has just been sold in London, and still another edition has just been ordered by D. Appleton & Co., the publishers. This book was recommended in the Questions and Answers column of the New York Sun as one of the three things most necessary for a man ambitious to become a journalist.

In the nomination of George R. Horton, of Illinois, for the United States consulship at Athens, Greece, President Roosevelt has honored another literary man. Mr. Horton is well known in the Chicago and Washington newspaper worlds. His popular novel, "Like Another Helen," attracted the President's attention, and it is doubtless to this that his appointment is due. As its title indicates, the scene of the story is laid in Greece. Mr. Horton got the material and atmosphere in Athens some years ago, when he served there as consul under President Cleveland. A new romance from his pen is promised for early spring publication, with the scene again in Greece.



Two Books on Caricature



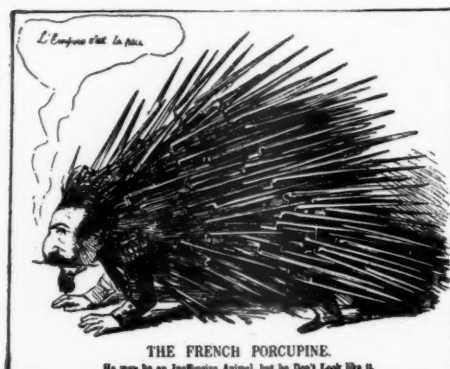
From The Nineteenth Century in Caricature
MR. C. G. BUSH OF "THE WORLD"—THE DEAN OF ACTIVE AMERICAN CARTOONISTS

THE attractive volume* which Mr. Maurice and Mr. Cooper have collaborated to produce is by its illustrations a panorama of the history of the nineteenth

century as seen by the caricaturists, and by its text a running commentary upon the historic significance and artistic quality of the cartoons it reproduces. The book makes a double appeal: he whose first interest is history may here follow its course from the Napoleonic era to the present; while one primarily interested in caricature

*THE HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Taber Cooper. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1904.

will find in the cartoons representative works of the great caricaturists, and in the text a critical account of the progress and development of comic art. It will be the purpose here to touch upon a few of the many interesting features of this volume,



From The Nineteenth Century in Caricature

and to hazard a comment or two, suggested by text or illustration, in relation to American pictorial satire.

A word may be said first as to the meaning of "caricature" and "cartoon." "Caricature" was primarily the name of a representation in which some natural characteristic of a thing was exaggerated for the sake of comic effect. By an extension of the original meaning that word has come to be the name for every form of pictorial art and humor—social studies, satiric or sympathetic, political cartoons, gay pleasantries, exuberant burlesques and frank buffooneries. "Cartoon," though sometimes used as synonymous with "caricature," has properly speaking a more limited signification. It is now generally applied to the sketchy political drawings of a comic nature that appear in the papers of the day. This is, however, a new meaning given to an old word, which had originally a quite different import. And thereby hangs an anecdote that is, perhaps, not generally known, and may be worth repeating. "Cartoon" was, up to about the middle of the last century, the name applied to a design in full size for a picture to be copied from it. For its employment in the sense we give it to-day the

English comic weekly "Punch" is responsible. "Punch" played a practical joke upon the word by emptying it of its original signification, and giving it a meaning of its own. The occasion of this whimsical treatment of the term was a great exhibition of cartoons held in London in 1843. From the designs submitted selections were to be made for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament. At this moment "Punch" dubbed its own political pencilings "cartoons." The public relished the joke, and the meaning thus jestingly given has clung to the word ever since. It is with political caricatures, with cartoons, that "The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature" is concerned.

The series of cartoons presented in this volume well exemplifies the qualities that combine to produce the best results in this kind of caricature. A cartoon is to art what a leading article that makes its points by fun or satire is to literature—a humorous or sarcastic comment upon the topics at the moment uppermost in the nation's mind. The good cartoon must have a many-sided suggestiveness, and must work out an idea



From The Nineteenth Century in Caricature

AT DEVIL'S ISLAND

The master of the Island.—"They take away one captain from me; but look here a whole handful of generals! Oh, after all, the arrangement is not so bad." (From "Lustige Blätter," Berlin.)

lucidly and laughably in the medium of graphic fun, satire or irony. And further, as the authors of "The Nineteenth Century in Caricature" well put it, "the best and most telling cartoons are those which do not merely reflect public opinion but guide it."

. . . A cartoon which cleverly illustrates some important historical event, and throws light upon the contemporary attitude of the public, is equally interesting to-day, whether it anticipated the event or was published a month afterward. But in order to influence public opinion, caricature must contain a certain element of prophecy. It must suggest a danger or point an interrogation."

which the line of development of European caricature is kept in sight. The caricaturists of the Napoleonic era are first passed in review. Gillray and the men of his school, coarse and brutal artists, who wield a bludgeon of invective and bruise and scarify their victims, appear, and beside them the French caricaturists, their contemporaries, who employed lighter, but also keener and not less dangerous weapons. Next Philippon, Daumier, and their group come upon the stage, and open a great epoch of French art. Then in England, in Germany and in America successively, between the forties and the eighties of the last century, great



From *The Nineteenth Century in Caricature*

CHRISTIANITY AND THE BIBLE IN CHINA

An exact copy of a Chinese Native Cartoon. Reproduced in San Francisco "Wasp," Jan. 2, 1892.

Though comic art was practised from the most remote antiquity, it did not become a factor to be reckoned with in the expression and direction of public opinion until the printing press was invented. Indeed, it did not become greatly influential—at least it did not rightly come to its own—until photography co-operated with the press to make the reproduction of caricatures rapid and inexpensive, and hence to bring them before the eye of a wide public at the moment when its mind was most susceptible to their influence.

A notable and commendable feature of the present volume is the clearness with

and ever increasing companies of caricaturists spring up, grouping themselves about comic papers founded between the dates just named.

If individuals be left out of the question, the great landmarks in the history of caricature in the nineteenth century are the founding of three European comic weeklies—"La Caricature" in Paris in 1831, "Punch" in London in 1841, and the "Fliegende Blätter" in Berlin some five years later; and the founding in New York of three other comic weeklies—"Puck" in 1877, "Judge" in 1881, and "Life" in 1883. Before speaking further of the American comic papers just men-

tioned, and of their relation to the European papers of a like kind that preceded them, a word may be said as to the early history of caricature in this country. It would be the duty of the historian of our caricature to

the great pictorial satirists, and it is strange that no one of our wars—neither the Revolutionary War, nor the War of 1812, nor the Mexican War, nor the Civil War—inspired a genius to treat it comprehensively in the



From The Art of Caricature

AN EXAMPLE OF DUMAURIER'S EARLY WORK (1875)

'La Politesse' can be carried too far even among the politest people in the world—for instance it can be carried right across the pavement, so as to stop the way.

trace its beginnings to a period antedating the Revolution, when, according to Parton, it began definitely with the productions of the pencil of Benjamin Franklin. That the infancy of American caricature is without the scope of the present work need not, however, be regretted. Nor is there reason to complain because the first half-century of its life receives comparatively slight attention. Cartoons of the War of 1812 in Gill-ray's manner, and cartoons of the Mexican and Civil Wars are here reproduced. And they are not of a quality to make us long for more of the same kind. Indeed, if the truth must be told, nothing that American comic art produced before the appearance of the cartoons of Thomas Nast in the late sixties of the last century was memorable either for power of conception or for skill of execution.

The history of caricature has shown that it is ever wars and revolutions that bring forth

way of caricature: And this seems the stranger because all through the periods referred to competent masters of the art, from whose example lessons and suggestions might have been drawn, were at work in England and on the Continent. During the Civil War there was one American artist capable of work of a high order in this kind. That man was Thomas Nast. But Nast was not to make caricature his vehicle of expression until after the war was ended. The cartoons of the Civil War period were feeble in spirit, when measured beside the momentous issues with which they were bound up, and, from any standpoint, of little intrinsic value. The balloon-like loops issuing from the mouths of the personages of the cartoons of this period, the general stiffness of the figures, and the inferiority of the composition tell plainly that American caricature was at this time still in a somewhat

primitive state. Both English and Continental cartoonists had, in general, long since discarded the loops, well knowing that thus to call in the aid of the written word to eke out a meaning which the pencil could not of itself convey was either a confession of artistic incompetence or a sign that the artist in his ignorance had attempted things against the nature of his art.

Thomas Nast's cartoons overshadowed everything that went before them in American caricature. He was the first in this country to lend the art dignity, to give it a potent and far-reaching appeal, and to entitle it to any sort of consideration on the artistic side. Nast's reputation rests chiefly upon the long series of drawings in which he attacked William M. Tweed and his Ring of reckless and corrupt politicians, who for years had looted the treasury of New York City. The triumph won by Nast was the most direct material victory ever scored by caricature. It resulted in nothing less than the disgrace, and in some cases the imprisonment of the members of the Ring and in the collapse of the great edifice of corruption they had raised.

It is impossible here to speak individually of even the best men in the great company of caricaturists who sprang up during the seventies and eighties to supply the demands of our comic weeklies and of our daily newspapers. But something may be said in a general way of the characteristics of our greater comic papers.

With regard to "Puck" and "Judge," it is noteworthy that they derive rather from the traditions of German than from those of either English or French caricature. The founders of "Puck" were Germans, and that paper was for a time published in German as well as in English. And "Life," if one must look at all for traces of foreign influence in it, resembles "Fliegende Blätter" rather than "Punch" or the comic papers of France. A comparison of the method and scope of our comic papers with the method and scope of "Punch" is full of interest. "Punch" is avowedly non-partizan, hitting a head wherever it sees one. And it maintains a high standard of both political and social caricature. "Puck" and "Judge," on the other hand, take sides in politics, and each of these papers excels in political cartoons alone. The high level they attain in that branch of comic art is not reached in their pictorial satire of society. In this sphere

"Life" bears off the palm. "Punch" thus wears, alone, honors which our American weeklies must divide between them.

A generalization, based merely upon the illustrations in this volume, might be made upon American comic art that would hold good of its whole range. Our caricature, both political and social, has qualities that make it great—alertness and vigor, buoyancy, freshness and spontaneity, a complete knowledge of the popular mind, resourcefulness, and a variety of method that gives it easy adaptability to all sorts of purposes. Further it is free from the dullness and prosiness that are the defects of comic art in England, and from the shameless license, the venom, the rancor and the malice that are its defects in France. One cannot read this book without realizing that caricature is to-day a more potent factor in the world than it has ever been before, and that America



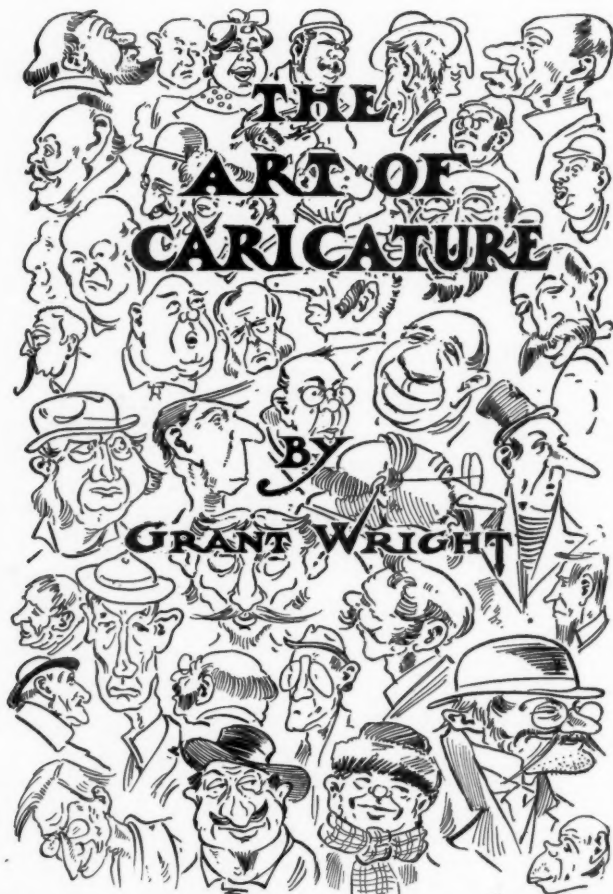
From The Nineteenth Century in Caricature

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN CARICATURE
From the collection of the New York Public Library

has now a school of caricaturists, national in training and in mental attitude, as flourishing and as great in power and influence as any school in Europe.

"The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature" is written in a crisp and spirited style that flows rapidly on from chapter to chapter, and makes the reader's voyage through the volume pleasant from beginning to end. The illustrations are a storehouse

ject. Its aim, as the author informs us, is to "provide its readers with a foundation upon which to build an art education." Two sentences from the "Introduction" offer the excuse for the book's existence, and claim for it an ambitious scope which its slender



THE BAKER TAYLOR CO. PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

Title Page from The Art of Caricature

of entertainment. It is a book to keep at hand upon the table. One who turns to it, and returns to it for amusement will find that he has not done so in vain.

"The Art of Caricature*" does not call for an extended notice. It is a little volume that treats of the technical side of its sub-

*THE ART OF CARICATURE. By Grant Wright.
The Baker & Taylor Co., New York, 1904.

accomplishment is far from justifying. "It would seem," says the "Introduction," "as if every detail of picture-making had been so thoroughly covered that further books upon the subject would be superfluous. It is a fact, however, that—up to the present time—the art of caricature has never been exhaustively explained in one volume."

The author approaches his main subject by the way of an "Historical Note" in

which he sweeps down the long centuries of the history of caricature with an indecorous haste that permits but fleeting and unsatisfactory glimpses of the great landmarks of the art. He concludes with a chapter that is a sketchy and perfunctory account of the satirists of the pencil from Thomas Nast to our present-day practitioners. The matter between these two chapters, constituting the body of the book, contains many practical suggestions designed to be of assistance to one beginning the practice of comic art. It is made up of considerations upon the principles that condition the conception of successful caricature; upon composition and color; upon artistic anatomy and facial expression; upon drawing from nature and from memory; and upon various other matters. The book is intended for beginners, and is elementary to the last degree. Indeed, it finds its point of departure and its chief *raison d'être* in the supposition—one likely to wound the delicate sensibilities of the public—of the boundless ignorance of the gentle reader. The most immature intelligence will find in it much that is familiar, and will grasp without difficulty whatever it presents that is new. Its author dwells too complacently in platitudes, and pursues too relentlessly the self-evident truth. The commonplace has no terrors for him. He has a talent for the obvious, and a faculty for expressing it in the plain language of the marketplace.

"The Art of Caricature" may be commended on the score of its illustrations. Among them are many excellent cartoons, representing artistic methods the most diverse. Mr. Grant Wright, the author of this volume, is himself a caricaturist. He began



Tail piece from *The Art of Caricature*

his career in Peoria, Ill., where he was wont to entertain the firemen with his comic drawings. Their hearty appreciation of his efforts is said to have encouraged him to seek the wider audience to whom he now makes his appeal.

Horatio S. Krams.



Tail piece from *The Art of Caricature*

A Recent Estimate of Henry Clay

NOT long ago there came to us, in the late Augustus C. Buell's "History of Andrew Jackson," a twentieth century portraiture of one of the greatest of nineteenth-century Americans, and now the stormy days of Jackson's reign are still further recalled by the appearance of a new portrait* of the statesman who was above all others Old Hickory's bitter political foe. Like Mr. Buell's study of Jackson, Mr. Rogers' "The True Henry Clay" is born of prolonged and industrious research extending far beyond the ordinary channels of investigation. Like Mr. Buell's work, also, it deals with the personal rather than the political side, is by a hearty sympathizer, and finds its justification in the necessity of dissipating the fog of tradition that has been closing in upon these giants of the past. Whether or no the author's apprehensions in this respect are altogether well grounded we must agree that both Mr. Buell and Mr. Rogers contribute materially to a clearer appreciation of Jackson and Clay; and this albeit each in his loyalty to his hero fails to do full justice to that hero's adversaries—a striking illustration of which defect is seen in Mr. Buell's estimate of Clay and Mr. Rogers' treatment of Jackson. Neither Mr. Buell nor Mr. Rogers, however, closes his eyes to weakness, fault or foible, frankness and penetrating judgment being characteristic of the work of each so far as concerns the chief *dramatis persona*.

In some respects a close parallel may be drawn between Jackson and Clay. Both were intensely patriotic; both essentially products of the West; both represented the growing spirit of nationality; both high of passion and quick to action; both beloved of their countrymen to the point of idolization. But while the one reaped for his services to his native land the highest reward it were possible to obtain, the other, seeking that reward with tireless insistence, was doomed to repeated disappointment. That Henry Clay, brilliant, lovable Harry of the West, should never have been President is one of the surprising phenomena of Ameri-

can political history. Seldom have American statesmen exerted such a direct personal influence as did Henry Clay. The war of 1812 was, as has been claimed, and as Mr. Rogers insists, more Henry Clay's war than that of any other individual; the "American system" of internal improvements and high protection was largely Henry Clay's system; the three great "compromises" that averted civil war until the nation was prepared to grapple with rebellion were in no small measure the work of Henry Clay. Under the charm of his oratory men sank their differences and worked together for a common end. And thus it came about that the mere announcement that he had entered the presidential lists roused unheard of enthusiasm, his progress through the country was a succession of triumphs, yet thrice a candidate, he thrice failed of election. The news of his defeat became a signal for national mourning, strong men raged or wept with a sense of personal loss—yet he was always defeated. "The history of Henry Clay's presidential aspirations and defeats," Parton has said, "is little more than the history of a personal feud." But such a generalization is painfully superficial. It is idle to point to Jackson as the *deus ex machina*. To Clay himself, to his record, his personality, we should rather look; and, looking with Mr. Rogers, what do we find?

Readers of Mr. Buell's pages will recollect that he summed up Andrew Jackson as a "character of antitheses." Mr. Rogers arrives at an identical conclusion in respect to Henry Clay. But the fundamental elements determining the quality of Jackson and Clay were strangely dissimilar. The former was first, last and always a man of iron, cleaving tenaciously to the course he had marked out for himself; the latter, save in his master passion of patriotism, was too often inconstant and inconsistent. In a sense he may be looked upon as the father of political opportunism in this country; but he fathered opportunism at a time when it was impossible to win for it a place in popular esteem, and as a consequence paid the penalty for the mistrust with which it was regarded. To make matters worse, from the

*THE TRUE HENRY CLAY. By Joseph M. Rogers. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$2.00.

standpoint of his presidential ambition, he frequently deemed right and expedient that which was wrong and inexpedient. Out of this has grown the charge of a former biographer: that, with the possible exception of the game of whist, Henry Clay could probe nothing to the bottom. Mr. Rogers, however, appears to have grasped Clay's genius more closely. "While physically and mentally," he writes, "Clay was a great, strong man, temperamentally he was constituted

without loss of prestige or principle, he was adamant; when he should have been firm, he relented, hesitated, and was lost. This characteristic was congenital, beyond his control. He had courage, and often braved public opinion, but, unfortunately, in politics he could lay but not follow a direct course."

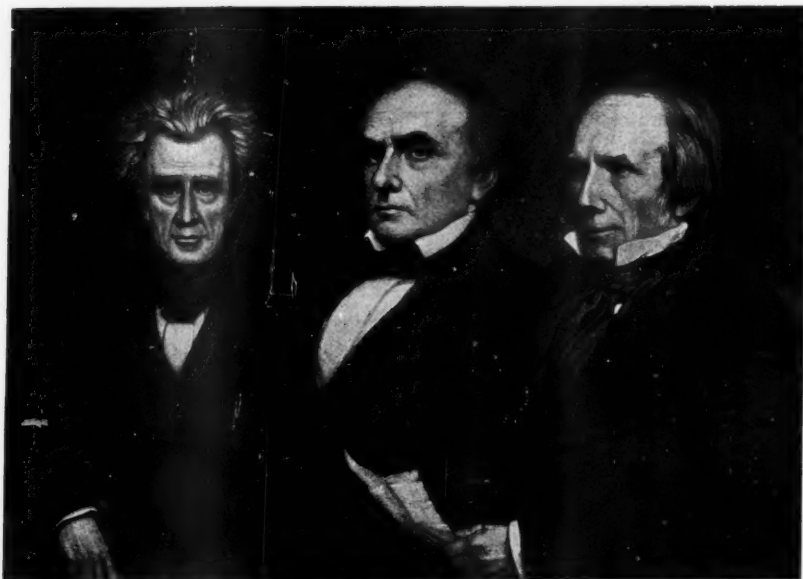
Bearing in mind this "psychological infirmity," it is easy to understand much in Henry Clay's career that would otherwise



MRS. HENRY CLAY

like a woman. His instincts were, as a rule, unerring; his second thoughts were apt to be wrong. As soon as he begun to argue with himself, consult personal or other interests, he became mentally and morally befogged. When he began to doubt, he was lost. Like a woman, he was warm-hearted, impulsive, self-sacrificing. As a man, he was deficient in that fundamental determination which is the mainstay of great character. When he might have given way

be puzzling. His temporizing, his opportunism, his inability to perceive himself in the wrong, become plain. Yet another factor contributing to his "mental and moral befogging" was his oratorical ability. On this as a cause of weakness, Mr. Rogers does not lay sufficient stress. The magic of Clay's voice cast a spell that, moving his hearers almost to adoration, provoked in him a sense of infallibility, inspired an exaggerated self-confidence and a reprehensible daring.



JACKSON, WEBSTER AND CLAY

Thence grew the tendency to shape his political programs as he alone saw fit. A party man, he stood outside his party, but lacked the fixity of mind essential alike to party leadership and to successful, self-vindicating independence. Clay's outburst when word was brought to him that Harrison had been nominated, "If there were two Henry Clays, one of them would make the other President of the United States," gives what his biographer aptly terms the best psychological analysis of his character. But it was an unconscious analysis, for Clay never fully realized his own limitations. Of his power and ability he was only too conscious, as of his popularity, which he undoubtedly cultivated assiduously; but it is unfair to assume, as some have done, that in the cultivation he played the hypocrite's part.

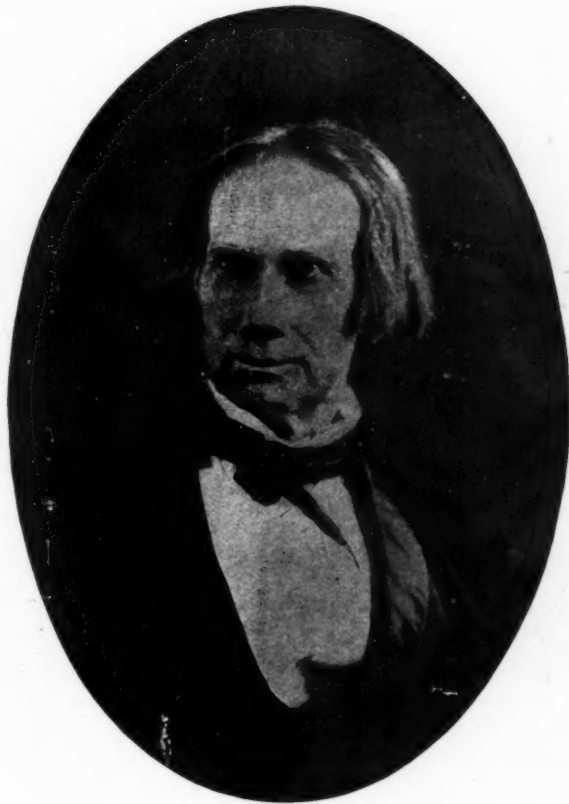
Clay never was a hypocrite. Whatever his defects, he was a man of honor, a gentleman in the highest meaning of the term. The personification of dignity, courtesy and politeness, one may readily accept Mr. Rogers' statement that his politeness was so genuine as to meet the requirements of its definition, benevolence in small things. On the other hand, it is equally true that he was vain and imperious, brooking no opposition, and in the heat of debate stooping to personalities that in his cooler moments he deeply

regretted. This weakness afforded a vulnerable spot to his opponents, as did his careless, free-and-easy manner of living. Clay was decidedly not an anchorite, but the frequently repeated charges that he was a gambler, drunkard and libertine may be safely ascribed to the rancor of political animosity. The best answer to the assertion that Clay grossly dissipated is made by Mr. Rogers when he points out that "at far past seventy, he was the leader of the greatest deliberative assembly that ever sat in America." Measured by present-day standards there can be little question that Henry Clay had serious failings, but such as they were they far from warrant the slanders of his enemies. The anecdotes that have been handed down to us bear eloquent testimony to his sterling worth. Of these anecdotes Mr. Rogers has assembled a goodly sheaf, containing much that will be new to admirers of the illustrious Kentuckian. One, related to the author by an aged negro barber at the old Phoenix Hotel, the social and political center of the Lexington of Clay's day, deserves citation as embodying a vivid delineation of qualities that won for the great commoner so large a place in the hearts of his countrymen:

"One time Marse Clay he very ole man, an' he come in the Phœnix, an' young man

have to help him, 'caze he no longer biggety lak he uster be, an' he cough terrible. He set down for shave, an' I feelin' mighty po'ly dat day. He ax me if I doan' think he gittin' ole, an' I say, 'No. Marse Clay, you jes' lookin' like er two-year-ole.' He say, 'Henry, you bad liar. I go an' sell you down de ribber, 'caze you bad liar.' I ain' sayin' nothin', 'caze I feelin' mighty bad, an' I shave 'im, but my han' trimble an'

he rise up in de cheer, an' say in that soft voice o' his'n, 'Henry, what ail you all dis' ebenin'? You ain' nebber cut me 'fore.' Den I tells 'im. My boy Joel, 'at was body-serv'nt to one o' young Marse Henry Clay's ossifers enduin' o' the Mexan War, be in trubble. One o' Marse Preston's bad niggers an' Joel gits in a mix-up, an' he goin' kill my Joel; but Joel, he cut 'im with a knife, an' Marse Preston put Joel in de jail an' say he



HENRY CLAY

From a daguerreotype taken in 1847

fust thing I know I scratch 'im. Yassir. I scratch 'im I ain' never done that afore, but I feelin' bad, an' cyan't hol' de razor straight. Marse Clay he look at me mighty cu'ous outen them catamount eyes o' his'n, but he ain' say nothin'. I feel so bad 'at I scratch 'im agane, an' den seems ter me he gwine rise up an' kill me; but he ain' sayin' nothin', 'twel I scratch 'im once mo', an' den

goin' sell 'im down to New Yorleens an' I ain' goin' see him no mo'. My boy Joel, he good boy, but no nigger musn' trifle wid 'im, nor sass 'im, nor tell 'im he ole father nuthin' but babboon. I tell'n Marse Clay dis, an' he gettin' madder all de time, 'caze Joel he hep cyarry young Marse Clay offen de fiel' at Beyuna Visty when he get kill in de war, an' he an' yuther nigger fetch 'im offen de

fiel' when de Mexans tryin' kill eberbody, an' my Joel he get hit, too, only not bad. Since then Marse Clay he always like Joel, an' always asken me abouten 'im. Den w'en I tell about Joel, Marse Clay he rise right up in de cheer, an' say, 'Gimme my cane!' he say, 'Gimme my cane!' an' he voice sound like de roarin' ob de lion. I say, 'Hole on, Marse Clay, I ain' more'n half shave you yit,' an' he yell out once mo', 'Gimme my cane!' an' de young man w'ats wid 'im, brung 'im de cane, an' he go out de do', an' I tink, 'Lawd-amassey, what on de yearth a-comin' now.' Bimeby back come Marse Clay an' Marse Preston, an' Marse Clay he say, 'You tell 'im,

cacy of a protective tariff system, in his fight for the bank he was building for the future far better than he knew; building for the future even in his dalliance with slavery, dalliance that personally cost him so dear. And, great as was his ambition his patriotism was greater. Time and again he subordinated self to love of country; time and again raised his voice in behalf of the Union of which he was so proud. "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of the Union will furnish him the key." The curtain was making ready to descend upon his long career as these words were uttered,



ASHLAND AS IT WAS IN HENRY CLAY'S TIME

he say, 'you tell 'im you ain' goin' sell Joel. Dat boy carried my boy off de battle-fiel' when he daid,' an' den Marse Clay, de tears come in he eyes, an' Marse Preston say he ain' goin' sell my Joel, only he mus'n't cut no mo' niggers. Den Marse Clay he sit down an' I finish shavin' 'im, an' I ain' cut 'im no mo', an' w'en Marse Clay go he gimme a dollar, an' I ain' nebber shave 'im no mo' 'caze he soon goin' Washin'ton an' die."

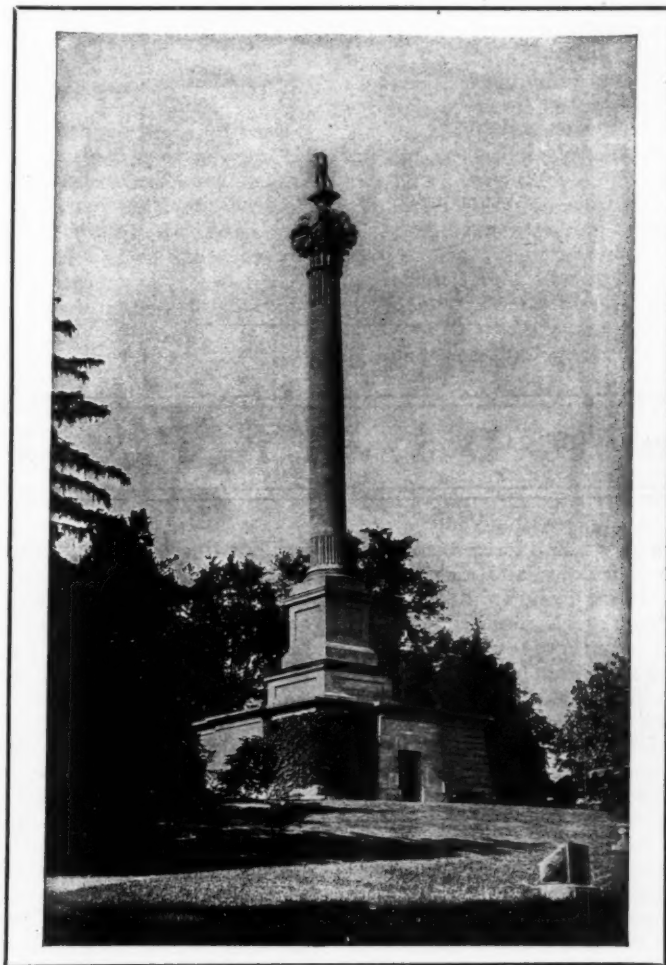
In the light of the sober facts of history Henry Clay must be recognized as one of the founders of the United States we know today. In his championship of the extension of transportation facilities, in his advo-

but they fittingly apply to that which was noblest in his earlier endeavor. One may question the wisdom of the policies he adopted, but one cannot question his patriotism.

Accepting as authoritative the pictures Mr. Rogers has given us, it must nevertheless be deemed sadly deficient as a work of art. In deploying the facts of the personality and career of Clay it is greatly to be regretted that he has not exercised the pains manifest in his garnering of illuminative material. His text is burdened with repetitions, due in large measure to his topical treatment, but marring the perspective,

his diction is awkward at times to the point of crudeness, and he is not always careful to express himself in terms precluding misap-

prominence to the blemishes that a little care would readily have obviated. Doubtless another edition will be called for, and it



HENRY CLAY'S MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON

prehension of his meaning. The philosophic insight which he displays, and which makes his work of such real value, gives added

is to be hoped that in the interim a thorough revision will be made.

H. Addington Bruce

To the Men of Port Arthur

Holders of harbor and hill,
 You, the heroes that fell,
 Now when the guns are still
 Hark to the world's farewell!

Fair be your fame who fought
 A fight men knew to be vain!
 Right or wrong means nought
 Here where the brave lie slain.

Just?—was the cause not just?
 How could you know? Let be!

Here is true Russian dust
 Laid by the Eastern sea.

Now in your shattered hold,
 Where the pit like a shambles reeks,
 Wide upon wings of gold
 Hear how the silence speaks.

Long by harbor and hill
 Men of your deeds shall tell—
 Men that have wished you ill,
 And men that have wished you well.
Laurence Housman, in the Spectator.

T h e ✱ D i v i n e ✱ F i r e

THERE is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and most writers wisely keep away from the edge. Real literary courage is required to select as a hero a young poet who drops his "h's," lives in a third-rate London boarding-house, and sells second-hand books. To take this "dissipated little cockney," whose unregulated imagination has already led him to drink and bad company, to demonstrate in him the "divine fire" of genius, to kindle an even nobler flame of honor in his soul; to lead him through hard and yet beautiful ways up to the fulness of his possibilities and powers, and to leave him secure in the admiration and respect of the reader, is to have done a very remarkable piece of writing* upon which Miss Sinclair is to be sincerely congratulated. Keith Savage Rickman is as interesting a hero as any English novelist has given us for years; the proof of which is that we follow him through five hundred and ninety-seven pages, and like him better all the while. Not that he himself pretends to be a hero at all—that is the engaging part of it. From out his dropped "h's" and his humiliating love-affairs, his debts, his garret, his blunders and sacrifices and sufferings, all so near the

perilous line of the ridiculous, the true nobility of the poet and the man emerge slowly but convincingly. The "preposterous charm" which journalist and fine lady, boarding-house keeper and fellow-clerk alike found in "Ricky-ticky," the reader finds, too.

The second-hand department of his father's big bookshop, where Rickman is first introduced to us, is not a pleasant place. The whole shop, which he calls "a Gin Palace of Art," is a prison to his young soul. Educated at Oxford through the advice of one of his father's rich patrons, Sir Joseph Harden, yet unable to get away from the accent and conditions of cheap cockneyism, he is rightly hit off by the "Junior Journalists," who discover him and ask him to their clubroom.

"S. K. R.? Who is he? What is he?" said Mackinnon.

"Ask Jewdwine," said Stables. "He's Jewdwine's man."

"Excuse me," said Maddox, "he is *mine*. I say, Jewdwine, what *is* he like?"

"Jewdwine did not respond very eagerly; he wanted to get on with his letter. But the club had an unwritten law as to writing. If a majority of members desired to write, silence was vigorously insisted on. Any number short of a majority wrote as they

*THE DIVINE FIRE. By May Sinclair. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

could. For this unfortunate scribe there was no concession; he was in a majority of one.

"'If,' he said, 'you can imagine the soul of a young Sophocles, battling with that of a—of a junior journalist, in the body of a dissipated little Cockney—'

"'Can't,' said Stables. 'Haven't got enough imagination.'

"'The child of 'Ellas and of 'Ollywell Street—innocent of—er—the rough breathing,' suggested Maddox. 'I've seen him after supper. I dare say he might be a bit of a bounder when he's sober, but he's a perfect little gentleman when he's drunk. Softens him down, somehow.'

"'In vino veritas—a true gentleman at heart.'

"'One of Nature's gentlemen. I know e'm,' said Stables.

"'One of Art's gentlemen,' interposed Jewdwine, severely, 'and a very fine gentleman indeed, if you take him that way.'"

It is hard to tell which way to take Rickman at first. The trouble is that he does not know how to take himself. The difficulty, indeed, of finding himself among seven different sides of himself and an eighth Rickman produced by getting drunk is whimsically set forth. Yet Rickman really "was not often drunk, or at least not nearly as often as his friends supposed." Nor did he really find satisfying delight in the music-hall dancer, Poppy Grace. His craving imagination led him astray, and his hours of repentance and disgust did not make things any better. His "Saturnalia" were eagerly published by Maddox in the "Planet," but they were nothing to him. His tragedy "Helen in Leuce" was high and pure and indifferent. That he showed only to Jewdwine, whose high breeding, scholarship, unspotted character and critical faculty he revered and adored. Jewdwine certainly looks like the hero at this stage, and Rickman seems of baser clay.

But Jewdwine takes the tragedy into the country, on his vacation, and gives it to Lucia Harden, the lady of Court House, the granddaughter of Sir Joseph, to read; and Lucia, who comes of ten generations of scholars, and is lovely and lovable enough to be any poet's dream, recognizes the divine fire in it, though Jewdwine conceals the author's name from her, because Rickman is such an impossible person that he does not

think she ought ever to meet him. Nevertheless, Fate thinks otherwise; the great Harden library is to be catalogued (Lucia's spendthrift father having arranged to raise money on it, though she does not suspect it), and Rickman is sent down by his father to do it. Lucia, delicately desirous, above all things, to put people at their ease, only succeeds in plunging the young poet in endless embarrassments. He is there under false pretenses—a buyer's agent, in reality; he cannot keep himself from calling Homer "omer" to his horror and disgrace; he does not know what to do with his hands or his feet, or a cup of tea; and yet he thirstily appreciates the exquisite refinement and goodness of Lucia, and is head over heels in love with her from the first. At the touch of love the crystallization of his ideals of honor begins; and like George Sand with "Mauprat" the line of ascent commences. But "Mauprat" is romantic; here we have realism instead, and the comments of that most vivacious and delightful person, Miss Kitty Palliser, Lucia's intimate, who comes upon her in the drawing-room after she has been reading the manuscript of "Helen in Leuce" over again:

"'What's up?' said Kitty.

"'Kitty, that little man in there—he's written the most beautiful play. It's so terribly sad.'

"'What, the play?'

"'No, the little man. It's a classic, Kitty. It'll live.'

"'Then I'm sure you needn't pity him. Let's have a look at the thing.' Miss Palliser dipped into the manuscript, and was lost.

"'By Jove!' she said. 'It does look ripping! Where does the sadness come in?'

"'He thinks he'll never write another.'

"'Well, perhaps, he won't.'

"'He will—think of it—he's a genius, the real thing, this time. Only—he has to stand behind a counter, and make catalogues.'

Miss Palliser meditated. 'Does he—does he by any chance drop his aitches?'

"'Kitty, he *does*.'

"'Then Lucy, dear child, beware, beware, his flashing eyes, his floating hair—'

"'Don't. That little man is on my mind.'

"'I shouldn't let him stop there too long, if I were you.'

"'I must do something for him, and I must do it now. What *can* I do?'

"'Not much, I imagine.'

"I—I think I'll ask him to dinner."

"I wouldn't. You said he drops his aitches. Weave," said Miss Palliser, "a circle round him thrice, and close your eyes with holy dread, but whatever you do, don't ask him to dinner."

"Why not?"

"Because ten to one it would make him most horribly uncomfortable. Not that that mattett so much. But wouldn't the faithful Robert [the footman] think it a little odd?"

"Robert is too faithful to think anything at all."

"I'm not so sure of that. Personally, I wish you *would* ask him to dinner. I seem to foresee a certain amount of amusing incident."

"Well, I don't think I will ask him—to dinner. Perhaps he would enjoy it. But as I've got to talk over his play with him, I should like to ask him to something."

"Ask him to coffee afterwards."

"Coffee seems hardly enough."

"It depends. Serve it festively,—on a table, and pour it out yourself. Offer him strange and bewitching forms of food. Comfort him with—with angel cake—and savoury sandwiches and bread and butter."

"I see—a sort of compromise."

"Exactly. Society, my child, is based on compromise."

"Very well, then, I'll write him a note."

"She wrote it, and sent Robert with it to the library."

"I suppose," she said, "it's about time to dress for dinner."

"Don't make yourself too pretty, dear."

Lucia looked back through the doorway.

"I shall make myself as pretty as ever I can. He has had nothing but ugly things to look at all his life."

"Miss Palliser apostrophized the departing figure of her friend."

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy, what an angelic little fool you *are!*"

But to Lucia the gulf between seems too impassable for the thought of love even to enter her mind. Nor does Rickman dream of the audacity of making love to his goddess. What is more to the purpose, he does not dare at first to confess to her in what capacity he is doing the cataloguing of the great library. But honor wakes and stirs in him, and the evolution of the man as well as the poet begins. The entanglements of the li-

brary commence. Lucia's father dies bankrupt; Rickman's father gets the books for a fourth of their value through the money-lender; and his son, plunging into the lists like a true knight to redress his lady's wrong, is disinherited, misunderstood by Lucia, and too sensitively proud to explain. The world of enchantment drops from around him, and he goes back to Mrs. Downey's boarding-house, and to the sordidness of life. But life, for Rickman, must be clean and honorable henceforth. He adds "The Song of Confession" and "On Harmouth Hill" to the "Saturnalia," and Jewdwine and Maddox find a difference in him, as Maddox tells him on a tramp to Hampstead Heath.

"Above them heaven seemed to hang low, bringing its stars nearer. A few clouds drifted across it, drenched in the blue of the night behind them, a grey-blue, watery and opaque. Below, sunk in a night greyer and teemer, were the lights of London. The ridge they stood on was like the rampart of another world hung between the stars which are the lights of poets and the lights which are the stars of men. Under the stars Maddox chanted softly the last verses of the 'Song of Confession' that Rickman had made.

"Oh, Ricky-ticky," he said, "you know everything. How do you know it?"

"Because I've been there."

"But—you didn't stay."

"No—no. I didn't stay. I couldn't."

"I'm still there. And for the life of me I see no way out. It is like going round in the underground railway—a vicious circle. Since you're given to confession—own up. Don't you ever want to get back there?"

"Not yet. My way won't take me back if I only stick to it."

"Under the stars he endeavored to account for his extraordinary choosing of the way."

"I've three reasons for keeping straight. To begin with, I've got a conviction that I'll write something great if I don't go to the devil first. Then, there's Horace Jewdwine."

"Maddox hardened his face. He had been told not to talk about Jewdwine, and he wasn't going to."

"If I go to the devil, he won't go with me. Say what you like, he's a saint compared to you and me. If he doesn't understand Songs of Confession, it's because he never had anything to confess. The third reason—if I go to the devil—no, I can't tell

you my third reason. It's also the reason why I wear my magnificent trousers. All the reasons amount to that. If I go to the devil, I can't wear these trousers. Never, Maddox, believe me, never again.'

"Maddox smiled, and, unlike Maddox, he said one thing and thought another.

"What he said was, 'Your trousers, Ricky-ticky, are of too heavenly a pattern for this wicked world. They are such stuff as dreams are made of and their little life——' He paused. What he thought was, 'Your way, Ricky-ticky, is deuced hard for the likes of me. But I'll go as far as I can with you, my son.'"

The way is a long one, and Jewdwine doesn't help. Jewdwine is an extremely well-drawn study of the prig who ends by degenerating into the time-server. It is Jewdwine who gives the novel its title through his revised proverb, "The burnt critic dreads the divine fire." Jewdwine patronizes the cockney poet, uses him skillfully as a contributor to the "Metropolis," refuses to recognize his genius publicly, suppresses deliberately the messages his cousin Lucia sends through him to the struggling writer, and finally transposes and misuses a couple of Rickman's critical reviews in such an abominable fashion to curry favor with a rich publisher and influential author that Rickman resigns his position as sub-editor. Honor comes in again in this determined action, for the poet, having already broken with Maddox and the rest through his loyalty to Jewdwine, has no resources left, yet will not tell them of Jewdwine's treachery. Meanwhile, Rickman's father has died, leaving his son not quite enough to redeem the Harden library and hand it back to Lucia, which he is determined to do. His struggle, even to starvation, to accomplish this is one of the finest parts of the story.

"His attitude to honor had in a manner changed. Eight years ago, it had seemed to him the fantastic child of a preference for common honesty, coupled with a preposterous passion for Lucia Harden. He had indulged it as a man indulges the creature of fantasy and caprice, and had felt that he was thrusting a personal infatuation into a moral region where such extravagances are unknown. It belonged rather to the realm of imagination, being essentially a

poet's honor, a winged and lyric creature, a creature altogether too radiant and winged to do battle with the great material world, a thing as embarrassing and indomitable as his genius; a very embarrassing companion for a young journalist in his first start in life. And now he had grown so used to it that it seemed to him no longer mysterious and fantastic; obedience to it was as simple as the following of a natural impulse, a thing in no way conspicuous and superb. It was the men who knew nothing of such leadership who seemed to him separated from the order of the world. But to the friends who watched him, Rickman's honor had been always an amazing spectacle. Like another genius, it had taken possession of him, and led him through what Jewdwine had called the slough of journalism, so that he went with fine, fastidious feet, choosing the clean places in the difficult way. Like another genius, it had lured him, laughing and reckless, along paths perilous and impassable to other men. How glad he had been to follow that bright-eyed, impetuous leader."

Perhaps the hardest place poor Ricky-ticky gets into, harder even than his hunger-stricken garret, is his engagement to Flossie Walker, when he despairs of ever meeting Lucia again. Like every other inmate of Mrs. Downey's boarding-house, Flossie is drawn to the life. With her invincible propriety, her views on style, her anxiety to get away from her work at the bank, her entire willingness to marry anybody who has four hundred pounds a year, her thoroughly practical way of looking at everything, her plump and ensnaring beauty, Flossie is both exasperating and pathetic in her bewilderingly unsuitable position as a poet's love. Fanny Brawne and Keats come naturally to mind. But Keats had no forgotten Lucia to complicate matters. How all the complications are unwound at last the reader must find out for himself, and he will have a good time doing it. A more readable novel than "The Divine Fire," in spite of its length, would be hard to find in recent fiction. It has unflagging humor, knowledge of the world, social and literary, a large and well-handled plan, and a sound moral, in spite of its rather overdone and unnecessary insistence upon the frailties of its hero. It comes near being a great book, and it rouses hopes that its author may do better yet next time.

Priscilla Leonard.

Science and Invention

Radio-Activity

As radio-activity was one of the subjects most prominent in the scientific world during 1904, we cannot do better than give the following summary of the year's investigations from the "Scientific American" of January 7.

Although considerable experimenting has been done with the radium group of minerals, it can hardly be said that the year's investigations have added much to our knowledge of the cause of radio-activity. Not a little speculating has been done as to the origin of the radium emanations, some of it mildly amusing, and some of real value. Professor Rutherford, who has probably been the most indefatigable radium investigator of the year, if one may judge by the frequency of his contributions to the scientific press, has published a most plausible theory of the hypothetical disintegration of the radium atom, and reinforced his assertions by experimental proof, wherever that has been possible. Many of the physicists who have been working in the field have so far extended their researches that many of the substances of common life may be considered sources of rays. Notable among these men is Simpson, who has made very valuable tests of atmospheric radio-activity at high altitudes. Tommasina, too, has attracted not a little attention to himself by his discovery of the so-called "pyro" rays, given off by red-hot metal wires. These "pyro" rays bear a striking similarity to the radium emanations and, like them, may be classified into the well-known alpha, beta and gamma rays.

No doubt the most puzzling physical work of the year was that carried out by Professor Blondlot in endeavoring to convince a doubting scientific world of the existence of his N-rays. The controversy which has raged over the problematic manifestations of Welsbach burners, Nernst lamps, flint, vibrating sonorous bodies, and even such ordinary things as paper, is not likely to be settled until Blondlot consents to work with some skeptical opponent in the now famous Nancy laboratory where the rays were first discovered. Charpentier, who has assiduously advocated the existence of the N-rays, has outdone, from the standpoint of sensationalism, anything that Blondlot himself has announced. He has proclaimed in no less an organ than the staid *Comptes Rendus* that the nervous system of the living organism can be mapped out by means of a fluorescent screen, because the nerves have the peculiar property of rendering the N-rays unusually luminous. That it should thus be possible to measure the force of muscular contraction, to note the activity of the brain, and, indeed, to trace by substances rendered phosphorescent, the general arrangement of nerves in the human system, seems an extraordinary feat.

Prof. Wood of Johns Hopkins University has

made probably the most thorough inquiry into the subject, and has come to the conclusion that even the photographic proof offered by Blondlot must be rejected, because the exposures were not timed with scientific accuracy. It must be confessed, however, that Prof. Blondlot, according to information he has supplied to the editor of this journal, has repeated his photographic experiments with instruments more precise than those which Prof. Wood has so justly objected to, with the result that in his opinion the existence of the N-rays is more firmly established than ever. Although we have ourselves been inclined to give Prof. Blondlot the benefit of the considerable doubt there is in this matter, because of the unusual skill in observation that seems necessary, still we must confess that the N-rays must be studied with more exact means than those adopted by Blondlot, before they can take their place with radium, thorium, and pyro rays as new discoveries. In Great Britain and Germany, the existence of these doubtful N-rays is boldly denied. At the University of Glasgow seven skilled observers were unable to note any of the characteristic phenomena of the rays. In Germany, Prof. Lummer has ingeniously shown that many of the N-ray experiments can be imitated without employing any of the means prescribed by Blondlot, and that the effects observed may be referred to processes taking place in the eye itself. On the whole, the best that we can do is to place a question mark beside the N-rays and hope that the coming year may end a debate over which too much ink has been spilled.

Aerial Navigation

It is not too late in the year to offer a record of the achievements in 1904 in aerial navigation, so that we can keep track of similar work during 1905. The following summary is taken from the same admirable retrospect as the excerpt given above:

In that most fascinating and difficult field of experiment, aerial navigation, there has been much activity, but very few results of a satisfactory nature; that is to say, results that would lead us to regard the practical commercial airship or aeroplane as a possibility of the near future. Dr. Barton, whose aeroplane balloon is one of the largest and most powerful yet constructed, suffered from an accident which seems to have prevented him from putting his airship to the test. Santos-Dumont, who entered his latest machine for the contests at the St. Louis Fair, was the victim of treachery at the hands of some unknown person at St. Louis, and carried his mutilated airship back to Europe in disgust. Perhaps the most persistently active of all the airship inventors is Lebaudy, who, with his new machine, No. 2, has made already some fifty ascents. To him is due the credit of having

accomplished the longest continuous trip on record. The much-advertised airship contests at St. Louis proved to be a miserable fiasco. In view of the results it cannot be denied that the management, in placing a speed limit of not less than 20 miles an hour upon competitors, was guilty of a grave mistake; for it was certain beforehand that, in the present state of the art, no machine could be built with a reasonable expectation of complying with such a restriction. The only really creditable work done at St. Louis was the successful flights made by the Baldwin machine. Of the aeroplane we have heard comparatively little during the year. Baden-Powell has continued his gliding experiments, and is gathering much useful data for future work. The Wright Brothers, in this country, who in 1903 made the first successful flight with an aeroplane, self-propelled and carrying its operator, have recently made a flight, the particulars of which have not been given to the public. Mention should be made in this connection of the successful experiments made by the French and Italians with what are known on the Continent as *ballons sondes*. These are small balloons furnished with self-registering meteorological instruments—barometers, thermometers, etc.—which are set free and rise to enormous heights. They contain a notice to the finder that on their being returned to the sender a specified reward will be given.

Electro-mechanical Wireless Telegraph

"Electricity" for January 11 gives an account of a method of sending wireless telegraphic messages to a given station to the exclusion of all others. The importance of this can scarcely be overrated when the secrecy of a message is at stake, as is often the case in war, diplomacy and commerce.

A new European system for the wireless transmission of intelligence was recently tried by the Board of Wireless Telegraphy at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and the results obtained were highly interesting.

The system in question is the invention of Mr. Anders Bull, of Copenhagen, Denmark, and differs in every respect from those that have been previously invented, inasmuch as the Marconi, Slaby-Arco, Braun and Fessenden systems depend upon electrical resonance for their selective qualities, while the Bull system utilizes the ordinary non-sintonized sending and receiving ap-

paratus in combination with electro-mechanism to produce these effects.

There is, it should be borne in mind, a great difference between a "selective" system and one that is "non-interfering." A selective apparatus implies that a message sent from a given station may be received by anyone of a number of receivers to the exclusion of all others, while a non-interfering system is one that is not affected by electric waves radiated from any other one or a number of other transmitters.

Practically there is such a thing as a selective wireless telegraph system, but there is no such thing, except in theory, as a non-interfering system of wireless transmission. While in the present state of the art it is impossible to prevent interference, it is often a great convenience to send a message to a certain given station to the exclusion of all others, and this the Bull system does.

The broad general principles incorporated by Bull in his electro-mechanical methods are: First of all, the transmitter and receiver are: neither tuned individually nor syntonized collectively. Any kind of a wireless telegraph system may be employed for the purpose of generating and indicating the waves. The Bull apparatus is an auxiliary feature that, when added to any kind of a transmitter and a receiver, becomes an inherent part of it, performing certain well-defined functions, and thereby rendering it selective in its performance.

The apparatus proper consists of a "dispenser" and a "collector," as the sending and receiving devices are called, the purpose of the first being to send out a series of pre-arranged wave impulses, and the second to convert these into current impulses. This is done by having two disks, one at either end, rotate in synchronism with each other; each of these disks have contacts that are brought to bear on a number of straight steel springs at predetermined intervals, so that if three series of waves are emitted in a second, these on reaching the receiver will act on the steel springs in the same period of time, and thus close the circuit of the relay, whereas any other series will have no effect whatever.

In the tests just concluded at the Brooklyn Navy Yard the apparatus operated admirably and proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt that wireless telegraph messages may be sent selectively by the adoption of the Bull system. It is the first time on record that selective messages have ever been actually accomplished in America.



Educational Questions of the Day

The Use of Myth with Children

In an article of excellent quality in "Education" for January Grace Rossman Boone advocates the use of myths as the subjects for stories for children. Of course, certain strait-laced persons will lift their eyebrows at the suggestion, and, after reading a lecture upon the absolute necessity of telling children nothing but rigid truth, turn quietly to the latest novel with a "problem." It is long since we have seen so sensible a discussion of the question of books for children, and we recommend the article to all parents and teachers, confessing that we were brought up on the very pabulum here advocated—a fact the aforesaid strait-laced ones would say accounted for our opinion. However, let the author speak:

"It is the books we read before middle life that do most to mould our characters and influence our lives;" and quite as true is it, that upon the kind of story told to children depends largely their later taste in literature and art. Mothers and teachers sometimes do not realize that children who are given weak, tawdry stories and senseless, jangling verse during the formative period of childhood cannot, at the age of ten or twelve years, suddenly develop a healthy taste for the best and noblest things, any more than the children brought up on sweets and desserts can take a healthy delight in the vigorous games and sports of a normal child.

Within the last decade hundreds of writers of children's stories and verses have come before the public; some of them doing solid intelligent work, bringing the old myths and legends and historical romances within the grasp of children; but the greater part of them only help to swell the "overwhelming flood of trash," with which our book shops are deluged. And when one thinks of the thousands of busy mothers and inexperienced teachers turned adrift on such a sea of worthless books, perhaps not seriously impressed with how grave a duty is this selection of intellectual meat for their little folk, one feels impelled to urge with all earnestness the use of the old stories and myths that have come down to us through the centuries; simple, grand old songs, interpretative of the beautiful and useful in nature, of the high and noble impulses of the heart, and of the right in human intercourse.

In enumerating many myths and legends connected with natural objects and personages famous in ancient history, the author shows how vast an interest can be excited by the stories, and concludes thus:

To use a myth primarily for a reading or lan-

guage lesson would not be very purposeful. The most important use of myths at any time is to furnish thought food for that particular period of the child's development. These poems and songs of early civilizations have many advantages over the modern stories written for children.

The Play Movement in Germany

This country is great in athletics, but it may be questioned whether it is great in play. The scholars and students of our educational institutions are devoted to the doings of their "teams," and love nothing so much as to watch and to cheer the exploits of the chosen few. Thus play has become the business of the few and "loafing around" the bane of the many. A visit to the rivers and cricket grounds of Oxford and Cambridge, the playing fields of Eton, Harrow and Rugby, the common in many a country village in England, would be a revelation to many. England is great at play. Germany has awakened to the importance of this element of education without which "Jack becomes a dull boy." Henry S. Curtis, in the "Chautauquan" for January, gives an account of the movement in Germany for the introduction of play into German schools:

A royal commission was sent to England to observe the sports of the boys in the English public schools and the plays of the people in the parks and playgrounds. This commission spent several weeks in visiting schools and playgrounds. On its return to Germany it published a report in which the English games and the English encouragement of games was spoken of in the highest terms, and a number were recommended for introduction into Germany. Through the assistance of the emperor and the minister of education, this report was officially circulated throughout the empire, and the play movement was launched on a high tide of official approval. Within four years after this, there is a record of more than four hundred playgrounds being established. Play leaders, who were required to have accurate knowledge of the growth of the heart and other vital organs and to be trained educators, were placed in charge. These leaders are on duty on the Wednesday and Saturday half holidays and after school every day.

The English commission was in part a cause and in part a result of an interest in play that is based on profound physiological and sociological considerations. The congresses of hygiene that have been held in Germany of recent years have emphasized the necessity of abundant exercise in the

open air in order to maintain health and to ward off disease.

The congresses on tuberculosis have had a still greater influence, for they have emphasized the germicidal value of sunlight, and the tonic value of fresh air to the lungs and the general system, and have proclaimed that life in the open air is the best preventive and cure of consumption. Then it became evident, too, that the English athletic field filled nearly the same place in English life that the beer garden did in German life, and that it was much better to play than to drink. Play not merely prevents drinking by providing a strong, competing interest, but it makes strong the constitution so that the drinking indulged in is less injurious.

Perhaps the most successful of all the methods used to excite interest in the subject has been the play congresses, of which there have been five. They have been held in different cities, and have called together from all parts of Germany men who are interested in play. They have included among their speakers, sociologists, physical trainers, physicians, and prominent educators.

One can only hope that when play becomes the subject of a congress it will not cease to be play. It is to be feared that with so much supervision and science play will become duty, like the grammar lesson; and then we shall have to remodel one of the European sayings. It has long been a reproach that "the English take their pleasures sadly." We may have to substitute "Germans" for the island race which sets so good an example in play.

The Private School

So much is said invidiously about private schools that the following excerpt is well worth attention. It is taken from a portion of an article by Arthur Gilman, principal of the Cambridge School, reproduced with permission by the "School Journal."

If we examine the reasons why parents send their children to private schools we cannot fail to see the great opportunities that the other schools would gladly have, if they could, but which seems quite beyond their grasp. A manager of a school agency quoted in a journal devoted to the interests of public schools, says that "the ideal of the public school is scholarship, and of the private school, culture, which covers scholarship, manners, and uprightness of conduct." Another gives it as his opinion from experience with many persons seeking teachers, that private schools are

much more careful in choosing teachers and demand much more of them than public schools do, or can. The average member of a school committee has not been trained to select teachers. He is able to set examination papers, or to have them set, but there is much more necessary, much that no examination paper can reveal, and it is something that cannot be produced in court or given in evidence when reasons are demanded. A Massachusetts teacher came to me seeking employment in a private school. She said that she taught in "the ninth grade," in a school near by, had some thirty pupils under her and was obliged to give instruction in all the subjects that they had. Poor private schools may in some cases have large classes, and they may ask a teacher to conduct classes in more subjects than one, but they certainly do not oblige her to spread herself over so many as this. It is of course beyond doubt that a teacher is stronger in one subject than in another, and that the best interests of the pupil demand that she should not be permitted to "teach" a subject that she is obliged to "get up" as she goes along. And yet, public school teachers have often told me that they are obliged to fit themselves in any new subject that the committee ordains shall be taught. Such teaching must be shallow and often false.

It has been held as an argument against the private school that it is an asylum for the dull, the maimed, and the halt, impossible of improvement in public schools, with a sprinkling of the rich and snobbish. If this were true, it would be an indictment of the public school; for these classes have as good a right as any children to the education provided at lavish expense by the tax-payers. If the public school cannot manage these, why can it not? If it cannot, why can the private school accomplish the feat? If the dull pupil is the test of the teacher, the public school that turns him over to the private school, must confess to failure. The cause for such failure is found in the reasons alleged for the prescribed course of study just mentioned. Every private school has brought to it, from time to time, pupils begging for admission, because, as the parent says, they have been labelled "dull" or "stupid" by the public school. It is often found that this diagnosis is not correct, that the pupil is merely badly taught, that large classes and lack of time have made it impossible for the teacher to open the child's mind. In the march of the large classes through the curriculum, the public school brigade is obliged to leave its weak and wounded on the field, until such time as some Red Cross knight from the private school passes that way and takes compassion on their forlorn condition. It is unnecessary to add that the genius is as likely to be left behind as the really dull.

Medical Questions of Popular Interest

The Art of Eating Properly.

* Eating is so necessary an art, and one which is so frequently practised by everyone, that it would be reasonable to suppose that there would be few who were not experts at it. Prof. Max Einhorn, M.D., of New York, thinks otherwise, and has written a paper, in the "Medical Record," in which he calls attention to some common errors in the way of performing this very necessary process. As there must be learned names for all matters affecting health, it may be well to say that the proper way of eating is called *euphagia*; the faulty way of eating too fast, *tachyphagia*; and the equally erroneous eating, too slowly, *bradyphagia*. The very names ought to alarm one sufficiently to insure attention to a correct mode of taking food. Dr. Einhorn says:

Eating, or partaking of food, is our principal means of sustaining life. Without this the organism cannot thrive, cannot gain in weight (grow), and can exist only a short while. During the time of total abstinence the body lives from its own substance, steadily losing in weight, and soon dies. It will therefore not be out of place to devote our attention to this subject.

In the animal kingdom, as well as also among uncivilized peoples, the obtaining and taking of food forms the principal occupation during life. The necessity of obtaining food has remained the same with civilized man, but the manner of partaking of it has been changed partially to his disadvantage. New interests have arisen, and the act of eating has been partially relegated to the background. Many busy persons scarcely take time to eat; they swallow hastily any kind of food without special selection, at times poorly prepared. The natural consequence of this is that under these conditions diseases of the digestive system develop frequently.

Like all natural processes, the partaking of food, if done in a correct manner, affords the body pleasure and satisfaction. For this purpose, however, the organism must be prepared by previous work and subsequent rest. Already in the Bible the following quotation is found: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." A similar proverb exists in the German language: "Arbeit macht das Leben süß" (Work sweetens life), which sentence naturally refers not only to eating, but to all functions of life. Granted, however, that work is necessary, yet it must not be in excess or lead to exhaustion, as in this condition the appetite usually disappears and digestion becomes sluggish.

Meals are best taken during those periods when the body is at rest. The time for taking food must not be too short. During the meal it

is better not to think of business, or serious, or, perhaps, even sad things. Our whole and undivided attention should be given to our meals. Pleasant company, light conversation, jokes, and stories add to the enjoyment of food.

It is generally known what a powerful influence the brain exerts over our digestive faculties. Great grief robs us of our appetite and may cause real disturbances of digestion. Pawlow has lately established the physiological importance of the mental state on digestion, having shown, for instance, that delicacies produce secretion of gastric juice as soon as they are perceived by the eye, even before they are eaten. The food must not only be palatable, but must be served in an attractive manner.

In eating we must take time to chew our food thoroughly. This serves a double purpose: (1) Through the act of mastication the coarser particles of food are broken up; (2) more saliva is secreted and is thoroughly mixed with the food. The digestion of starch is thus materially aided, and the proteids are made more easily accessible to the action of the gastric juice. Water should accompany each meal. It increases the appetite and enjoyment of food. It also serves a useful purpose when substances are taken into the mouth or even swallowed too hot. A mouthful of cold water will at once lower the temperature and obviate any danger of burning. After eating we should rest a little while before returning to our work.

Hasty eating is a common evil. The food is only half masticated, or not at all, and enters the stomach without being properly insalivated and comminuted. It is easily seen that thus the foundation for many a stomach or bowel ailment is laid. Several necessary factors are absent in too hasty eating, and the induced conditions often cause digestive disturbance.

In general, physicians will more often have to battle against too hasty eating, advocating a properly slow, or, more correctly, a rational mode of eating. This, however, may be, and, indeed, is overdone by some persons to their detriment. In such cases every morsel is masticated and remasticated, and before being swallowed is again chewed, and everything carefully tested with the tongue, whether it has been thoroughly comminuted. An abnormal fear and suspicion develops in this manner, and for such a person eating is a difficult task. The enjoyment and pleasure of eating are transformed into a doleful process, and thus frequently a smaller quantity of food is taken than usual. Not rarely it happens that the bolus remains in the pharynx or œsophagus, and refuses to budge. This variety of incorrect eating is not an organic affection, but results from the excitement and fear of eating. In these cases, in course of time, a chronic inanition develops, in consequence of which the patient gradually becomes weaker and occasionally dies. Persons suffering thus should be told to eat

more and more rapidly, and not to take too small bites or to chew too long. Fluids must be taken in larger quantities, the meals should be eaten at the common table with the rest of the family, and finished at the same time with the others.

Paper Milk-bottles

The purity and wholesomeness of milk as an article of family diet, and especially as the chief food of young children, is of supreme importance. It is, of course, very necessary that the source of the milk should be perfectly healthy, but it is equally necessary that the mode of delivering it to the consumer should be one that insures freedom from any contamination. The following account of a new receptacle which appears to accomplish this will therefore be of interest. "American Medicine" says:

The many disadvantages of the glass milk-bottle as now almost universally employed are well known. One of the most serious is the difficulty in securing proper cleansing before it is refilled, with the accompanying possibility of spreading infection. Efforts to secure improvement in this detail of milk service have hitherto been unsuccessful, mainly because of failure to obtain a satisfactory substitute. Recent investigations by Dr. A. H. Stewart, of the Bacteriologic Department, Philadelphia Bureau of Health, indicate that at last a very acceptable container has been found in what he designates a single service paper milk-bottle. It is made of heavy spruce wood fiber paper, conic in shape to facilitate nesting, and with an ingenious locking device to retain the bottom. An important feature of the bottle is its saturation with paraffin by being dipped in that substance at 212° F., and then baked. This sterilizes the bottle and prevents the milk coming in contact with the paper itself and adhering, as it does, to the glass bottle. For shipment, the bottles are packed in nests of twenty, three nests being sealed in a sterile bag; the lids are also put up in sterile packages. Bacteriologic tests with the sample bottles were exceedingly satisfactory, none were found to contain micro-organisms. Closed bottles were sent to several dairies near Philadelphia, a glass bottle and a paper bottle at each being filled from the same lot of milk. When received at the bureau, the glass bottles invariably showed slight leakage around the caps, the paper bottles did not. In every instance the milk in the paper bottle contained fewer bacteria than did that in the glass bottle, the average being a fourth as many as in the latter. Certified milk in the paper bottles kept sweet two days longer than that in glass bottles.

If these paper containers give such results in general use, the delivery of milk in cities bids fair to be revolutionized. They are light, tightly sealed, perfectly clean and sterile, and are to be used but once, thus doing away with all bottle washing in private houses and in milk depots. Their cost is such that they may be used without increasing the price of milk to the consumer. The subject is one that should at once be thoroughly investigated to determine if everyday use confirms these laboratory findings. If it does, a very great advance has been made. Further, with the use of this bottle, it appears that the very desirable accomplishment of bottling milk at the farm may be an achievement of the near future.

The Influence of Fatigue on Accidents

Everyone knows that both body and mind are less alert during fatigue than when we are in full physical vigor. A curious connection between the two states is noted in "American Medicine" for November 19, quoting from the "Literary Digest," and a cut is given "in which a continuous line represents the distribution into hourly totals of 2,065 accidents, of which 56,468 workmen were the victims in the Department L' of Herault, while a dotted line shows a similar distribution of 5,534 accidents that happened to 240,407 workmen in nine departments around Toulouse.

It is seen that the number of accidents increases progressively from hour to hour during the first half of the day; after the mid-day rest, in the first hours of the afternoon, the number is notably less than in the last hour of the morning. In the course of the second half-day, accidents become hourly more numerous; the maximum number of accidents hourly toward the end of the second half of the day is notably larger than the corresponding maximum for the morning. The statisticians say that although fatigue is the inevitable consequence of all expenditure of energy, and although we cannot do away with it unless we abolish work, we can prevent it from reaching the degree at which its influence in the production of accidents is injurious. It would seem that a diminution in the number of accidents would result from interposing, in the middle of each half-day, a rest, not so long as that of the noon hour, for the fatigue would then be less, but of a duration to be determined by divers considerations. This would only be applying to the mechanical labor of adults what has already been done for the mental work of children.

Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

Game without a Gun

The wonderful—for that is really the right word—the wonderful photographs of animals in their haunts which have appeared of late have given such an impetus to photography "in the field" that it will not be out of place in these columns to devote a little space to the experience of a successful camera hunter. Mr. James H. Miller has an article in "Field and Stream" for January, illustrated by some very successful specimens of what can be done by skill, tact and patience, and from it we take the following:

Camera hunting is instructive and fascinating in this day when so many of our song and game birds are being exterminated. How much greater the pleasure and satisfaction in obtaining a fine negative of a bird feeding her young than in wantonly taking her life! Moreover, in this sport there is no close season, no restriction as to what, when or where you shall hunt. Anything from a humming-bird to an eagle, a mouse to an elephant, is your legitimate game. Again, if you belong to the great army whose time is fully occupied for six days of the week, making it impossible to be afield during that time, you can go out of a Sunday with a camera, and not be classed with the heathen, as you are sure to be when carrying a gun.

It is not necessary to have an expensive outfit, for very good work can be done with an ordinary camera. Simply purchase one as good as your purse will allow. A long-focus camera is to be preferred, one with a lens of ten or twelve-inch focus, whose combinations can be used separately. My own outfit is a 5 x 7 box with a lens of 9½ inch focus, which I find very satisfactory. For some work, as birds in flight, insects, large animals, etc., a Reflex long-focus is ideal. Use any good brand of the fastest plates you can purchase. The trouble of packing them will be more than repaid.

To one without experience the presence of a camera near a bird's nest would not seem to be a sufficient reason for keeping the bird away, especially if she had young which needed food; but such is sometimes the case. This is where a long-focus lens is an advantage, as the camera can then be placed farther away, and still show a good-sized image on the plate. A piece of green cambric of subdued figure wrapped around the camera will help lessen its conspicuousness.

No set rules can be laid down as to the method of work, as no two subjects require the same treatment. Even the same bird will, after a few visits, become so accustomed to your presence as to accept you as a part of her every-day life, providing, of course, that you are careful not to

frighten her. During the past season I had a very good example of this with a cat-bird. Late in the afternoon I found the nest in a thicket of young maples, at which time it contained three eggs. After focusing the camera I cut and placed around it several small trees, so that their leaves formed a complete screen. I then retired to a distance, and waited about two hours, but the bird did not return. The next day I again made her a visit and proceeded as before. In about half-an-hour she came and settled on the eggs. During the next few hours I obtained a number of fine negatives. Before I left her I could go to the camera, reverse the plate-holder, reach around in front, open the shutter, put the focusing cloth over my head and watch her on the ground glass without her leaving the nest. She would even return while I was standing but a few feet away. Such instances, of course, are not common, but no one can foretell these occurrences, therefore one should be prepared for such an event. All one's movements should be deliberate, one being careful not to make any more noise than necessary.

Among our small animals chipmunks are as interesting as any to photograph. Drive them into holes of trees, focus on the spot where they disappear, and wait for their reappearance, which will occur in a brief time, as they are inquisitive as to the meaning of anything unusual around them. At first the end of the nose, next a pair of bright eyes, will appear. After watching the camera for some moments they will venture out farther, only perhaps to scurry in again at the least sound and repeat the performance. When they are out sufficiently far, pull your shutter thread.

The Drumming of the Grouse

Have you ever realized how easy it is to "jump at conclusions," but how difficult it is to form a satisfactory opinion about things observed in your rambles? Many, doubtless, who have wandered through the woods, stealing marches upon the wild creatures, have heard, and possibly have seen the grouse "drumming." But how many have really satisfied themselves about the way in which the sound is produced? Josef Brunner, in a beautifully illustrated article on "The Love-making of the Grouse," in "Country Life in America" for February, has some pertinent remarks upon the subject:

Who has not heard the drumming of the ruffed grouse while in the woods during the spring months? It is the most common sound of woo-

ing, heard from every thicket at every hour of the day. There is still a misconception as to how the drumming is done. The general belief is that the bird produces the sound by working its wings rapidly, using them to strike its body or a log.

It is true that the ruffed grouse, like most chickens, flaps its wings in the excitement of its love-song; but that the drumming is produced in that manner is a myth. I have often watched a cock which, standing on a log and drumming for dear life, apparently did not move a feather, though I must state that the drumming was not so loud as if the wings had been flapped. Flapping the wings evidently fills with air the lungs and throat of the bird, but is not an indispensable agency in producing the drumming. If the ruffed grouse could work its wings as quickly as the closing strophe of the drumming, it would be the swiftest motor in existence. The young cocks of ruffed grouse drum during the months of September and October, and this has led some observers to say that certain cocks were drumming from winter to winter. If this were so, why, then, is no drumming heard during the summer? The answer is obvious, and as a matter of fact the drumming ceases within one month from the beginning of the strutting season.

From another short article in the same number of the magazine we take the following passage, which gives the opinions of several well-known observers:

There are more theories of ruffed grouse drumming than of the lost digamma. The discussion centers about the wing action. Do the wings beat together or strike the log, or what is their relation to the sound?

Ernest Thompson Seton says of "Redruff," the partridge: "He whirled his wings in loud defiance, . . . he whirled yet more loudly until, unwittingly, he found himself drumming, and, tickled with the discovery of his new power, thumped the air again and again, till he filled the near woods with the loud tattoo of the fully grown cock-partridge. . . . He mounted some dead log and thumped and thundered to the woods."

Edwyn Sandys, who has watched ruffed grouse closely in many places for many years, says: "I suspect that the grouse, a distant relative of the gobbler, fills certain sacs with ozone, and beats himself with his wings to produce his muffled drumming."

In Wilson's American Ornithology Henshaw is quoted as saying: "Both wings go downward and forward—but they are stopped before they touch the body . . . the rapid vibration causing the rolling noise with which the sound terminates."

Other nature observers hold that the log is smitten with the wings and so contributes to the rhythmic sound. There is a school maintaining that the wings meet and strike over the back. Others say that the drumming is caused by the air imprisoned between the body and the wings by the downward ictus. And now Mr. Brunner in his valuable contribution to the discussion, credits the sound to internal disturbance.

"Who shall decide when the doctors disagree?"

The Age of Reptiles

The naturalist is not satisfied with wandering by shore and river-bank, in lane, woodland or forest, but he loves to stroll through the museum where are stored the relics of a phase of life that has long passed away, and he can sit by the fire and dream of what the earth was like ages ago before "there was a man to till the ground." Such a dream, unlike most dreams in that it is true, Mr. P. F. Piper has given us in "Boys and Girls" under the title of "Some Strange Animals of the Past." The time he has called up is that when the Appalachian Mountains had just been raised above the sea.

Reptiles were now the rulers of the land, in the sea and in the air. They were of gigantic proportions, of terrible shapes, and altogether the most horrible creations the earth has ever known. The first discovery of these great reptiles was made by a Connecticut plow boy who found a stone which bore a bird-like track. This discovery was followed by others at Turner's Falls, Massachusetts, where the sandstone rocks contained hundreds of bird-like footprints made by reptiles while seeking their prey along the ancient sandy sea beach.

The rocks from Texas to North Dakota contain countless numbers of these reptilian remains. The wildest flight of imagination could not picture such a scene as that presented along the ancient seashores during the reign of these gigantic reptiles which swarmed along the coasts in search of their prey. All were variations of which the lizard was the theme. Great lizards, ten, twenty, sixty, seventy feet in length, roamed through the forests, browsing upon the tender leaves and herbage which grew along the shores. Others more ferocious hid in the dense jungle awaiting the approach of the huge herbivorous reptiles whose great bulk made them easy victims of the great "Leaping Lizard." These were Kangaroo-like forms, twenty feet long, whose great claws and sharp teeth tore the flesh of their gigantic victims. The "Leaping Lizard's" easy prey was the "Spoon-billed Lizard" which walked on its hind legs. Its head was a yard long and the body a dozen yards more, giving it a total length of some forty feet.

All these great land lizards were called *Dinosaur*s, which means "terrible lizards." It seems almost unbelievable that our little lizards of today are the descendants of these grotesque monsters. Just fancy a lizard not less than seventy feet long, so tall that a full grown man would barely reach its knee-joint, the tail thirty feet long—as long as a freight car—the neck twenty-five feet long, and at the hips, fifteen feet tall, about a yard taller than the tallest elephant. Such was the "long-limbed *Dinosaur*."

Great "Bird Lizards" with bat-like wings swept through the air in quest of prey. They were veritable "flying dragons"; some of them having a spread of wing of twenty-five feet! Sharp teeth and fierce claws indicate that they

were flesh-eaters—scavengers of the air. In the sea, great serpent-like forms, eighty to one hundred feet long, crawled along the shallows, for their great weight prevented them from walking and probably they were not able to swim. They fell easy prey to the great "Fish Lizard," whose head alone was full five feet long, the eye being about the size of a tea-plate. This animal was discovered by an English girl, nearly a hundred years ago. She made her living by picking up fossils, and on one of her excursions found a large bone in a ledge of rocks. The whole skeleton when uncovered was found to be fully thirty feet long. One other odd land lizard was twenty-five feet long, its back covered with armor and provided with a row of triangular plates two or three feet wide and equally wide. Also four pairs of bony spikes two feet long were carried on the tail, making it a dangerous weapon of defence.

The life picture of this time includes great crocodiles, huge clumsy turtles, which swarmed along the ancient beaches, and large fish more like modern fish than their ancestors. Huge snail-like mollusks crawled along the shore bearing shells a yard wide. Flowering plants and forests in which species of our modern trees were found gave food and shelter to the insects which fled from a reptile-like bird whose long beak was armed with teeth, and whose long, many-jointed tail suggested its reptilian ancestry. Reptiles everywhere, the rulers of land and sea and air!

A New Magazine

Lovers of the garden have waited long for a magazine that shall be worthy of the subject of which it treats. By "garden" I do not mean a bed of flowers merely; but flowers, shrubs, trees, vegetables, fruit and all the appliances and structures necessary for their successful cultivation. If such a magazine appeared, it would merit a notice in these columns, for nothing conduces so much to the love of nature as a garden. Such a periodical has appeared. In January there was issued the first number of "The Garden Magazine" by the publishers of "Country Life in America." Devoted exclusively to the garden, it has some twenty departments dealing with every phase of garden lore and practice. The illustrations, although perhaps not so elaborate, are of the high quality of those which have made "Country Life" so popular. The "dollar magazines" could not have a more attractive or useful addition to their ranks. The following excerpt gives some idea of the tone of the periodical:

Professor L. H. Bailey says: Originality in gardens, as in everything else, may be good or bad. One of the most "original" gardens I ever saw

was in a little town in southern Michigan. It was a mere front yard, I suppose, not more than fifty feet square. It was an intricate geometrical pattern, as clever as the design of a carpet, with diminutive splashes of gravel, knots of box, and shear-made treelets. It was entertainingly interesting and indescribably ugly.

The genius of true originality is as rare as common sense. To be original and not to be self-advertising may be called the rarest of attainments. In our efforts to be unlike others we become actors; and the pity of it is that everybody knows that we are acting. The true originality is not conscious of itself. Perhaps my reader will be able to make some application of these handsome sentences; if so, he is to be congratulated. I meant only to say that the best originality in gardens consists merely in working out to perfection some idea that will exactly adapt the place to its conditions and surroundings.

The best window garden I ever saw was made by a woman who probably knew less than a dozen kinds of plants. The place was a three-window bay, of which the center window was left bare of plants. The two side windows were staged with well-grown geraniums, oxalis, othonna, farfugium and two or three other very common things, and festooned with German ivy. The poorest window garden I ever saw was my own, with plants that every one knew were bought of the florist.

The above example gives the key to good original gardens—the garden must be one's own in the sense that one makes it or directs it so that it shall express the very spirit of the place and of the owner.

I like best those amateur gardens that seem to be a real part of the home. I have one such in mind; it is in central New York. It is a two-acre space, practically square. It lies a short distance back of the residence, and is bounded on the house side by a high-sheared evergreen hedge. When you visit this family you may sit in the drawing-room or you may walk straight through the house and through a gateway in the hedge into the garden. There you may find yourself in a little world of your own—the hedge in front and double rows of wind-break hemlocks and pines on the far boundaries. The walk leads straight on through well-clipped sodland and between entertaining rows of all manner of pleasant herbs, old and new. You may digress to a seat or two under the trees, or keep straight on to a stone seat against a short hedge at the very end of the walk. At this seat, or at the front entrance to the garden, you may take side paths to the pine belt, and there walk in a noble avenue made by the duplicate lines of trees. As you turn the farthestmost corner in this avenue you come on the vegetable garden, itself occupying one of the quarters of this charming place. You will find no elaborate display, no greenhouse, no corps of gardeners. It is only a quiet garden-space set off from a country of farm land and attached to a refined home.

The Drama

Edited by Walter Tallmadge Arndt

A Mid-Season Survey

More than half the dramatic season of 1904-05 in America is past, and we have arrived at a point in our survey where we can begin to strike a balance between the good and the bad, find the measure of success or failure and satisfy ourselves as to whether the year will be likely to be known in dramatic history as below or above the average. In the spring there will be the usual crop of revivals and "all-star" productions, but the record of the year is made; a half dozen successes or a half dozen failures can not make or mar it at this late day. An unusual number of disasters in the early fall months were followed by a run of real successes in December and early January. In several respects the season may be called truly noteworthy.

First to be considered there is the continuation of the Shakespearean revival which became marked a year ago. Whether the initiative can be traced to the business instincts of a manager or the personal ambition of a more or less independent star, is of small consequence. Four years ago the magazines and newspapers were full of symposiums on the subject of why the people didn't want Shakespeare, and why Shakespearean productions didn't pay. "It is the managers' fault," declared the people; "they won't give us Shakespeare." "It is the people's fault," declared the managers; "they don't want Shakespeare." Thus they argued. Shakespeare was tried; the people found they wanted it and—natural corollary—the managers found it paid. So this year we have not only Miss Allen, Miss Rehan and Mr. Mansfield in Shakespearean plays, but the very satisfactory union of two such experienced actors as Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe.

Some American Successes

When we come to view the modern plays of the season, we can be pardoned for letting our national pride tickle itself with the thought that American-made plays have, on the whole, held the stage somewhat better than foreign importations. In this respect

first honors must be accorded to C. M. S. McLellan's "Leah Kleschna." Allowing for certain evident weak spots, and giving full credit to the medium of presentation, Mrs. Fiske's remarkably strong Manhattan Company, it remains true that "Leah Kleschna" is far and away the best all-around new play that has been shown on the American stage for several years. The only cause for regret is that Mr. McLellan could not have given us so good a play with an American atmosphere and setting. Perhaps he will the next time.

The other American successes, with the exception of the unnamable Belasco-Long production, by means of which Mrs. Carter's emotions are displayed, are all in lighter vein. From last season we inherited Richard Harding Davis's "Dictator," and George Ade's "County Chairman." To these the year has added Mr. Ade's "College Widow," which, like all this young humorist's dramatic products, is American in spirit as well as in subject. In the same category comes Augustus Thomas' new comedy, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Mr. Thomas is perhaps the most promising and ingenious of all our writers of comedy, and in his most recent work—far though it be from the field of his earlier efforts—he has at any rate added a distinct success to his record—a success which the initial presentation by a cast of unusual excellence has emphasized. Clyde Fitch, America's most prolific playmaker, has kept up his usual record with three plays, no one of which is at all comparable with some of his earlier work. Of these, one, "The Coronet of the Duchess," was a distinct failure. His "Granny" might not have lasted as long as it did had it not been for the loving respect which the American playgoer felt for dear old Mrs. Gilbert, for whom it was written. And "Cousin Billy," which Francis Wilson is using for his translation from musical to legitimate comedy, although somewhat better, by no means comes up to the highest Fitch standard. Mr. Fitch needs nothing so much as a few years' vacation.

There remains to be mentioned "Adrea." To call such a scenic production an Ameri-

can play is wronging at once America and David Belasco. Rather let us call it the only thing it can be called—a Belasco play. What higher praise could any man, even John Luther Long, desire than that? On no stage in England or America to-day has there been presented a dramatic production that for skill in picture portrayal excels the succession of elaborately constructed and lavishly illuminated scenes that go to make up the setting in which Mrs. Carter's peculiarities are exhibited to us. Nothing so remarkable in this line has ever been attempted in America. Only the productions of Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theater, London, can even be compared with it. The play itself is rather mechanical, unquestionably though gorgeously dreary, and of course is no more moral or uplifting than other Belasco plays have been. Indeed, there is some doubt as to whether it really is drama at all. But for all that it is worth seeing as a splendidly elaborate series of stage pictures, and it will please the visual sense even where it is annoying to the ear. It will surely draw as a purely spectacular affair. And the curious who want to see what new emotional gymnastics Mrs. Carter is executing will flock to see it throughout the country, just as they are flocking to see it in New York to-day.

Importations

Now, as to the foreign-made plays. The translations worth recording are few. They include Richpin's "The Harvester," Canadianized for Otis Skinner; Sardou's "The Sorceress," Mrs. Patrick Campbell's tour—which was temporarily interrupted by a broken knee-cap; Beyerlein's tragic "Taps," in which Mr. Kelsey and Miss Shannon made a brief but fairly successful tour; and last, and by far the best, Mirbeau's "Business is Business," in which William H. Crane has found the most satisfactory vehicle for his talent that he has had for several seasons.

Of English plays—not to take account of the repertories of Sir Charles Wyndham and Edward Terry, the visiting English actors—"Joseph Entangled," "The Duke of Killiecrankie" and "Letty" as interpreted respectively by Henry Miller, John Drew and William Faversham, have been stamped with a greater or less degree of popular favor. In "Letty," Pinero sent us a cleaner and pleasanter, if somewhat weaker, play than "Iris," and one that will rank

among his best. But unhappily we must record another play by the same author that has lost him all the favor that "Letty" may have won. "The Wife without a Smile" exploited here in America to take advantage of the curiosity aroused from the attacks on its immorality in London, although partially fumigated, failed very justly. Its fate should serve as a rebuke to both manager and playwright who have thus erred against good taste and clean dramatic morals.

More praise is due George Bernard Shaw's farce comedy, "You Never Can Tell," which Arnold Daly and an unusually competent company are playing to appreciative audiences in New York. It is a genuine pleasure to be able to record the fact that "You Never Can Tell" is a success. And Mr. Daly, who is certainly one of our most promising young actors, deserves thanks not only for the sympathetic enthusiasm with which he has entered into the intricacies of Shawdom, but for proving to us that the Shaw plays we used to think were made to read can also be acted, and acted intelligently and delightfully. It would be a poor survey of the season in America that failed to take note of the continued appreciation of this witty Englishman's plays—plays that are indeed too witty for the average British audience to enjoy. Certainly "You Never Can Tell" is by far the best of the season's importations. And the fact that we can enjoy it here in America when it cannot be appreciated in the land of its origin might almost be said to give us a title to it, despite the nationality of its author.

The Star System Again

A tendency—or what we hope is a tendency—toward the building up of good strong, well-balanced dramatic companies has been manifest to a greater extent this season than for several years past. The excellent example set by Mrs. Fiske has been followed by others. And happily, too, most of them have escaped being designated as "all star" casts. Blanche Walsh is planning, perhaps, next season to try in Chicago a venture somewhat analogous to Mrs. Fiske's Manhattan Company. She realizes, as many others no doubt have, that where the dramatic field has become a veritable "Milky Way" there is little distinction or honor in the title of star. Mr. J. Ranken Towse, in the New York Evening Post, has recently touched upon this very subject in words that are well

worth repeating. "The whole process of star manufacture is curious," he says, "and it is difficult even to form a guess at the necessary ingredients. In the old days the great lights of the profession emerged but slowly from obscurity after long years of schooling in the rudiments of their difficult art. Long before they reached the top they had become masters of all needful accomplishments. They had learned how to walk and talk and dress properly, had undergone long drill in expression and gesture and deportment, and had familiarized themselves, by constant practice, with every variety of the drama, from comic pantomime to 'Hamlet.' Stars then were of slow growth, now they spring, ready armed, like Minerva, from the head of some theatrical Jove. No particular equipment seems to be necessary. Many of them, like the early Apostles, are unlearned and ignorant men.

One may lay claim to fame on the score that he has a queer imperfection of speech, another because he has comic legs, a third because he has a foolish face or some queer habit. A fourth, perhaps, in the expressive language of the period, travels entirely on his shape. It is on such personal peculiarities that they depend chiefly for fame. They make no effort to modify or conceal them. Once actors used to study and profit by the art of disguise, but now they would regard the temporary obscuration of one of their natural features or habits as almost a national calamity. That their personalities may be preserved intact they will play only such characters as are most nearly identical with themselves. The idea of pretending to be somebody else would be abhorrent to them, and yet they do not hesitate to rate themselves as actors."

In the World of Religious Thought

Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

Sick, and Ye Visited Me

The ever-broadening conception of the "world of religious thought" is well expressed in the address of President Angell of the University of Michigan, at the dedication of the Hackley Hospital, in Muskegon, Mich. This splendid hospital is the latest of the manifestations of his love which Mr. Charles H. Hackley has bestowed upon this city of his business, social and philanthropic interests.

The hospital, as we know it, owes its development, if not its origin, to the spirit of Christianity. Though men of humane temper have, here and there, in lands where the example of our Lord was unknown, attempted to secure public relief for disease, naturally enough it is chiefly in nations that have with reverent love endeavored to imitate the Great Physician that hospitals have multiplied and flourished. And perhaps in no work have good men come so near to walking in the footsteps of our Lord as in founding institutions in which the lame have been made to walk, the blind to see, and those suffering with all manner of diseases to find relief. . . . If there is any work of human hands on which we may confidently believe that the divine benediction rests, surely it is such a work.

Mr. Hackley recognizes the value of organized Christianity in his city by placing

the administration of the hospital in the hands of the First Congregational Church.

Do We Believe?

That interest in religion has not died out among men is indicated by a recent experience of the London Daily Telegraph. A letter was published by one "Oxonienis" on the application of Christian faith to human practice in personal and social life. Within a week replies to the letter, and discussions of the question "Do we believe?" had been received by the Telegraph sufficient to fill over 200 columns of the paper. A notable feature of the correspondence is the fact that ninety per cent. of the letters have been from men.

All shades of religious belief are represented and the discussion promises to add much to current religious thought. Perhaps the most notable among these letters is that from which the following is an extract:

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH":

Sir: Orthodoxy is crumbling on its foundations; so-called theology is rejected by the majority of thinking minds; but, to my mind, it would seem that the kingdom which the Divine Master came on earth to establish is, as evidenced by the unrest which has laid hold upon the minds

of men, endeavoring more and more to make itself felt.

I, for one, believe that, in spite of the evil rampant amongst us, religion—real, worthy of the name—will very gradually, but surely, lead men onward and upward into the paths that make for righteousness.

The question may fairly be asked whether this correspondent, who repudiates "orthodoxy" and rejects "theology," is not, after all, more orthodox than those professed Christians who deny the possibility of the application of the ethical teachings of Jesus, and if his philosophy of God is not more rational than that of the "believer" who maintains that human society must forever remain subject to laws of cunning, contention and cruelty, and this because "human nature is always the same," thus conceiving of God as the creator of a world which must remain essentially imperfect.

Ye Strain Out a Gnat and Swallow a Camel

"The Congregationalist and Christian World" briefly characterizes the same sort of "religious" conduct which Jesus found in his day, in the punctilious observance of trifles and neglect of great principles:

The ecclesiastical type dominant in Pennsylvania which sees to it that boys are arrested for gathering nuts on Sunday, yet which never bravely faces the civic evils of the commonwealth or challenges the power of the "boss" and the "grafter," brings religion and the Church into disrepute. We read of a vast deal of interest among Pennsylvania church-folk in ancient Sunday legislation but note no disposition to tackle the tremendous perils of democracy in the grip of corrupt politicians and captains of industry.

Let the leading denominational papers continue to speak thus boldly of the dominant evils that corrupt modern society and we shall look to see the Church yet rise to the glory of her opportunity as the leavener of the nations.

The "Religious" World

The following item, published recently in *The Interior*, is not only of vital public interest, but is particularly significant as an illustration of the growing conception of the domain of "Religion," for it is published by that periodical under the department "The Religious World."

The good people of Switzerland have taken hold of the "tramp problem" in a spirit at once vigorous and humane. An Inter-Cantonal Union has been formed which now covers more than half the area of Switzerland, the half where wandering and idle men constituted a menace to the welfare of society. When any honest workman

is thrown out of employment by circumstances beyond his control he is furnished with a "traveler's relief book" in which his name, residence and occupation are written down. At any office of the Union he is thereupon furnished with breakfast, dinner, supper and lodging, but not oftener than once in six months in the same place. The public become agents of the Union and keep it informed of any parties in the canton who have applied for help. In some of the cantons there are many such relief offices; in Zurich, for instance, fifty-one. At Neufchatel there is what we would call a model farm, where men in straits can be profitably employed without shame and at fair remuneration, the superintendent of the farm working in the fields with the men. The idle and shiftless are soon run down by these methods, and are put at forced labor or sent out of the state. The honest and industrious but unfortunate are helped to reach places where their kind of work is needed, and in default of finding such within a reasonable time, they are furnished labor on land belonging to the cantons. Inspectors from England sent to examine the operations of this system have praised it highly as practicable, kindly and efficient.

A Mission to Those Who Toil

The Boston Transcript of recent date contains an interesting summary by George Perry Morris of the work of Rev. Charles Stelzle, who has been appointed by the Presbyterian Church to conduct a special mission to working people. In view of the large number included in this field no experiment in church activity can be of greater importance. Indeed it is a pathetic commentary upon the conditions that exist that the Church, founded in the name of the carpenter, professing to preach the message of Him who had no place to lay His head, should have become so far separated from the one portion of communities to whom He constantly appealed and among whom He almost exclusively labored, that it becomes necessary to set apart a special missionary to carry the Gospel of Jesus to those multitudes who, though dwelling within the sound of church bells, are, nevertheless, "afar off" from any of the interests with which the average church is principally concerned.

Mr. Stelzle is well equipped for such work as that to which he is assigned, having intimate personal knowledge of the present problems of labor and a deep sympathy for trade-unionism and other methods by which "labor" attempts to express itself.

Mr. Morris says: "Personal contact with labor leaders, especially those of the older and stronger trades unions of the country, has convinced Mr. Stelzle that a far larger percentage of them than is commonly sup-

posed are now in the Church and in sympathy with it. He is confident that if churches would set at work in specific labor among wage earners, those of their members who are artisans, very marked accessions to the Church would follow. But he would have this done without any accentuation of class distinctions, and he has no use for 'missions' supported by churches of the well-to-do in humbler quarters of the city. Such religious organizations as exist anywhere should be churches, and nothing else."

He reports an interview with Mr. Stelzle, after the latter had returned from the Colorado strike region, to the effect that among Western laborers socialism is increasing with remarkable rapidity, and says: "He finds that they are sending about the country, as organizers and agitators, men who were formerly ministers in Protestant churches or who were Roman Catholic priests, who will use the religious terminology and appeal to the religious motives, but to the end that an earthly utopia may be set up, and without any reference to the life beyond the grave. He believes that the Church must begin a propaganda which must be carried on out of doors wherever wage earners congregate; that literature, inexpensive and attractive, written in the language of the people among whom it must circulate and written to their level, must be printed and circulated lavishly.

"Mr. Stelzle proclaims that the day is past when the churches of this country can ignore with safety the alienation of workingmen from them, and the increase of secularistic socialism in our cities and larger towns. They cannot remain indifferent, nor can they uphold the present social system if it is wrong. They must not seem to be interested in the workingman solely to keep him conservatively docile, or offer him the gospel as sop, but rather because of genuine love for him for his own and for Jesus' sake. The point has come, he says, 'that either we must admit that the Church is equal to this problem of reaching workingmen or else we must confess that the Church of Jesus Christ in the twentieth century is a failure.'"

Mr. Morris appears to regard the mission of Mr. Stelzle as of especial value in "combating secular socialism," finding as he does, that "for thousands of workingmen Socialism has become a substitute for the Church, the idealism of the earthly propaganda taking the place of the visions and ideals of

the religious faith." He elsewhere expresses the difference of the two positions as that between "an earthly utopia" and "the life beyond the grave."

An unprejudiced study of the "visions and ideals" of Jesus will, we believe, reveal the fact that he was the champion of neither of these alone, but of both together; that in so far as Socialism is exclusively "secular," so far as it limits its thought to the things of the body, it contradicts the well-established principle that "man cannot live by bread alone," and in so far as the Church devotes its energies to work which is pre-eminently concerned with the problems of the "life beyond the grave" it fails no less to meet the ideals of Him who dared expect the time when God's will should be done on earth as in heaven. While political socialism must learn that vigorous bodies cannot be the abode of starved souls, the Church must also learn that healthy souls cannot live even *in communities* inhabited by starving bodies. It is generally conceded that Jesus stood for the permanence of the spiritual life. It is equally evident that in standing for the "fulfilling of the law" he championed that which, if fulfilled in love, would result in "an earthly utopia."

The Test of a Revival

There has been something of a surprise in the public mind as reports continue to grow of the religious awakenings in various parts of the world, particularly in England and America. The most notable demonstration is in Wales, where nearly a hundred thousand people have already been affected by the revival which is sweeping through the factory and mill towns, while frequent instances are cited of emotional tides like those which characterized the Wesleyan movement. In England Dr. Torrey appears to have caused widespread interest in personal religion, though the responses in conversions are less numerous than those to the appeals of the young Welsh evangelist Evan Roberts. In America the principal unique characteristic of most of the great meetings is the evident spirit of unity which is developing among the religious organizations of the communities. In one city in New York State and in several Western cities large numbers of people have given public response to an appeal for "personal salvation," which, it had been asserted, was an appeal no longer effective. Dr. W.

J. Dawson, of London, beginning a series of meetings with the Brooklyn churches, has been cordially received in many cities, and his message has appealed to multitudes who had been either inactive in the church or wholly indifferent to its work.

The closing of business houses throughout a city for the purpose of attending a large religious meeting, and the breaking off habits of vice and self-indulgence which had been the curse of many are proof of the interest of men in things more real than the material, and of the longing to give expression to those buried feelings "which grace can restore." But the test of the value of such a demonstration will be more searching. Jesus often expressed himself regarding communities and cities, and he always referred to a city as a unit: "Woe unto thee Bethsaida:" "O Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee." He appears to have believed that the entrance of his spirit into a city would change the life of that city. He did not urge his followers to leave their city, nor encourage the spirit exhibited

by "Christian" in "The Pilgrim's Progress" to flee from the city of destruction to the Holy City. They were to be leaven working in the same community. They were to live the new faith under the existing conditions. And we venture the suggestion that the value of the present religious awakenings will be measured, neither by the number of additions to the churches nor the number of church debts paid, nor even the number of people who stop swearing and drinking. But there will be the development of a new social and political life if Jesus is taken seriously. Municipal corruption will decrease. Contagious disease will give way to better sanitary methods. Unsanitary and lightless tenements, which are made the prison house of the poor and the culture beds of vice and fever, will be torn down, and the spirit of family affection will spring up among people of so-called opposing "classes," and the churches will become the center of inspiration and social activity as essential to the life of the people as was the ancient Hebrew temple.



The Sonnet's Music*

Still hearken for the sonnet's hidden chime
As on the shore we list the sea-voiced shells;
The veiled music of the sonnet swells
Should, in our song's cathedral nave sub-
lime,
Roll down those rich reverberating halls
In soft antiphonies of recurrent rhyme.
Such tones were his who yet the ear en-
thralls
Sonorous singer of the Italian prime.

So Echo to Narcissus calls and calls
Among the grottos of Arcadian fells;
At evening so, o'er cloudbuilt castle walls,
Faint, from far towers of airy citadels
Through deeps of twilight, rises, floats and
falls
The sweet re-echo of ethereal bells.

—Lloyd Mifflin.

*CASTALIAN DAYS. By Lloyd Mifflin. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, London; 91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York. 1903.

Editorial Wit and Wisdom

More spades and fewer spats are needed in Panama.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The mills of the pensioners grind rapidly and their product is 18-carat fine.—*The State*.

The new cruiser Colorado won't feel at home with just one captain.—*Chattanooga Times*.

When the gossippers get together the milk of human kindness is diluted at the pump.—*The State*.

The greatest reformer of all is honest toil. Satan hates honorable industry.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

Well, how does it feel to have the old habits back, safe and sound, once more?—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

General Nogi's chief of staff is General Ijichi. Wouldn't a name like that tickle you?—*Tacoma News*.

The trusts do not mind being regulated if they can get there in time to select the regulators.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

It will not be surprising to learn that one of the favorite dishes of the anti-imperialistic Moros is baked beans.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The imperial dentist of the Kaiser has committed suicide. It may be that the poor fellow had lost his pull.—*Atlanta Journal*.

There's going to be a big job for the painters and paperhangers before Port Arthur can be made attractive for the new tenants.—*Washington Post*.

The Kansas legislature may not ask it, but Senator Burton ought to resign anyhow. His toga was not laundered by the Supreme Court.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

It is reasonable to assume that Gen. Pflug, who figured so prominently in the beginning

of the Russo-Jap war, has concealed himself in some hole.—*Kansas Capital*.

A few enterprising jewelers, dressmakers and milliners turned loose among the Mormon women would soon make polygamy a financial impossibility.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Perhaps the firing of grapeshot into the window of the Winter palace in St. Petersburg was a part of a conspiracy to give the Czar appendicitis.—*Kansas City Times*.

There is something suggestive about the name of the Russian financial agent in Paris—Raffalovitch. He is probably looking for the capital prize.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

When a man does not get cross with his wife and say rude things when they get to the theater late, it is a sign that he isn't married to her yet.—*Baltimore American*.

Instead of reviving the whipping post for husbands who beat their wives it would be wiser and more up to date to instruct the wives in the gentle art of jiu jitsu.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

That Michigan orator who advises women not to marry until they can support a husband, is evidently a rude, mean man, who thinks Cupid carries a typewriter in one hand and a frying-pan in the other.—*Baltimore Sun*.

If the Russian bureaucracy ever gets time to read the works of James Russell Lowell it would do well to pause and ponder when it comes to this utterance: "It is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down."—*Hartford Times*.

The Kaiser can't stop a strike as President Roosevelt did. Which shows that the more power a man doesn't exact from the people the more he has. This is a primal principle of government grasped as yet only by republics.—*Baltimore American*.

Child Verse

Johnny's Wail.....Life

When maw has a company dinner,
Gee whiz, how the goodies are spread.
She smiles an' then runs down the victuals
'Fore ever a word has been said.

She wishes the custard was fitten,
The fruit cake has riz up too quick;
An' then when I want the ninth helpin'
She reaches an' gives me a kick.

The company sits there an' gobbles,
Until some fine day, I declare
I'd like just a company dinner
Without any company there.
McLandburgh Wilson.

Bless Her Heart.....Houston Post

A sweet little maiden named Mamie
Once started to say: "Now, I lamie——"
But she slept tight and fast
Ere she got to the last;
But her wee prayer was heard just the samie.

To a Little Maid I Know.....Kansas City Star

Little maid, little maid, with the joy in your eyes
And hair like Hesperian gold,
I would gladly change places with you, little maid,
And go back to the Age of Gold.

Little maid, do you know, do you know, little
maid,
To us all in the days of youth
The Rainbow of Joy from high heaven comes
down
And covers the face of Truth?

But when—little maid—we are grown, little
maid,
It goes back to heaven again,
And there out of reach forever it floats
O'er the weary ways of men.

How I envy you now, little maid, little maid,
No word of smine may tell,
But when in your eyes that light I see
My heart knows—ah, too well!

For once like you, little maid, like you—
In the rainbow days of old—
I, too, was a Queen of Happiness
And reigned o'er the Realm of Gold!
Julia Edna Worthley.

No Rules Apply.....Detroit Tribune

My daddy says
That sometimes he
Can judge men by
Their clothes,
But that he can't
Judge women folks
By any rule
He knows.

The Library Table

The Celestial Surgeon.

AS its author remarks, this novel* is the
story of a most un-celestial surgeon,
and yet its inspiration comes from
Stevenson's well-known lines:

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,

Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in."

It will be seen that a novel to rise to the
level of this must be a vital piece of char-
acter study. Whether Miss Montrésor has
fully succeeded, is a question that each
reader must decide; at any rate, she has
made an extremely interesting novel of it.
There is a varied assortment of pleasures,
pains and sins allotted among her charac-
ters. The man who betrays and deserts a
woman, the woman who sells her child, the
man who marries a girl young enough to be
his granddaughter, the rich spinster who is
married for her money and loses it, and her
unscrupulous husband, the doctor—all illus-

*THE CELESTIAL SURGEON. By F. F. Montrésor.
Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

trate the theme, the *leit motif* of the book. Decidedly the most interesting is the story of Dr. Wallace MacIlvert, who is at times an engaging rascal, and behaves well when one would least expect it. When he has succeeded in marrying the rich Lucilla Merridan, against the opposition of all her friends, their honeymoon has fine touches of high comedy. For example:

"Dr. and Mrs. MacIlvert spent their honeymoon in the most luxurious hotels in the most sunny and delightful places that he could find. The bad time that the doctor had been through added point to his always keen appreciation of creature comforts. Those past needs were to him as bitters before a meal. He did not forget what he had suffered; he would never forget if he lived to be a hundred.

"Lucilla was surprised at the intensity of her husband's enjoyment. She was fitfully and ecstatically happy herself, but in quite a different way and for quite other reasons. She had never had to do without any material luxury. Well-cooked food, easy chairs, and purse always as full as the purse of Fortunatus—these had been adjuncts of her life ever since she could remember. She would not have shrunk from a touch of hardship for a change. She was ready to be as adventurous as a girl. She more than once expressed a desire to go off the beaten track, to stay awhile at some rough little country inn, to dispense with the ease that she had had plenty of. The doctor laughed good-naturedly at her aspirations.

"No, no," he would say, "there's really no fun in discomfort. Take my word for that, Lucy. I've tried, and I know."

"One day she re-started the subject (which was becoming a trifle vexed), as they sat eating a late breakfast in a garden that overlooked the Lake of Geneva.

"I want to go up the Pont-du-Loup, Wallace. It would be charming to see the sun rise; we might put up with a scarcity of meat this hot weather. I don't mind what we have to eat."

"But I do, my dear lady," he said. "Well, well," as her face fell, "try it by all means, if you like. Toil up that steep ascent. Sleep—if you can—with a bedful of fleas. Live on milk and eggs, varied by a tough hen if you're lucky. When you've had your fill of it, come down to me again. I don't object to your climbing mountains so long as I stay at the bottom!"

"But I want you to come with me," she persisted, in some perplexity. The people who had lived and traveled with her before had always had to follow her lead, because she held the purse-strings.

"Oh, but I know better! I like these quarters," he responded cheerfully.

"He helped himself to more honey, and emptied the contents of the cream-jug into his coffee with a satisfaction which jarred on his wife's nerves.

"It is very strange you refuse to do what I wish, Wallace," she said.

"Her voice shook, because, in spite of his good temper, she was, and always had been, slightly in awe of her doctor. She had often complained of being misunderstood, but he occasionally understood her almost too well—better, in fact, than she understood herself. He could speak with such appalling frankness when he chose to, and he had more than once torn away the graceful illusions with which she had draped her own estimate of herself.

"But why strange?" said he.

"Why!" cried Lucilla in dismay. "Why? The question answers itself. Did you not promise you would do everything to make me happy?"

"Some more of that excellent trout, please," said the doctor. "You are not eating your own breakfast, my dear. That's a great pity. It's the best meal in the day. What were you saying just now? That I promised to make you happy. So I did. Haven't you been happier during these two months than ever you were in all your life before? Come, now, Lucy, where's the truth? Out with it!"

"Lucilla blushed in spite of her years. 'I don't say that I have not, but—'

"You have," said the doctor calmly. "There would be no use in your saying anything to the contrary, for I should not believe it. The adopted child who didn't love you, the toadies who got all they could out of you, the undiscovered geniuses whom you patronized until their small flames ended in smoke—they all left you miserable and discontented. I've given you two months of happiness, and let me tell you that's not so bad when it is a case of a woman of your naturally-sensitive disposition."

"Two months! But it isn't over!" said Lucilla.

"Dr. MacIlvert laughed his jolly, hearty laugh. "No, no, we'll hope not. Go to the

moon if you like, only don't expect me to come, too.'

"But I can't enjoy the moon without you.'

"No? Well, I daresay it's possible you can't," said the doctor coolly. Then he relented, for Lucilla was in tears, and in his own way he was really rather fond of her.

"I'll give you a bit of advice," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. 'And, mind you, Lucy, at any rate you've got *this* advantage in marrying me—you no longer have to pay guineas for my advice. When you stand between two bunches of hay, choose the best of 'em, but don't be squinting at the other while you're munching. Don't go up a dismal mountain alone in order to be wretched because you are free, and don't stay with me and hanker after freedom.'

"But before we married——' began Lucilla.

"It's after we've married now, and we've had enough of this. Don't let's bore each other, my love. If you're going up the Pont-du-Loup, I'll order a mule and a guide for you. Mind you, take warm wraps.'

"I think I'll stay," said Lucilla, waveringly."

It does not seem certainly as if she could

ever get the better of her doctor, and yet it is by refusing to take his advice that she loses her fortune, and he does not reproach her, but goes to work to make money for both. Unfortunately he proposes to make it by blackmail, and a bad tangle of all the *dramatis personæ* ensues. Lucilla's spirit is indeed "stabbed broad awake" before long, and the doctor's, too, in the end.

The younger heroine of the book is, to tell the truth, a trifle disappointing. She is drawn with painstaking care, and the plot is worked out with the greatest nicety so as to weave her fortunes in with those of every other character in an intricate interdependence. But Jeronime and the plot, too, are perhaps a little too carefully done, and the dramatic and proper thing comes round too neatly in every case. The doctor and Lucilla get away more than the others, and are more fully alive. Yet it is ungrateful to quarrel with a good novel, as this undoubtedly is. "Into the Highways and Hedges," perhaps, will always remain the author's best book. But "The Celestial Surgeon" is thoroughly readable, full of direct and clever sayings, and guiltless of a dull page from start to finish.

Priscilla Leonard.

The Prospector

IF Ralph Connor, now known to the reading world as the Rev. Charles Gordon, had not written "The Sky Pilot," his latest book, "The Prospector,"* would arouse as great a *furor* of enthusiasm as did the earlier one, for the fundamental interest in the two books is the same. "The Sky Pilot" was a new type of hero in a novel, a man delicate of body, but with a soul and spirit of iron, and possessed of a courage as superb as it was rare, which appealed through its intensely human quality to both men and women, who were surprised to find that a novel could be thrilling, not because of its love motive, though that was not omitted, but because of the religion and personality of a man.

In "The Prospector" we find "The Sky Pilot" again, under widely different conditions. Hamish McGregor, of fighting Highland ancestry, and champion football player on the University of Toronto team, called "Shock" because of the veritable shock of

coarse yellow hair which was his most striking feature, is a superb example of muscular Christianity, similar in spiritual force and in ability to handle men to "The Sky Pilot." But there the likeness ends. "He was a big man, gaunt and bony, with a mighty pair of shoulders, topped by a square massive head. But he had a strong honest face and good deep blue eyes," and was deeply admired by classmen and friends who appreciated the power behind his "football smile."

The story opens with a brilliant description of a football match between the University and McGill for the championship of the Dominion, in which Shock's strategy saves the day for the 'Varsity. Among the crowd of spectators we become interested in the pretty Fairbanks girls, Betty and Helen, and in Shock's dear old Scotch mother, who watches the scrimmage and her disheveled son with pride and enthusiasm.

Shock lives with his fine old mother very simply and quietly, in a quaint little house out on the Commons away behind the college, where his mother lives for, in, with, by, and

*THE PROSPECTOR. By Ralph Connor. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York. \$1.50.

around him, and he, *vice versa*, sharing with her his mission work in St. John's ward, his college interests, and his football fame.

Shortly after the great match the superintendent of churches came to Toronto on his spring wind-up, with an appeal to the college men for volunteers to go out into the western wilderness, where men of brain and brawn were needed to struggle with the worst conditions of ignorance, privation and vice. To the ringing appeal, "For your Church, for your fellowmen, for Canada!" Shock's heart responded, and he volunteered for the work. Torn by conflicting emotions of duty and devotion, the brave old mother gave him up cheerfully to the Master to whom she consecrated him at birth, saying to Helen Fairbanks, whose love for Shock has been revealed in this crisis; "There is only one claim, lassie. All other claims will just be working out that first one. God peety us—one claim!"

"To go to the ends of the earth in these globe-trotting days is attended with little anxiety, much less heart-break, but in those days when Canada was cut off at the Lakes, the land beyond was a wilderness untravelled for the most part but by the Indian or the trapper, and considered only a fit dwelling-place for the Hudson Bay officer, kept there by his loyalty to the Company, or the half-breed runner, or the land-hungry settler, or gold-fevered miner. Only under some great passion did men leave home and those dearer than life, and devote themselves to life on that rude frontier. But such a passion had seized upon Shock, and in it his mother shared. Together these two simple souls made their offering for the great cause, bringing each their all without stint, . . . without grudging, though not without heart-break, and gaining that full exquisite joy to so many unknown, of love's complete sacrifice."

Out into the wilderness of the Northwest went Shock, leaving his mother in the care of his chum Brown and the girl he loved, and the tale of his life in those first hard months is tense with human struggle, human temptation, human despair and victory. Those who love adventure for its own sake, or care to hear of the redemption of men from almost total depravity, or are thrilled by the story of struggle with apparently unconquerable obstacles, will follow him on his long journey with breathless interest. At Spruce Creek, Big River, Loon Lake, the Fort and Crow's Neck Pass he is a man

among men—winning men through bringing to the surface their before unborn emotions, fighting them with their own weapons. We follow him through mining camps, in gambling circles, to the roughest dwelling-places of vicious men, and with him come to care for the men who become his firm friends. The drunken doctor at the Fort whom Shock kidnaps and carries off to get sober, that he may be able to treat two patients at Loon Lake—the little cripple Patsy and his father—the Frenchman Perault, the old prospector and his sweet daughter, Ike, the kid, to each one Shock speaks in the language in which he will be easiest understood, and fully justifies the title given him by his Conventer, the title to which he answered when questioned by the first man he met at Spruce Creek.

"What are you, anyway?" the man questioned.

"Well, my boss told me to-day I was a prospector," responded Shock.

"Prospector?" echoed the old man. "What for—land, coal?"

"No—MEN," said Shock simply and earnestly.

"Bill was hopelessly puzzled; 'What's your company?' he inquired. 'I mean, who are you working for?'"

"Before answering Shock paused, looking far past Bill, down the trail, and then said solemnly, 'God.'"

Besides all the handicaps and discouragements of Shock's wilderness life, the course of his love does not run smoothly, owing to the interference of Helen Fairbanks' worldly-minded mother, and the death of his own dear old mother before he can reach her brings deep sadness to him, but it brings also new comfort, for the rough men for whom and with whom he is living rally around him with all the cheer and help they can give.

The story is overflowing with healthy, happy optimism, and its human standard is none too high to be appreciated and reached after. If there were more of Ralph Conner's life philosophy preached and practised to-day the newspapers would have a shorter list of "suicides from despondency" in every issue, and we cannot speak too highly of its influence. The story has many virile, dramatic, and pathetic scenes, and none will make a stronger appeal to the "eternal feminine" than that final one in which "all's well that ends well."

Kate D. Sweetser.

Glimpses of New Books

Biography

A Belle of the Fifties. Memoirs of Mrs. Clay, of Alabama, gathered and edited by Ada Sterling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York \$2.75.

Much has been written, both from the standpoint of the North and that of the South, about the War of the Rebellion, and it would seem almost impossible that there remained unpublished anything that was worth the notice of the public. It is, however, a matter for congratulation that these memoirs of the wife of Clement C. Clay, Jr., United States Senator from Alabama, intimate companion and adviser of Jefferson Davis, have been saved from oblivion. Full of reminiscences and anecdotes, both grave and gay, the volume offers to readers of to-day a striking picture of society in Washington immediately previous to the war. The most important part of the work, however, historically is that which tells of the efforts made by the noble-minded woman to obtain the release of her husband from Fortress Monroe. It is quite possible that some of the statements of Mrs. Clay about the conduct of Johnson, Stanton and Holt in attempting to fix a charge of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln upon Clay will raise discussion, as will also her account of the conduct of General Miles; but, as she gives "chapter and verse," verification should not be difficult. However inclined Mrs. Clay may be to exculpate the vacillating President, she undoubtedly makes out a strong case against the other three mentioned. In fact, she discloses an amount of unfounded vindictiveness which ill accords with the instincts of humanity, to say nothing of modern civilization. The material has been gathered and edited by Ada Sterling, and the result is a valuable book, as regards the matter, and a convenient volume as regards the arrangement. The volume is illustrated by old-time photographs of interesting contemporaries, some of which will raise many a smile among women of the present fashions.

Maria Edgeworth. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents.

This volume of "English Men of Letters" is, in every way, worthy of its place in this classic series. The authoress has very rightly insisted upon taking an Irish view of Miss Edgeworth, for, although born in England, she was an Edgeworth of Edgeworthstown, in County Longford, in Ireland. Such a view-point has advantages, for an Irishwoman can give trustworthy testimony to the intimate knowledge shown by the novelist for her own people. The Hon. Emily Lawless, however, writing from this point of view, is disposed, pardonably, it may be, to regret that so much of Miss Edgeworth's work does not deal with Ireland. Hence, she appears at times inclined to subordinate work not Irish to work that is essentially so. Especially is this noticeable in her criticism of "Helen," which, beyond controversy, is the most finished

product of Miss Edgeworth's genius. We might just as well deprecate "Quentin Durward" because it deals with a different age and country to that treated of in "The Antiquary."

But this is a matter of small importance in so excellent a study of this remarkable writer, and the volume can be commended to all students of literature as affording new light and several interesting letters hitherto unpublished. If the volume would only lead to a revival of the vogue of Miss Edgeworth it would be a blessing to be thankful for in these days.

Science

Electric Motors. By Henry M. Hobart. The Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

The commercial design of dynamic electric machines is at best a compromise between various conflicting conditions. In order successfully to accomplish such an undertaking, it is necessary to understand these conditions and to give to each factor its proper weight for the case in hand. Those who are interested in the principles of the design of electric motors or generators for use on either direct or alternating current circuits will find in this volume much that will interest them, and a deal of valuable data. This work is undoubtedly the best that has appeared on this subject, at least in English. The author presupposes a knowledge of the principles of the generation of electrical energy, and has intended that this volume shall supplement the treatises of others on the same subject.

Designers of direct current machines have long felt that their troubles would be greatly modified if they could by some means eliminate the sparking as a factor limiting the output of any given machine. Mr. Hobart's discussion of the so-called reactance voltage and its influence on the sparking is admirable, and makes a very valuable contribution to the theory of sparkless commutation in direct current machinery. However, the values obtained by his, or any other, method, are comparative only, and not absolute; and it is to be regretted that he has not published some experimental results, or at least his idea of the limiting value of the reactance voltage obtained by this method. There are various examples of commercial machines of European origin worked out in detail and a very interesting and instructive discussion of four comparative designs of a 35 H.P. motor, showing the variations in performance and cost of manufacture for the different designs. We find, also, an excellent chapter devoted to variable speed motors, a subject of particular interest since the electric drive has secured such a prominent place in our industrial establishments. The latter half of the book is devoted to the design of alternating current motors of the polyphase induction type, supplemented by examples of commercial motors. The author also outlines the chief points in favor of both direct and alternating current motors, and shows the most useful sphere of each.

History

The Heart of the Orient. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1904. \$2.50.

Just at this time, when all the world is looking upon the fortunes of Russia and Japan, this book of personal observations in the heart of Asia, through Georgia, Persia, Turkestan and other little known regions of the great continent, will be of particular interest and value. The author says the pages and pictures "are descriptive of the heart of the Orient, and of Russia's place therein, from high life at the Persian court to low life in the tents of the Kirghiz, where the camels whispered bits of gossip from Ispahan and Bactra, and the donkeys still dream of the flight into Egypt." The author believes that the influence has, on the whole, been beneficent in Asia, and that she has brought peace in many regions that had known nothing but war. He also maintains that the future success of Russia depends more upon her domestic development than upon any extension of territory or adoption of Western ideals. The volume is profusely illustrated by the author.

Twenty Famous Naval Battles. By Edward Kirk Rawson. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$2.00.

Professor Rawson's "Twenty Famous Naval Battles" is too well known and too well appreciated to need comment. The present edition is one of convenient size, and forms a very presentable book. There has been no curtailment, but the original edition in its entirety is contained in one volume. The student of naval affairs and the reader of history alike have a work which both in matter and form will strongly appeal to them. The general reader also will find this volume well worth his perusal, whether he dwells upon the naval engagements of ancient times or those of recent date and national importance.

Historic Highways. Vol. 13. Great American Canals, Vol. 1. By Archer Butler Hulbert. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Hulbert, in this thirteenth volume of the valuable series of "Historic Highways," has reached the canals, and he gives us here an admirable account of the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Pennsylvania. Incidentally, because intimately connected with the development of the canals, the great railroad systems of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Pennsylvania Railroad are also treated of. The volume is an important one, and in no way falls below its predecessors in interest or lucid treatment. It is safe to say that the whole series of the "Historic Highways" is one of the most important and interesting additions to American historical records.

Early Western Travels. 1748-1846. Edited and annotated by Reuben Gold Thwaites. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4.00 net per volume.

This excellent series, which is to be complete in thirty-one volumes, will be of the greatest value to all those who are interested in the history and development of the middle and the far West. The editor has supplied a biographical and critical preface to each volume and judicious and valuable notes throughout; but all this would naturally be expected of the editor

of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents" and of the "Wisconsin Historical Collections." In these six volumes received, Conrad, Weiser, George Croghan, Charles Frederick Post, Captain Thomas Morris, J. Long, André Michaux, F. A. Michaux, Thaddeus Mason Harris, F. Cuming, John Bradbury, H. M. Brackenridge and Gabriel Franchère—all names familiar to the student of Western history—are represented, and by the text, the introductions and the notes much light is thrown upon the authors, and upon the manners, customs and social usages of the pioneers, and of various tribes of Indians. Here is an abundance of material both for history and for romance—few romances, indeed, are as interesting as the travels and adventures of these early visitors of the Western country, who for the most part tell their stories with simplicity, with unaffected directness and with manifest truth. Altogether the series can be heartily commended, particularly because it renders so easily accessible, and presents in such attractive form, materials for history which hitherto, on account of their being out of print and difficult of access, have been reserved for the more conscientious and indefatigable investigators. The concluding volume of the series will be a comprehensive analytical index.

Nature

Mary's Garden and How It Grew. By Frances Duncan. The Century Co., New York. \$1.25.

This is a very delightful book on gardening for young people. The chief characters are Mary, a little girl, and Herr Trommel, a retired florist. The notion of making the friendship between the two a means of bringing out all the art of gardening is an excellent one, and the author has certainly made the best possible use of it. The skilful old horticulturist is not content with any "rule of thumb" processes, but insists upon his pupil understanding the "why" as well as the "how." His directions and explanations are very clear, and it is not too much to say that this is one of the best books imaginable to place in the hands of young people who can command a square yard of the earth. In fact, much older persons will find here the solution of many of their difficulties in gardening.

Poetry

Mine and Thine. By Florence Earle Coates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

This second volume of verse by Florence Earle Coates fully deserves the notice of lovers of poetry, for there really is poetry in it. Many of the poems have already appeared in periodicals, but it is well that they should be collected in permanent form. Mrs. Coates fully realizes that balance of thought, accuracy of meter and rhythm, and appealing interest, without which poetry is but an empty name. Very rarely can any stanzas in the collection be called commonplace, and we frequently meet with fine touches of that Nature which "makes the whole world kin." The volume is a worthy one.

Religion

The Christian Opportunity. By Randall Thomas Davidson. Archbishop of Canterbury. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

The visit of an Archbishop of Canterbury to

this country for the first time in its history was an event which appealed to the sentiment of the nation in general. In this volume we have a selection from the addresses and sermons delivered by the distinguished Primate of all England, and they will be appreciated by many more than the members of that denomination in this land which is in communion with the Church of which Archbishop Davidson is the ecclesiastical overseer. Both sermons and addresses are marked by a genial frankness and spirit of brotherhood which must have won the hearts of all who heard the archbishop speak, but they possess a quality also which is well worth special notice in a magazine like *Current Literature*.

If you turn to any page and just glance at its form—say pages 91-92, where he refers to the funeral of Queen Victoria; or 204-205, in the sermon delivered at Trinity Church, Boston—you may well imagine that you are looking at some "Third Reader" for elementary schools, so simple, frequently monosyllabic, are the words. And yet the English is perfect, fluent, sonorous, dignified, expressive and inspiring. We have rarely seen a book of collected public addresses which, in this respect, affords, we will not say better, but as good a specimen as this of the marvelous power of plain, simple and vigorous English. So striking is it that the most casual reader cannot fail to be reached by its charm.

Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church. By H. Pomeroy Brewster. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$2.00.

This is a calendar of the Roman Catholic Church, with an account of some one or more of the saints who are commemorated on each day of the year. The several articles have already appeared in a provincial newspaper.

The amount of material on this subject at the command of the compiler is indeed enormous, for Alban Butler's great work appeared in four volumes, and the still larger work of the Bollandist Fathers numbered sixty volumes in 1867. Mr. Brewster appears to have largely used the former. The volume will be of interest to those of the Roman communion. The arrangement is confused by the introduction of the movable feasts into the body of the calendar, breaking the continuity. A word of explanation surely is necessary about the illustrations. There is no acknowledgment of their source, but they are very poor copies of those in an Anglican calendar of 1851, reissued in 1867. Many of the copies even show the names and initials of the wood-engravers. The clog-almanacs also are evidently copied from the same source, the original of one being in the Bodeleian Library, and the other in the Ashmolean Museum.

Fiction

The Prize of the Hardy. By Alice Winter. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

The self-made millionaire, hardy and of sound common sense; his only and much-idolized daughter; the woman disciple of "higher thought," who learns to love her long-suffering husband; the manly young hero, winning esteem, respect and love; the worthless son of the old-time friend are all familiar enough in the make-up of the modern novel, yet, imbued with the enthusiasm of an author thoroughly in harmony

with her subject and environment, this story of a New England boy's chances of success in our Western States is more than "breezy," it is a cyclone of emotions, events and adventure. One closes the book feeling the advice offered Frank Lenox on his first trip as a "drummer" to be sound: "You want to go slow, if you can, for the longer you live here the greater your impetus will come to be." The epigrammatic tone is healthy. A wholesome optimism pervades the book, and the love story is fresh and vigorous.

The Millionaire Baby. By Anna Katherine Green. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

In this story of kidnaping Miss Green has written a stirring tale of mystery, crime and detection—just such an one as we might expect from the author of the "Leavenworth Case." We may not question too closely the methods by which that piece of the law's machinery, the hired detective, deduces his conclusions, but at least her characters are human beings. The sketch of old Dr. Pool, regenerate miser and scamp, the mother-love of the two women, and the instinctive child-love of the "Baby" are warm with life and feeling. Of its type it is distinctly an addition to this year's early output of fiction.

Little Citizens. By Myra Kelly. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, 1904. \$1.50.

Miss Kelly genially calls these pictures "The humors of school life," but pathos and real tragedy are not wanting. Her familiarity with the great "East Side" in New York, guided by a seeing eye and a sympathetic heart, has made her the brilliant advocate of the cause of Morris Mogilevsky, Sadie Gonorowsky, Isidore Belchatosky and their kindred, who would otherwise have remained in hopeless obscurity. Miss Kelly knows not only the dialect, but the people, and while she is engaged in writing some of the most vivid and delightful stories of the day she is also performing a most valuable social service. "A Christmas Present for a Lady" and "A Touch of Nature" are classics, and the thoughtful public will smile through tears and awaken to questions of far-reaching significance as Miss Bailey holds the wrinkled rent receipt in her hands. The volume is illustrated by W. D. Stevens.

Ish Kerioth. By George C. Alborn. Morning Star Publishing House, Boston. \$1.00.

"Ish Kerioth"—the Man of Kerioth—is a study of Judas Iscariot, known throughout Christendom as "The Traitor." While it resolves itself into an historical romance, it is really an exposition, from Mr. Alborn's point of view, of the motives which led Judas to betray the Christ. As Holy Scripture says very little about the personality of the Traitor, his character has often been a curious ethical study, the single word "thief" affording a key. Mr. Alborn takes the view that it was disappointed ambition which was the ruling motive. The romance is well constructed, the introduction of a pagan maiden, who is loved by Judas and becomes a believer in the divine mission of Christ, is a dramatic conception, and the local and contemporary coloring is well preserved. The story is worth reading by those who have a taste for fiction founded upon Holy Scripture and who can remember that fiction is not history.

List of Books Received

What to Read—Where to Find It

Fiction

- Guthrie of the Times.** A Story of Success. Joseph A. Altsheler. Illustrated by F. R. Grugh. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
- Helen of Troy, N. Y.** Wilfrid S. Jackson. New York, John Lane. \$1.50.
- Japanese Romance.** A. Clive Holland. Illustrated in Colors by Arthur G. Dove. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
- Jewell's Story Book.** Clara Louise Burnham. With Illustrations. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Journey in Search of Christmas.** Owen Wister. New York, Harper & Bros. \$2.00.
- Kate of Kate Hall.** Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler and A. L. Fellsia. New York, D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- Law of the Land, The.** Emerson Hough. With Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- Little Citizens.** The Humors of School Life. Myra Kelly. New York, McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
- Little Fountain of Life, A.** Marion Foster Washburne. New York, Rand, McNally & Co.
- Little Miss Dee.** Roswell Field. New York, Fleming H. Revell Co.
- Man on the Box, The.** Harold McGrath. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- Marathon Mystery, The.** Burton E. Stevenson. Illustrated. New York, Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.
- Marjorie Fleming.** L. MacBean. Marjorie Fleming: A Story of Child Life Fifty Years Ago. John Brown, M.D. Illustrated. New York, G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.40.
- Masquerader, The.** Katherine Cecil Thurston. Illustrated. New York, Harper's. \$1.50.
- May Iverson—Her Book.** Elizabeth Jordan. Illustrated. New York, Harper's. \$1.50.
- Mist Crown, The.** Frances Davidge. New York, D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- Nancy's Country Christmas, and Other Stories.** Eleanor Hoyt. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
- Nation's Idol, A.** Chas. Felton Pidgin. Philadelphia, Henry Altamus Co.
- New Paola and Francesca.** A. Annie E. Holdsworth. New York, John Lane. \$1.50.
- Nostroms. A Tale of the Seaboard.** Joseph Conrad. New York, Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
- Ojibway, The.** Joseph A. Gillfillan. New York, Neall Pub. Co. \$1.50.
- Piney Home.** Geo. Selwyn Kimball. Boston, Herbert B. Turner & Co. \$1.50.
- Players and Vagabonds.** Viola Roseboro. New York, Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Professor Lovdahl.** Translated from the Norwegian of Alexander Kueland by Rebecca Blair Flandrau. Boston, Herbert B. Turner. \$1.25.

Music, Art and the Drama

- As You Like It.** Wm. Shakespeare. New York, Century Co. \$1.00.
- Fifty Songs by Franz Schubert.** For High Verse. Edited by Henry T. Finck. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co. \$2.50.
- Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.** Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Illustrated. New York, The Macmillan Co.
- Guide to Parsifal, A:** Its Origin, Story and Music. Rich'd Aldrich. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.00.
- Lessons in Music Form: A Manual of Analysis.** Percy Goetschius. Mus. Doc. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.25.
- Modern Musical Drift.** W. J. Henderson. New York, Longmans, Green & Co.
- Old Masters, The, and Their Pictures.** Sarah Tytler. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.
- Semiramis and Other Plays.** Olive Telford Dargan. New York, Brentanos.
- Symphony since Beethoven, The.** Felix Weingartner. Translated from the Second German Edition (with the Author's Permission) by Maude B. Dutton. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.00.
- Ten Hungarian Rhapsodies:** Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spamuth and John Orth. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co. \$2.50.
- Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, The.** Wm. Shakespeare. New York, Century Co. \$1.00.

- Wagner Lyrics for Soprano.** Edited by Carl Armbruster. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co. \$2.50.
- Wagner Lyrics for Tenor.** Edited by Carl Armbruster. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.

Poetry

- American Familiar Verse.** Edited, with an Introduction, by Brander Matthews. New York, Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.40.
- Aucassin and Nicolette.** Done into English. Andrew Lang. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
- Defence of Guenevere, The.** Wm. Morris. Illustrated. New York, John Lane.
- Deserted Village, The.** Oliver Goldsmith. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
- Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.** Thomas Gray. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
- Florentines, The: A Play.** Maurice V. Samuels. New York, Brentano's.
- Folly for Wise.** Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- Freckles and Tan: A Book of Humorous Verse.** Rowland C. Bowman. Illustrated. New York, Rand, McNally & Co.
- Light on the Hills.** Chas. G. Albertson, D.D. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Li'l Gal.** Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illustrated with Photographs by Leigh Richmond Miner. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Love Triumphant: A Book of Poems.** Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Boston, Dana Estes & Co. \$1.00.
- Lyrics of Life and Love.** Wm. Stanley Braithwaite. Boston, Herbert B. Turner & Co. \$1.00.
- Mine and Thine.** Florence Earle Coates. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Selections.** John Boyle O'Reilly. New York, H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.
- Songs from a Georgia Garden.** Robt. Loveman. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Sonnets of Shakespeare, The.** With an Introduction and Notes, by H. C. Beeching, M.A., D.Litt. Boston, Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
- Poems and Verses.** Mary Mapes Dodge. New York, Century Co. \$1.20.
- Rubayat of Omar Khayyam.** Rendered into English. Edward Fitzgerald. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
- Versebook.** A. Webster P. Huntington, Columbus, O. Press of Fred J. Heer. \$1.25.

Religious

- Bible Study Popularized.** Rev. Frank T. Lee. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. \$1.25.
- Christian Opportunity, The.** Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D. New York, Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Dynamic of Christianity, The.** Edw. Mortimer Chapman. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Elisha the Man of God.** R. Clarence Dadds, D.D. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. \$1.25.
- Face of the Master, The.** J. R. Miller, D.D. With Illustrations by G. H. Edwards. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
- Greatness.** Henry Ostrom. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. 50 cents.
- History of Presbyterianism on Prince Edward Island.** John M. MacLeod. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. \$1.50.
- Holy Spirit, The.** Our Teacher in Prayer. R. A. Walton, D.D. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. 50 cents.
- How to Master the English Bible.** Rev. Jas. M. Gray, D.D. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. 40 cents.
- Key to the Kingdom, The.** Rev. Chas. E. Bradt. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. 50 cents.
- Perennial Revival, The.** A Plea for Evangelism. Wm. B. Riley. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. \$1.25.
- Scientific Faith.** Thomas Agnew Johnston. Chicago, Winona Pub. Co. \$1.50.
- Wandering Host, The.** David Starr Jordan. Boston, American Unitarian Association. 50 cents.
- When the King Came.** Stories from the Four Gospels. Geo. Hodges. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Among the March Magazines

Life Brought Back after the Heart Is Stilled

Much that is interesting has been done in surgery of the heart, but unfortunately it is interesting rather than important in a general sense. Fifteen years ago a surgeon would no more have thought of taking out a man's heart than of giving him an ounce of prussic acid. Within three years, however, this feat has been successfully performed. A negro, stabbed in the heart, walked to a Philadelphia hospital, a block away. The chest was opened and the heart carefully lifted out and laid on the breast, where the wound was stitched up. Then the organ, which had never stopped beating, was replaced and the cavity closed. Against the opinion of all concerned in the operation the man recovered. A similar case of stab wound of the heart was successfully treated by suture in St. Louis, and there have since been several other instances. In cases of collapse from chloroform, a sensational method of restoring life—for it amounts to that—has been described by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, who stands in the first rank of American practitioners. This consists in opening the chest, inserting the hand and exerting pressure upon the heart from inside while, with the other hand, counter pressure is exerted from the outside. In four cases out of twenty-seven, where the heart had actually ceased to beat, the mechanism responded and the patient returned to life. One of these four cases was successful after the last natural beat had been given two minutes before the artificial pressure began.

As a remedy for structural disease of the heart, however, surgery is hopeless of accomplishing anything. It is impossible to get inside of the organ without causing death. Nevertheless, one very serious form of heart disease, hitherto regarded as hopeless, has been found susceptible to a highly ingenious surgical device. This is where the heart is united to the rigid wall of the chest by adhesion, causing it constantly to pull against the chest and resulting in painful breathing, dropsy, enlargement of the liver, and eventually death. To break up the adhesions would be fatal. But the heart must be free to move, so the surgeon cuts the chest wall above the heart away from the remainder of the chest, permitting the detached portion to move freely in accord with the throbs. Five cases of this unusual operation are on record: in all of them there has been great relief, and in two, apparent cure.—Samuel Hopkins Adams, in "McClure's" for March.

Lords of Traffic

The President of the Santa Fé is thus not a man who believes that the railroad can do no wrong, and annual house-cleanings have been so well looked after on the Santa Fé that the most rigorous public inspection will reveal very little dust in Santa Fé corners. Railroads have, before now, found themselves victims of legislative hostility. Men of Mr. Ripley's temperament would

point out that possibly the railroads had themselves largely to blame for these troubles. Mr. Ripley would have been willing long ago absolutely to stop the printing of passes, often used, though unlawfully, as a means of influencing traffic, could he have secured on the subject a unified action of railroads. The abuses that exist to-day in American railway management, are less than they have been at any time in the history of our railroading, and the most serious that exist are of a nature to which railroads submit because they do not feel strong enough to throw them off. I instance only one of these; the private car lines, which are at the moment a subject of national agitation. Private car lines are freight cars, usually refrigerator cars, owned by private interests, and hauled by railroads under mileage contracts. Fruit shippers, for example, find themselves wholly at the mercy of private interests who provide these cars, because their shipments require icing, and protests against their charges are loud and deep. But when the matter of doing away with private car lines is taken in hand at Washington, no work of this sort will be found necessary on the Santa Fé: Mr. Ripley has long since banished private car lines from his railroad. It was advanced ground to take, which means that it cost money and lost business for the Santa Fé, but Mr. Ripley took it. He is, too, a believer in legalized pooling for railroads—that is, the division of railroad earnings according to percentages to be determined among the lines at interest. Such an arrangement removes the last possible incentive for a weak line to cut rates in order to secure traffic, and would make impossible such another hold-up of American railroads as for one generation marked the unspeakable career of Standard Oil. He would doubtless prefer to be discussed last rather than first, and not at all rather than last, but even a slight sketch of him indicates what he stands for on the vital railroad questions that are now attracting national attention. If ever he be put under fire, it may be predicted that Mr. Ripley and his railroad will stand fire well.—F. L. Spearman, in "Leslie's Monthly" for March.

The New Year Mummerys of Quaker-Town

"But the New Year's Shooters are such an old story," protested the Native of Philadelphia, looking solemn and bored. "They have been prancing through our streets for years and years. And the mummerys are the commonest sort of persons, from Fishtown and Kensington, and, really, many of them live in what you might call our slums."

"But you've had this unique carnival, the most picturesque custom of your colorless old town, right under your noses without realizing what it is," I cried indignantly. "You take it for granted that because Philadelphia is used to seeing it, the rest of the world must know all about it. Common people. Pooh! The commoner your people are the more interesting they run."

The Native was disturbed at such heresy as this, and left the pilgrim to seek the New Year's mummery unassisted. This riotous festival ought to be held in high esteem by the average Philadelphian simply by reason of its impressive antiquity. No ready-made parade of masqueraders this, for the puzzling name of "Shooters" trails back to the days before the Revolution, when the staid dwellers in the town of William Penn were wont to break loose on New Year's night with fusilades of muskets, horse-pistols and cannon-ading anvils. This custom was imported by the German immigrants, and was called "Shooting in the New Year."

Mummery was made a part of the yearly holiday making more than a century ago, when the Christmas Eve frolics were looked upon as heathenish by the Quakers. The fun was a transplanted growth, a relic of the English "masques," given in the streets at Christmastide, and led by the Lord of Misrule. These revellers of Quaker-town trooped the streets in fantastic costumes, chanting rude rhymes, and demanded dole in the form of cakes, ale and cider. The most dignified youngster of the lot would commonly wear a battered cocked-hat, as taking the part of George Washington, while a popular character called "Cooney Cracker" was undoubtedly the forerunner of the popular conception of "Yankee Doodle."

So much for history. The "Shooter Clubs" of to-day trace no unbroken descent from these early institutions, nevertheless their title and their holiday have somehow sprung from this ancestry. Before Philadelphia was consolidated as a spraddling and brick-hued municipality, there was rivalry among the "Shooters Clubs" of the different boroughs, and this was the beginning of the heated struggle for the most gorgeous display which in recent years has made the city's streets on New Year's Day a dizzy whirl of life and color.

A prosperous and hard-working multitude, freed of the curse of crowding tenement houses, spreads over many miles of that humdrum Philadelphia which lays along the water front, from Fishtown on the south to Port Richmond and Kensington on the north. This is the old Philadelphia, running a few blocks back from the Delaware, and, lost in the tide of traffic, the fine brick mansions of the aristocracy of a century ago, survive as warehouses, shops and dwellings for the humble toiler. These people work for wages, not salaries, and what poverty there is in Philadelphia is to be found in their districts. Yet once a year they blossom so gaily in such prodigality of pomp and outlay, that all laws of economics and common sense are bowled topsy-turvy.

Each "Shooters Club" has its captain, chosen both for popularity and his ability to garner shekels. The ostentation is focused in the captain; his costume must be a delirious dream of impressive extravagance. No sooner is one parade over, than the members of the club and their friends must begin to save and maneuver for the next year.—Ralph D. Paine, in "Outing" for March.

Richard Wagner's Greatest Romance

Therefore, it was not Cosima Wagner, but Mathilde Wesendonk who started Wagner's imaginative machinery whirring. And the most singular

part about the mutual letters of Richard and Mathilde is that they were issued with the official stamp of Bayreuth. That Madame Wagner permitted this at once made us suspicious. How many letters are not in the collection, for there are many unaccountable omissions in this apparently frank volume. Let us relate the main facts. Wagner had been in love with Mathilde Wesendonk, the wife of a wealthy Zürich merchant, for six years. This is stated in a letter to the lady dated August 21, 1858. He met her in 1852, and a year later they were both immersed in a sea of passion and trouble. Yet we have been told by Glasenapp and Chamberlain that Wagner only fell in love with her in 1857, when he lived in a small cottage, "on the green hillock," close by Wesendonk's stately villa. Hans Bèlart, in his "Richard Wagner in Zürich," published about four years ago, was brutally frank in his disclosures of the affair, treating Wagner as if he were the veriest ingrate and home-wrecker; whereas, if Otto Wesendonk had cared to put his foot down, the intrigue, platonic, poetic or amorous (or all three; great men are versatile), would have been soon stopped. But he did not choose to do so, and why is not discoverable in the letters that Wagner wrote Madame Wesendonk, or Otto Wesendonk—that is, in the published letters. What Wagner thought of this husband we may see in the figure of King Marke in "Tristan and Isolde," who sings: "O Tristan!" so sonorously and so sorrowfully when he discovers the guilty pair. Marke is depicted as being big-hearted enough to pity and forgive, and Wagner proved himself big-hearted enough not to mock the man he had deceived; for classic is the attitude of the man who steals another's wife—he always sneers at the unfortunate he has robbed. Not so Wagner.

All the pretty talk about the magic philter should not blind us to the reality of the situation, in this realistic drama. Richard and Mathilde adored each other. It was the crowning passion of their lives, and let us at least respect its sincerity and leave to the sinless the casting of stones. The sad side of the story was not Wesendonk, but Wagner's wife, Minna Planer-Wagner who, sick, old and neglected, ate her bread in sorrow at his table, a table provided by the bounty of others. She knew that Mathilde's influence had become paramount and the letters and diaries of Wagner are full of naive complaints of her selfishness! "Destiny dooms me; having been constantly too good, and having submitted always, I have spoiled my wife so that her demands on me are becoming impossible." The principal demand was only for his love—impossible, indeed. He dedicated the Walküre prelude to Mathilde in 1854. In the original poem of Gottfried of Strassbourg, the potion it is which arouses Tristan and Isolde to their fatal undoing.—James Huneker, in *Metropolitan* for March.

General Grant's War Horses

So far as the writer is aware, no commander ever possessed so valuable a charger as Cincinnati, General Grant's favorite after the victory at Chattanooga. Previous to that decisive and brilliant battle, the most famous among his many war horses were Egypt and St. Louis. He also sometimes used a small and steady captured steed, purchased from the Government, called

Jeff Davis, found on the Mississippi plantation belonging to a brother of the Confederate President. No one with any knowledge of riding could see Grant in the saddle without observing at a glance that it was his throne. Like Washington, he could from early boyhood control and master horses. As a West Point cadet, when mounted on a powerful steed named "King," he made the highest jump recorded in military annals. The single survivor of Grant's class of 1843 told me recently that no one questioned his right to be called the best rider in the corps. At Belmont, in his first battle of the Civil War, Grant had a horse killed under him, and several wounded in later engagements, but happily was never wounded himself, a bullet which struck his scabbard at Shiloh saving him from a serious and possibly a fatal injury. During the brilliant Vicksburg campaign the General frequently used a charger called Kangaroo, so named from a peculiarity in his gait suggestive of that animal. He also rode a horse named Fox, from his color, sometimes mounting Jeff Davis, an easy traveller, also used, as I remember, by his eldest son, then a lad of thirteen, during the siege of the "Western Gibraltar." On the day of surrender, July 4, 1863, Grant rode Egypt, so designated from the circumstance that he had been purchased for \$1,500 in southern Illinois, sometimes called Egypt. St. Louis was so named because bought in that city at a cost of \$1,200. They were powerful bays of about sixteen hands, the former somewhat spotted, and so evenly matched in size and style that they were used by Mrs. Grant as carriage horses in Washington after the war.—Gen. James Grant Wilson in March "Criterion."

When the Indians Owned the Great West

Long before railroads came, and for a few years after that, almost the sole human inhabitants of the country were the Indians and the troops stationed at the distant and isolated frontier posts. Of trappers and hunters there were a few, but the fur trade had long before begun to decay, and those engaged in it were not many. The Indian still had almost the whole country to himself, and it furnished him a good subsistence. On the plains, the tribes followed the buffalo herds, which were their chief dependence, and each autumn, when the buffalo were fat and the robes were at their best, the mountain tribes, and even those from west of the Rockies, came down to the plains to kill meat and secure robes, though at the risk of being attacked by their plains enemies, who regarded them as trespassers, and were always anxious to fight them. In the mountains, the people lived on the flesh of elk, and deer, and the wild sheep, and caught fish in the streams. Everywhere the women dug roots and gathered berries, which were dried and stored up in large quantities. On the plains and in the mountains of the north, the usual shelter was the conical skin lodge—generally known as the tipi—often occupied all through the year. Farther to the south-west, and again to the west and north-west the houses were different; often brush shelters in the south, while in the north-west they were made of planks wedged off from the trunk of the cedar.

In all the variety of their old surroundings the Indians were a simple people, happy if they had enough to eat, and taking little thought for the future, though when food was plenty they did make some provision against a time of scarcity. They are just as human as ourselves. They love their dear ones, pray to their gods, resent injuries and struggle for success. They are glad or sorry, depressed or hopeful, slothful or ambitious, just as we are. In all respects they are men of like passions with us, but, lacking our training, they are unable to bear their part in the struggle for existence with the white man.—From "Portraits of Indian Types," by George Bird Grinnell in the March "Scribner's."

Monastery Prisons in Russia

Unhappily that case is but a sample of what often happens. At this very moment the Suzdal Monastery casts the deep shadow of its walls upon four men—among others—whose only crime is that they hearkened to the voice of their conscience. Yet ten years have waxed and waned on the dim twilight of their humid cells, bringing them no surcease of sorrow. Two of these have gone raving mad.

But besides the weak-minded and the insane, the monastery prisons of Russia close their heavy portals on men who are athirst for righteousness, whose faith and hope are weakened by doubt, whose sense of duty is keen and strong, and in whose souls the fire of religion has consumed fears, desires, and physical pain. Men of this moral calibre are obnoxious to the clergy, who brook no encroachment upon their monopoly of religious supremacy; their names are noted, their acts misrepresented or even falsely reported, and then without a trial, sometimes despite the sentence of a court of justice, they are spirited away to a cloistral prison, and their family and friends never see them any more. It is still possible, strange though it may seem, to be thus kidnapped in the broad daylight for alleged crimes, to substantiate which there is not a scrap of evidence nor the shadow of a presumption.

I shall briefly tell the thrilling story of one such victim of religious fanaticism—an innocent victim, too—by way of illustrating a condition of things which will, let us hope, be speedily remedied. My friend Prugavin took a lively interest in this case, and did his best to shorten the sufferings of the ill-starred "criminal." In the south of Russia, in the government of Kharkoff, some sixteen years ago, a member of the Orthodox Greek Church preached and practised truth, honesty, clean living, and sympathy with suffering and sorrow. A remarkable man he was, and a magnetic personality. He reformed many bad characters and strengthened many vacillating Christians of his own Church, which was that of the state. But the clergy were alarmed. If this upstart was not a heretic, they argued, he was a layman, and therefore his proper place was not in the pulpit, and his proper conduct should have been obedience and silence. And as he dared to do the work which the priests left undone, he was arrested and condemned to the death in life of a cell in the Monastery of Suzdal. The episcopal see of Kharkoff solemnly pronounced him

guilty of terrible crimes.—Dr. Emile Joseph Dillon in "Harper's" for March.

A Wonder Worker of Science

Some idea of the vastness of Mr. Burbank's work may be obtained from the fact that there are now growing at Sebastopol three hundred thousand distinct varieties of plums, different in foliage, in form of fruit, in shipping, keeping, and canning qualities; sixty thousand peaches and nectarines; from five to six thousand almonds; two thousand cherries; two thousand pears; one thousand grapes; three thousand apples; one thousand two hundred quinces; five thousand walnuts; five thousand chestnuts; from five to six thousand berries; with many thousands of other fruits, flowers, and vegetables, in all cases different from all the others.

Speaking in general of such work as he is carrying on, Mr. Burbank says:

"In pursuing the study of the universal and everlasting laws of nature, whether relating to the life or growth, structure or movements, of a giant planet or the tiniest plant, or the psychological movements of the human brain, the same conditions are necessary before we can become one of nature's interpreters or the creator of any valuable work for the world. Preconceived notions, dogmas, and all personal prejudice and bias must be laid aside. Listen patiently, quietly, and reverently to the lessons, one by one, which Mother Nature has to teach, shedding light on that which before was mystery, so that all who will may see and know. She conveys her truths only to those who are passive and receptive, accepting truths as suggested, wherever they may lead. Then we have the whole universe in harmony with us."

The obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of Mr. Burbank's life-work have been many and desperately hard to surmount. Lack of

funds at critical periods, the enmity and jealousy of those who should have been his staunchest friends, the attempts of men saturated with selfishness to rob him of the fruits of his labors, the failure of costly experiments carried on through long years of patient toil, attempts even upon the part of specialists to take unfair advantages—the list may not here be elaborated. There have been proffers of aid in the past, but they have in large measure been those to which a selfish string was attached. He has set his face like steel against any plan, no matter how tempting, that will take from him one jot or tittle of his independence; to do otherwise would be fatal to the work. Since 1893, when he sold his large and flourishing nursery business that he might thereafter give his entire time to plant-breeding, there has not been a year when he has not run behind in expenses. So he has gone forward all these years, hampered and half shackled, but every day advancing, if ever so slowly.

The man who has known what it is to feel the cruel pangs of hunger, who has slept in noisome places when he could call no roof his own, who has done the most repugnant and disagreeable labor to earn a pittance to keep soul and body together, who has fought off fever when he had not money enough to pay for the daily pint of milk which stood between him and possible death, who has steadily denied himself all the minor luxuries of life and many of its comforts; the man who, until a few years ago, never owned a microscope, so important an instrument in his work, and then only a cheap and inadequate one,—this man, who has sacrificed, at every possible point and made constant inroads upon his hard-earned savings, after perilously near complete physical breakdown as a result of overwork, and all that he might beautify and glorify and make more habitable the world about him,—this man is as brave a figure as ever went forth to battle.—Wm. S. Harwood in March "Century."



Magazine Reference List for March, 1905

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Composers of To-day, The.....Munsey's
Great Industries of the United States
Pottery.....Cosmopolitan
Musical Education in the Home
.....Good Housekeeping
One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting, McClure's
Philadelphia's Contribution to American Art
.....Century
Theatre of the Future, The....Grand Magazine
War-Time Theatricals.....Criterion
Where Famous Actors Learned Their Art
.....Lippincott's

Scientific and Industrial

Employers' Policies in the Industrial Strife
.....Harper's
Galveston Reclaimed.....Pearson's
Government and the New Farmer, The
.....World's Work
Housekeeper's Responsibility.....Atlantic
How a Big Newspaper Is Conducted....Pearsons
Later Day of Alchemy, The.....Harper's
Modern Surgery.....McClure's
Uplifting 1700 Employees.....World's Work
Wonder-worker of Science, A.....Century

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

Ethics of the Hills, The Four-Track News
 Footprints of Beasts Pearsons
 Giant of the Mexican Gulf, The Outing
 Hudson River, The Harper's
 Into Tibet with Younghusband World's Work
 Leonidas Hubbard, Jun., Expedition into
 Labrador Outing
 Motoring with Mr. Croesus Outing
 New Year Mummings of Quaker-Town, The Outing
 River of the Pines, The Four-Track News
 Scooter, The: A Winged Toboggan of Long
 Island Outing
 Sports at the Grand Canyon Four-Track News
 Three Days on the Volga Scribner's
 Window Gardens of Paris, The
 Good Housekeeping

Biographical and Reminiscent

Charles and Mary Lamb Harper's
 First Inauguration Ball, The Century
 Gould, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Munsey's
 Italian Recollections Scribner's
 La Follette, Robert M. Review of Reviews
 Lanier, Sidney Lippincott's
 Lords of Traffic Leslie's Monthly
 McClusky, Inspector Pearsons
 Men and the Hour, The Leslie's Monthly
 Old Gramercy Four-Track News
 Queen Victoria's Great-Grandchildren Munsey's
 Richard Wagner's Greatest Romance
 Metropolitan
 Rothschild, Empire of Cosmopolitan
 Stephen, Sir Leslie Atlantic

Essays and Miscellany

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 Birth of Commerce, The Four-Track News
 Business Side, The Good Housekeeping
 Careless, Ignorant and Defiant Postmasters
 McClure's
 Children and the Theatre Good Housekeeping
 Close of Victorian Epoch Atlantic
 Colossal City, The Munsey's
 Completion of the Capital, The Munsey's
 Counterfeiter, The Ways of the Cosmopolitan
 Crime of Hazing, The Munsey's
 Family Doctor, The Good Housekeeping
 Financial Center of the World, The Metropolitan
 Freedom of Life, The Leslie's Monthly
 Henry James, as a Lecturer Bookman
 Housekeeper-at-Large, The Good Housekeeping
 How to Live Long Grand Magazine
 Immorality of Women at Bridge, The
 Grand Magazine
 King Carnival in France and Italy Cosmopolitan
 Lone Woman's Vegetable Patch, A
 Good Housekeeping
 Making of a Medicine Man, The Leslie's Monthly

Man Flight Criterion
 Mounted Police of the West Pearsons
 Post Office, The Review of Reviews
 Poisons in Food Pearsons
 Preserving the World's Peace World's Work
 Real Experiences of the Supernatural
 Grand Magazine
 Real "Great Divide," The Four-Track News
 Scott's Poetry Again Atlantic
 Season, In the Harper's
 Side Shows of Modern Business Pearsons
 Spy, The Leslie's Monthly
 Strategy and Seamanship Scribner's
 Subway Deal, The McClure's
 Sweet Auburn Four-Track News
 Taj Mahal, The Four-Track News
 Treasure Trove McClure's

Historical and Political

Appian Way, The Four-Track News
 Backward Trail of the Saxon, The Scribner's
 Both Sides. The Japanese and the Russians
 Grand Magazine
 British Operations against the United
 States in 1814-5 Cosmopolitan
 Crisis in Hungary, The Munsey's
 Discoverer of Alaska Leslie's Monthly
 Great Southwest, The Munsey's
 International Arbitration Harper's
 Mormon or Patriot Leslie's Monthly
 Nation's Birthplace, The Four-Track News
 New Siege Warfare at Port Arthur, The Century
 Our National Civil Service Review of Reviews
 Our Pearls of the Pacific Four-Track News
 Outlook for Reform in Russia, The Century
 Plant Life in the Desert Harper's
 Political Problems of Europe as They Interest
 Americans Scribner's
 President Roosevelt, from the Standpoint of a
 Southern Democrat Metropolitan
 Russia, The Uprising in World's Work
 Russian Liberalism Atlantic
 Situation in Russia, The Review of Reviews
 Situation in Santo Domingo, The
 Review of Reviews
 Some Celebrated Battle Chargers Criterion
 Spanish Inheritance in the Philippines Atlantic
 Trust Competition Atlantic
 Truth about Inca Civilization, The Harper's
 Twenty Years of the Republic Bookman
 Washington, D. C., A Civic Revival
 Review of Reviews
 World's Most Advanced Government, The
 Cosmopolitan

Religious and Philosophical

American Cardinal, The Munsey's
 Monastery Prisons in Russia Harper's
 Revival in Wales, The Review of Reviews

Open ❀ ❀ Questions

1106. Will you kindly give me through "Open Questions" the name of the author of a poem called "In Memory," which appeared in some newspaper about twenty years ago, the first stanza of which is:

On the bosom of the river,
Where the sun unloosed its quiver,
And the starlight gleamed forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free.
Morning dewdrops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner
And the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea.

MISS MARY BARKSDALE, Charlottesville, Va.

[All that we can say of this is that the writer was probably a Southerner if the quotation be correct. Manna and banner are only rhymed below Mason and Dixon's line or by English exquisites. See, for example "Col. D. Stryker's" rhyming of Hanna and manner. As a fact, the poem is attributed to George D. Prentice.]

1107. Can you tell me who wrote "The villain still pursued her," also where it can be found?

F. H. YEOMANS, Belleville.

[A suggestion is offered that this famous line was in a song made popular by the old negro minstrel Billy Rice. It is possible that it goes back to the original stage villain, which would take it to the very dawn of drama.]

1108. Some thirty or more years ago there appeared in the papers a lyric in which were these lines:

If you were April's lady
And I were lord of May.

Also about the same time a poem of strong sentiment on an old garret in which occur the lines:
This realm is sacred to the silent past

Within its sacred walls are dust and dreams.
I should be pleased to know where to find both or either of them.

E. J. FOSTER, Cleveland, Ohio.

IN A GARRET.

This realm is sacred to the silent past.

Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare.

Of dust and dreams; the years are long since last

A stranger's footfall pressed the creakin stair.

This room no housewife's tidy hand disturbs;

And here, like some strange presence, ever clings

A homesick smell of dry forgotten herbs,—
A musty odor as of mouldering things.

Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose,

For fancied virtues prized in days of yore,
Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap by those

Whose earthly ills are healed forever more.

Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread,
And weaves her silken tapestry unseen,
Veiling the rough-hewn timbers overhead,
And looping gossamer festoons between.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof,
Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,
Like tall, fantastic ghosts, which stand aloof,
Holding grim converse with the long ago.

Here lie remembrances of childish joys,—
Old fairy volumes, conned and conned again,

A cradle, and a heap of battered toys,
Once loved by babes who now are bearded men.

Here in the summer at a broken pane
The yellow wasps come in and buzz and build

Among the rafters; wind and snow and rain
All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

The mildewed chest behind the chimney holds

Old letters stained and nibbled; faintly show

The faded phrases on the tattered folds
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who may know?

I turn a page like one who plans a crime,
And lo! love's prophecies and sweet regrets,

A tress of chestnut hair, a love-lorn rhyme,
And fragrant dust that once was violets.

I wonder if the small sleek mouse, that
shaped
His winter nest between these time-stained
beams,
Was happier that his bed was lined and
draped
With the bright warp and woof of youthful
dreams?

Here where the gray incessant spiders spin.
Shrouding from view the sunny world out-
side,
A golden bumblebee has blundered in
And lost the way to liberty, and died.

So the lost present drops into the past;
So the warm living heart, that loves the
light,
Faints in the unresponsive darkness vast
Which hides time's buried mysteries from
sight.

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?
Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once
more;

Leave the dead years to silence and to dust,
And close again the long unopened door.
ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN ("Florence Percy").

1109. Who wrote the lines "If there is any
good thing that I can do or any kindness that I
can show to any human being let me do it now
for I may not pass this way again?"

[The lines have been used by Henry Drum-
mond, but whether originally by him or not
we cannot say.]

1110. In your "Open Questions" would you
kindly publish for me "The Southern Girl's Re-
ply." It begins:

My brother was a soldier and belonged to Gordon's
band,

A sabre pierced him through the breast—
Yours might have been the hand.

J. MASON, Baltimore, Md.

[We cannot find these lines indexed.]

1111. About fifteen years ago there appeared
a poem called the Battle of Crecy in, I think,
either "Youth's Companion" or "Harper's Young
People." The first line is:

"I was reading of kings and nobles."

HOLBROOK BLINN, London, England.

[The indexes to current periodicals do not

include these magazines, interesting as they
were, and as the first still is. Unfortunately
the "Young People" first suffered a change of
name, and then suspended publication.]

1112. Can you tell me where I can find the
poem which tells of a woman looking in a mirror
and seeing what she thinks to be the face of her
mother,—the face of an old woman showing
wrinkles and gray hairs,—but which she finds to
be her own face? I do not know any of the poem,
the title, nor the author, but a friend of mine read
it long ago and is very anxious to get it.

If you do not know anything about this your-
self, I will be very glad if you can tell me where
you think I might find it or give me the name
of someone who might be of help in locating it.

FRANCES C. DICKERMAN, Pike, N. H.
1113. What is the value of a collection of
laws of Pennsylvania published by Benjamin
Franklin in 1742?

MRS. B. F. YERKES, Terwood, Pa.

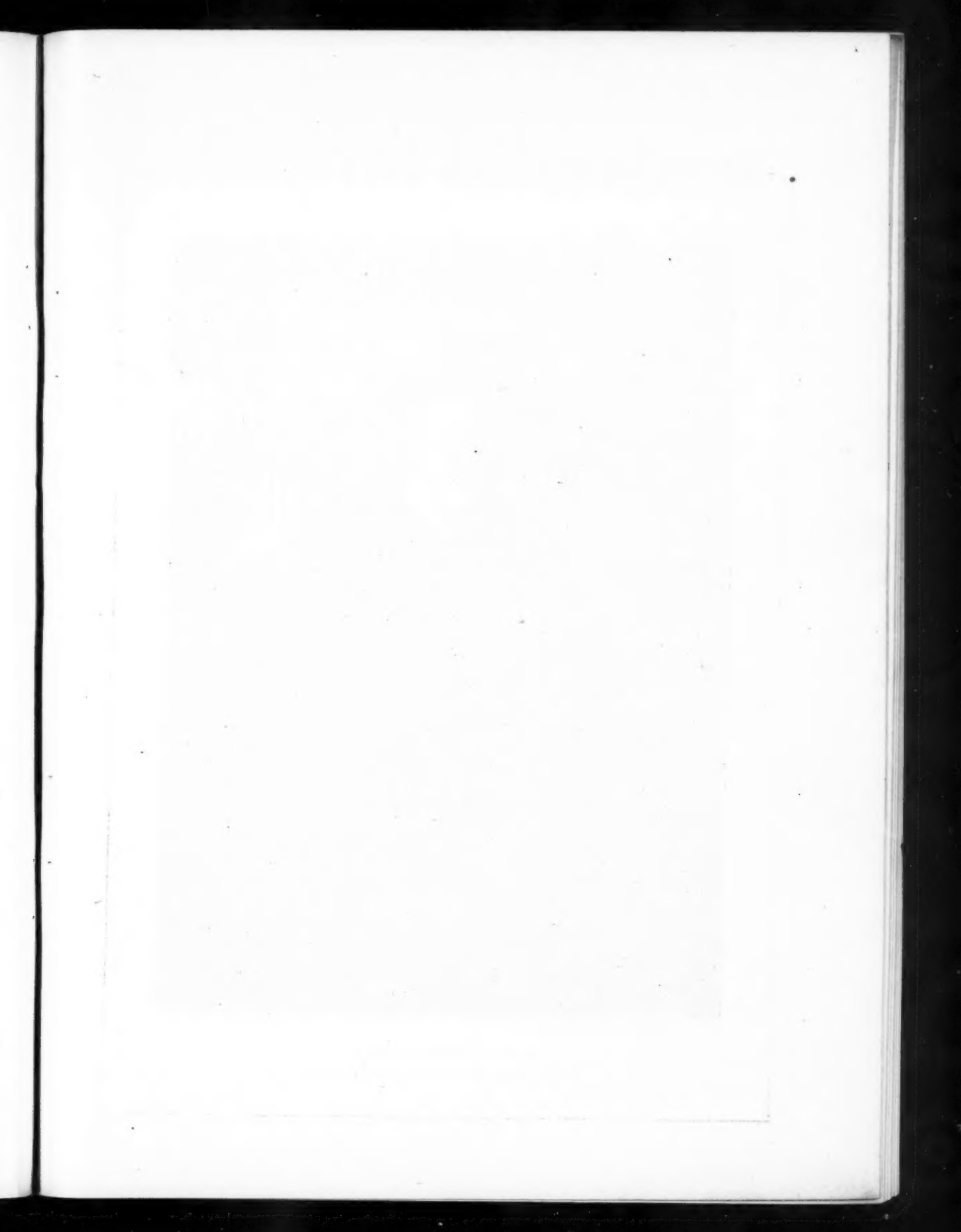
[The book is variously entitled "Laws of
Pennsylvania" and "Charters of Pennsyl-
vania," from the title-pages of different
divisions of the volume as bound. It has the
charters and the laws of the descent of prop-
erty, and bound with it a collection of the
laws in force in 1742. At the Bangs' sale in
1901 a copy brought, in original binding,
\$75. At a more recent sale in Philadelphia,
\$25. As the last purchaser was a dealer, its
market value must be placed above the price
paid by him.]

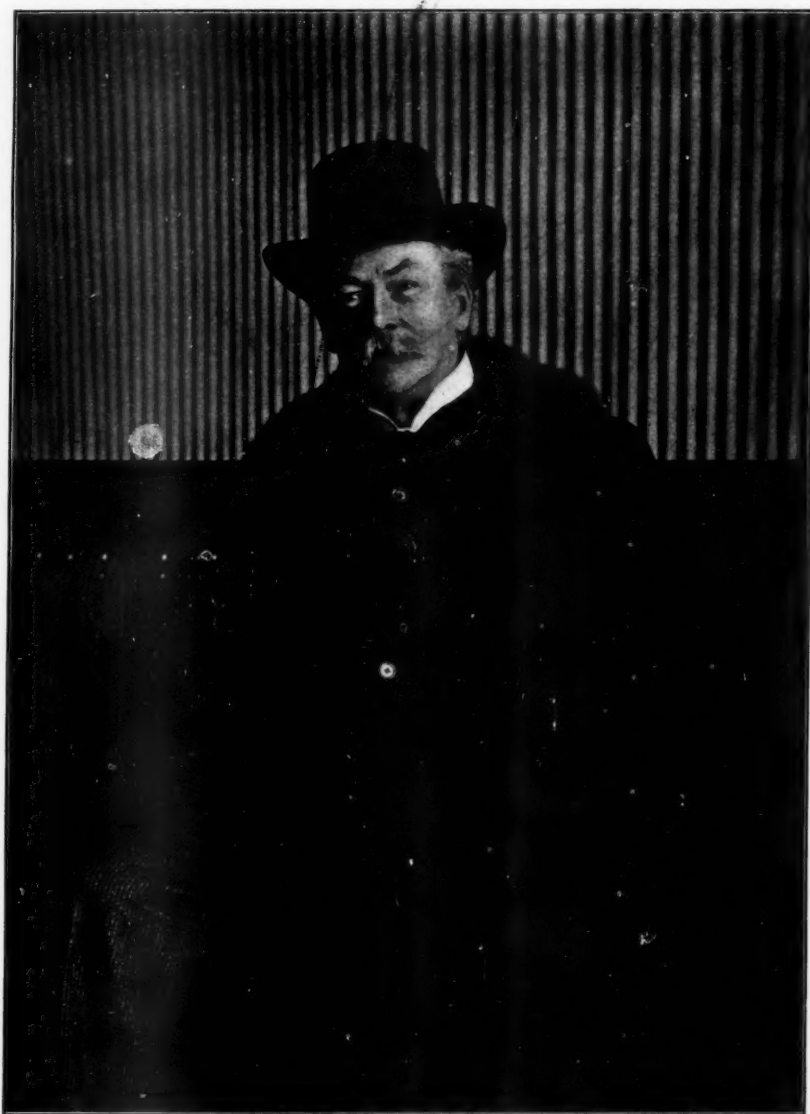
ANSWERS BY CORRESPONDENTS.

1098. In your page of "Open Questions" for
January I am surprised to see Elizabeth Bennett
referred to as a character in Fielding's "Amelia."
I am well acquainted with Elizabeth Bennet in
Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" and am
curious to know whether there are really two
heroines in fiction with names so nearly alike.

Miss G. W. O., Rahway, N. J.

[Jane Austen's heroine is, undoubtedly,
the Elizabeth Bennet, though the index and
a cursory examination of "Amelia" led to
ascribing her to Fielding's family of children
of the imagination. We can appreciate
Miss Austen's feeling for the charming char-
acter, "I must confess that I think her as
delightful a creature as ever appeared in
print, and how I shall be able to tolerate
those who do not like her, at least, I do not
know."]





Courtesy of The New York Herald

SIR C. PURDON CLARKE

The new Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art